







# THE GEMS OF THE EAST





# THE GEMS OF THE EAST

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF RESEARCH  
TRAVEL AMONG WILD AND TAME TRIBES  
OF ENCHANTING ISLANDS

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, DIAGRAMS, PLANS AND MAP  
BY THE AUTHOR*

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## CHAPTER I

Sanga-sanga Island—Tawi-tawi and its people—The dangers of Anthropometry—The Bay of Dos Amigos—Pearl Bank and its phantom population—Strange vegetation—The Pangutaran Group—Samals.

BONGAO ISLAND appeared most picturesque from the south-west, west, and north-west, with its high vertical columnar formation. Deep shadows were cast between the more prominent angles, in the deep grooves and in the many indentations.

We were now on our way to the north coast of Tawi-tawi and had to go round Sanga-sanga Island—flat and sandy in its southern portion, but of coral and volcanic formation in its northern half. It was thickly wooded. An erosion mark could be seen all along the coast several feet above the sea-level. The island rose altogether but a few feet in the centre above the water-line. Along its north coast particularly, Sanga-sanga appeared extremely low, with stunted vegetation, the coast line being much cut up into little islets, with channels between.

The small flat island of Tusan-Bongao lies at the mouth of the narrow channel separating Sanga-sanga from Tawi-tawi. Here, again, we found most luxuriant vegetation, with gigantic trees down to the water's edge, *molave*, *narra*, *ipil*, and many other valuable woods being abundant. This coast was rocky.

We passed eastwards between the islands of Sipayu and Tawi-tawi, and had to the north six small flat islands, the two central ones much elongated and joined by a coral reef which further surrounded them. Tinakta, Baun, Kabankuan, Sunalak were the names of the principal ones.

On the Tawi-tawi coast was Teclena village sheltered by hills cleared of forest by fire. One large hut with eight or nine more modest abodes lay in a depression between hills. Some were thatched with *cogon*; others had open walls altogether. Behind them towered the three humps of Dromedary Peak which we had already observed from the south.

The natives were greatly scared when we landed, and ran *en masse* into the large house, wherein evidently lived their chief. They were Bajaos.

Further north-east upon the Tawi-tawi coast we found (March 21st) another Bajao settlement called Butun, where the nomads of the sea had arrived only two or three months before. They were busy clearing patches of land of trees in order to raise their crops. The local Datto Maolano, an old fellow of well-cut, refined features, was a Sulu, his grandfather having



SAMAL BOAT, SHOWING SAIL ROLLED UP.



migrated and settled in the northern part of Tawi-tawi at Bas. That settlement, however, which possessed a *kota* (or fort) and a plantation of cocoanuts, had since been abandoned, although one more village, called Tunhugun, was to be found further up the coast, under the rule of Datto Sawaldi.

Datto Maolano looked upon us with great suspicion and answered every question we put to him with one or more lies. He and his people had never seen white people, nor was he anxious to become acquainted with them. Following the diffident custom of his own folks, he went and sat himself on a high tree which had been felled, resting his back against a huge branch, while his attendants—by him instructed—duly formed a semicircle behind him. This was evidently to guard himself against a possible attack of ours from the rear. He put on airs to an unbearable degree, and spoke, I thought, rather impertinently to my American friends. He regarded himself as a “big man,” and so did his Bajao supporters—a subject upon which I proceeded at once to disillusion them.

While the Datto puffed away in grandeur—in tight black clothes, a zouave with numberless little buttons, and a broad sash—I produced my camera, which—unknown to them—at once caused a sensation.

“What are you doing?” they inquired, with intense curiosity.

“Oh, I am only looking to see how small the



Datto and you all are," I replied. "Come and see for yourselves."

The first Bajao who was made to look through the finder of the camera, and saw his chief and friends reduced to the size of mosquitoes, gave a yell of surprise and fear. He looked a second time, rubbing his eyes to ascertain whether they had deceived him, and when he told the Datto how small I had made him, that haughty individual assumed a sickly look of disgust. There was a mixture of awe and hilarity in the crowd at the strange phenomenon, described in vivid colours by the Bajao observer to an encircling crowd of tribesmen—but the Datto forbade any of his people to look through the camera again.

This was merely a small tribe of pirates, like those we have seen elsewhere, with slight local variations caused by intermarriage and climate. They possessed Malay-negroid features and extremely flat noses—the upper two-thirds of the nose being so flattened as to form almost a perfect plane with the cheeks. Like other Bajaos, they squatted on their heels while resting, and they wore big trousers—except the Datto, who wore his ancestral Sulu attire.

The women were not attractive. Their drooping eyes showed but little intelligence, their facial features were weak and unimpressive; the hair was worn combed up and twisted into a knot on the top of the skull: a short fringe was cut straight across the forehead, and two long tufts of hair hung by the side of the face. They wore short coats and wide trousers like the men.

A favourite ornament on men's coats—short zouaves—was a design of parallel lines of silk cord with a loop and a little button all along the seams under the arms and above the shoulders.

There were at this place two wells of good water—only one foot below the ground-surface—filtered, no doubt, through the coral and sand from the sea.

The houses were not elaborate, nor had they anything very new to us. Terra-cotta stands to support a torch of resin, tall cylindrical drums with sheep-skins held in great tension by *bejuco* lacings, the usual quadrangular axe, as found in all the Sulu Islands, a few bamboo and cocoanut vessels for water—and that was about all in the way of utensils and furniture.

I was very anxious to get some anthropometrical measurements of these people, and I went into the home of one of the leading men, followed by a considerable crowd of curious folks. To avoid the usual suspicions and allay their fears during the process, I took all tape measurements first. Somehow or other the natives, after the camera surprise, were much frightened. I was alone in the house, and just as I produced my steel caliper to measure their skulls, my American friends, who had remained outside, shouted to me that they were going on board, and in a jocular fashion proceeded on a race down the slippery hill on the top of which the house stood. This *contretemps* was unhappily mistaken by the suspicious natives for some

mysterious signal to do them harm, and when I placed the caliper around the head of the Datto's brother, the Bajaos, in a dangerous outburst of excitement, drew their vicious-looking knives and brandished them over my head and above my arm—clearly meaning that if I injured their chief they would kill me. The man's son was in a most hysterical mood.

I nodded in assent, and signed to them to keep their *barongs* over my head and strike if I hurt anybody. I then continued my work. I think the annexed measurements taken on that occasion will be found all right.

After a while, their fears abating and giving way to hysterical friendliness, they put their knives back into their respective sheaths and patted me on the back, saying I was their friend, and I duly took advantage of this to measure as many specimens as I could. Naturally, I had to use some judgment and avoid taking certain measurements which might again arouse undue suspicion.

	Sulu-Samal.	Tawi-tawi Bajao.
	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'570	1.520
Span . . . . .	1'520	1'555
Armpit to armpit . . . . .	0'290	0'310
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'160	0'175
From base of neck to nipple of breasts . . . .	0'160	0'145
Distance from nipple to nipple of breasts . . .	0'170	0'205

#### ARM.

Humerus . . . . .	0'300	0'290
Radius . . . . .	0'250	0'245
Hand . . . . .	0'180	0'185
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'095	0'100
Thumb . . . . .	0'100	0'105

	Sulu-Samal.	Tawi-tawi Bajao.
LEG.	Metre.	Metre.
Femur . . . . .	0'410	0'450
Tibia . . . . .	0'390	0'365
Height of foot from ground to ankle . . . . .	0'060	0'075
HEAD.		
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'235	0'230
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'150	0'145
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'115	0'115
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'060	0'065
Nasal height . . . . .	0'055	0'055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'055
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'030	0'030
Distance between the eyes . . . . .	0'030	0'030
Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'060	0'050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'025	0'020
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'040	0'035
Length of ear . . . . .	0'060	0'065

The north coast of Tawi-tawi is undulating and thickly wooded, rocky in many places, with no extensive sand beaches. The Dromedary Peaks seen from the north appear abrupt and of a similar formation to the vertical volcanic rocks of Bongao.

There is only one safe harbour in the northern part of Tawi-tawi, and that is a bay called Dos Amigos, entered between the Tokankai Point to the west and Lamunyan Point to the east. On Tokankai Point stands a low hill with immense trees, and its base is covered with dense vegetation. Mangrove trees fringe both points, right down into the sea. The entrance into the bay is very narrow. According to certain maps there is here a town established by the Spaniards and

named Tatan, but this is a mistake. There is no town of any kind in the bay, nor even the remains of one.

A Chinaman once came here in order to cut timber, but he found it difficult to remain long, for Dos Amigos bay is about as lonely a place as one can find. The bay forms an angle, its entire length being  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles, one arm from north to south, the other from west to east, with a ramification north-east. It has two smaller bays or arms at the elbow on the south side, where a hill (200 feet high), with plenty of trees, is a landmark. It affords a fair anchorage from 33 to 124 feet deep, the deepest soundings being at the mouth of the harbour, but the navigable part of the bay is extremely narrow, as there is shallow water with a sticky mud bottom near the banks on either side.

The northern portion of the bay is not more than one-sixth of a mile broad from land to land, and slightly broader where it forms the elbow—the best anchorage being found here with sufficient turning room in 46 to 29 feet of water. A small island is to be found at the end of the north-east arm. At the end of the harbour is the lofty Batua Mount, 1,263 feet—a densely-wooded mountain extending east and west in gentle slopes and with a flat summit.

We landed in the east end of the bay and found two small streams of water. There was also a faint trail among huge ferns—some over 25 feet high—with fibrous stems of great solidity. They had immense inverted leaves, also very

fibrous, and extending in graceful curves, but with edges like a fine saw. There is a considerable amount of gutta-percha on Tawi-tawi, produced from the trunks of trees of the genera *Ficus elastica* and *palaquium*. Unfortunately, the natives fell the trees recklessly in order to obtain immediate large quantities of sap, instead of selecting big trees and tapping them regularly, which would give them a more constant and eventually more remunerative supply.

I do not know whether the best gutta-producing tree, *Dichopsis gutta*, has yet been found growing wild in the Sulu Archipelago, but closely allied species exist, flourish, and are numerous in Tawi-tawi, particularly where the soil and climate seem most suitable. Undoubtedly, if it does not exist yet, the best gutta tree could be planted and would flourish on Tawi-tawi, and I believe that in this line, if rational methods of cultivation and production were employed, much wealth would be obtained from the island. The expense of planting gutta—after the ground has been cleared—is but very small, and the returns after six or seven years from 75 per cent. to 100 per cent. larger than the original outlay.

I think that large fortunes will in the future be made in these islands by the production of gutta, but I also think that some sensible measures should be taken to protect those gum trees which already exist from being mercilessly cut down by the natives. It is, of course, an irresistible temptation for natives to get a big sum down for

a tree, instead of getting a constant yearly income from it, and I do not see how the evil is to be stopped unless the forestry officers are sent about travelling among the islands and get acquainted with the natives and the interior of the country. Giant rubber vines are found in many parts of the Philippines.

The gutta trade is at present entirely in the hands of Chinese traders, who export the product to Saindakan and Singapore. The methods of extraction are the most rudimentary, and involve enormous waste. The product is placed in a dish and left to macerate in salt water, stirring being necessary to complete the operation. This leaves the gutta-percha in a plastic form, needing further to be suspended in a windy place to dry—but the process at best gives but impure results.

While rowing about in the bay we saw several crocodiles floating to and fro with their bulgy eyes and noses just above the water. The place was swarming with them.

A five hours' pitching passage, N. 48° W., in a somewhat heavy sea brought us to a most extraordinary place called Pearl Bank—a row of sixteen or more small and low islands. The largest, on which we landed, rose to a bump not more than 40 feet high in the centre, and to another lower bump in its eastern portion. Each of these islets was encircled by a neat white sandy beach.

Taya and Zan Islands stood on an almost circular reef, which in its turn was surrounded by another from 5 to 10 fathoms below the water

surface, and this was encircled by a yet younger third reef of uneven formation, with 11 to 80 fathoms of water upon it. Directly off the edge of this outer reef great depths were registered, from 100 to 350 fathoms to the east, and 130 to 400 fathoms with no bottom to the north.

We had to wade on shore, and landed on a most beautiful beach of deep white coral sand with red grains, strewn with beautiful shells of all kinds and many coloured corals. Enormous blocks of fluted red coral were beautiful, and so also were the branches—like those of a tree—of delicately white coral, sponges, &c. The vegetation—what there was of it—on this desolate island was most curious, a species of palm with spiky leaves, growing in a spiral and overlapping one another all round the trunk, being most remarkable. The leaves in the lower portion gradually dried up and fell off, leaving neat rings one inch apart round the stump. In growing up, this palm shot out regular branches at right angles, either two or three at intervals of three feet, and each branch had a cluster of leaves at the point only. The summit retained the form of the younger palms, in spiral formation, with the spiky leaves all round. Some of the oldest palms of this species were even as much as 20 feet high, and, curiously enough, these let out roots into the ground at the sides from a height of 3 feet up the trunk. This palm bore a fruit like a large pineapple. Several other varieties of wild pineapple were to be found on this island.

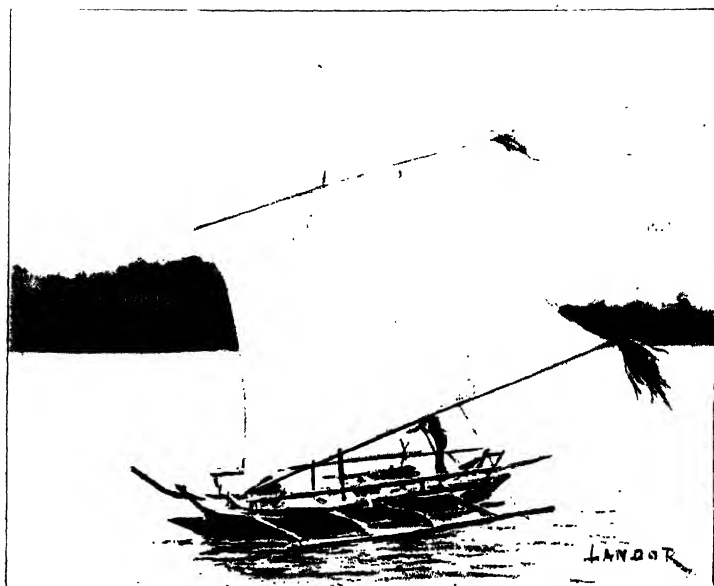


Then we encountered the *bidoeng* tree, which was so common in Palawan and the Calamianes, and a lot of mangrove trees with their octopus roots resting in the water, especially on the borders of the large central lagoon to the north. A lot of large timber and innumerable cocoanuts had been washed on shore, but no cocoanut trees—the first sign of permanent human settlers—were to be found on the island.

All these islands formed a regular circle upon the reef, leaving a patch of placid water in the middle. White coral sand extended far out; then volcanic rock was also noticeable.

We were much surprised to discover that the centre of the island had been cleared of vegetation—it had been burnt; and on crossing the island in seven different places, in order to find out whether any inhabitants lived here—as we suspected—we came upon a well dug into the coral rock, with slightly brackish water 2 feet below the ground surface. This well was curiously made—a cylindrical shaft with a horizontal tunnel several feet long with water half filling it. Near this we further discovered a mat and a primitive basket, which had recently been used; also the remains of a fire.

This discovery led to another thorough search for the phantom folks of Pearl Island, and on the north coast we eventually came upon fresh footmarks of several men, a woman, and a little child. They had evidently been running to and fro dodging us—and although we spent much time, exertion, and patience in trying to find



BAJAO BOAT, WITH SAIL UNROL



A BAJAO BOAT.



them, we were unable to discover their hiding place. The footmarks appeared like those of some semi-savage tribesmen, and much resembled those produced by the flattened feet of the Tagbanouas of Palawan, or by some such other semi-negroid tribe. How these people ever got here is somewhat of a mystery, and they must certainly have lived in a very dejected condition on wild fruit, roots, and fishing. They possessed no habitations and no boats. This island is called Tahao by the Bajaos and Sulus.

In a heavy swell and howling wind we continued our cruise to the neighbouring island of Laparan, 18½ miles N. 71° E. of Pearl Bank. We hailed a boat of Bajaos off the islet of Dokkan to obtain information, and after a good deal of parleying they brought their skiff alongside the ship. She was a lovely boat, 22 feet long and 4 feet wide, decked over so as to stow away live fish in the bottom of the boat, which was filled with sea-water and formed a regular tank. She carried a picturesque sail of canvas and plaited *nipa*, with long end tassels of grass called *Jambul*. On the two side-projecting platforms a quantity of fish, split and prepared, was being dried in the sun, and in the centre of the boat was a large iron vessel resting on one of the usual earthenware, high-coloured stoves. Fish was in process of being boiled.

The crew consisted of three men and one child. When asked their names they were much concerned, and consulted one another what to answer; and whatever answers they did give to

any of our questions were as obviously as possible direct and detailed lies. They paddled away, as they lied famously,—their way of propelling being the more interesting of the two achievements. They held the top of the paddle with the right hand and gave it a rotatory movement with their toes, the broad paddle being held vertical in the water. It worked on the same principle as would the propeller of a steamer were it placed with its blades horizontally instead of upright.

The stern of the boat was finely ornamented with carvings, and aft, each boat, in the islands of this group, possessed a sort of triangular upright splashboard, most effective for preventing the sea from coming on board in rough weather. It frequently had two removable wings at the side which were only put up in very dirty weather.

The outrigger, too, was most cleverly built on a slightly different pattern—in two pieces of bamboo inserted one into the other, the one forward being bent upwards. A bipod and occasionally tripod mast was used. Ornamented with carvings were the supports of the outriggers, strengthened by a double series of most scientific lacings and fulcrums ; and on the upper arms extending out were forked supports on which the sail, mast, and paddles were set at rest when not in use. They were also used for drying fish and clothes in the sun.

A great many pearls were to be found near this island, but they were in too deep water for the natives to dive without apparatus.

On the north-east-east side of Dokkan a sand beach and an inlet into a large lagoon were to be found, and another shallow opening into the sea on the opposite side of the island could also be seen. A sand bar lay across the latter. On either side of the lagoon, however, the entrance was very shallow and had a sand shoal extending far out into the sea.

Laparan was quite a large island,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and 3 miles wide, flat, with the coast line covered with mangrove trees. Rice, corn, and coffee were grown in sufficient quantities for local consumption, and the usual valuable woods were plentiful, if one could only get at them ; while tropical fruit of all kinds grew wild and luxuriantly. Fishing was the main occupation of the seafaring people now established there, what little trade they had being in sea-slug, pearls, and mother-of-pearl.

We then passed between Deoto Bato and Laparan—a somewhat unsafe channel for ships of more than 10 feet draught. There were numerous reefs across it, some of our soundings, as we carefully felt our way through, being three fathoms and less, even in mid-channel between the two islands.

On reaching Cap Island we altered our course, which had been N.  $51^{\circ}$  E., into a south-south-east direction, Cap Island stretching in a triangular shape from north to south. It possessed a fine beach both in its northern and southern extreme points, and a luxuriant growth of mangroves right into the water along its

central portion. Cap Island was uninhabited, and the vegetation was so thick that it would have been difficult to cross it.

On charts, east of Cap Island is marked Sail Rock, but it is wrongly placed some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of its actual position. It is not more than 50 feet high (not 70 feet). It is a rugged volcanic rock, 180 feet in length, which, having been uplifted in some commotion, shows itself above the water carrying upon its summit a cap of coral rock—hence its name. Thus the upper portion of this quaint obstruction is of a bright reddish-violet colour, whereas the rock itself is of the usual rich volcanic brown. We passed to the south of it, where there was plenty of water. From the most southern point of Cap Island, Sail Rock will be observed at bearings N.  $70^{\circ}$  E. Deato Bato should be at S.  $78^{\circ}$  W. on a line with the southern end of Cap Island. Cap Island is called “Tababas” by the Samals, and is thickly wooded on the east side, but shows a sand beach on its southern portion.

In approaching the Pangutarang Group, we first struck Malikut Island, a mere sand spit with some little vegetation, the sand extending far in a north-westerly direction. There were from five to nine fathoms of water both east and west of it.

North Ubian was the next place we visited—again a long flat island of coral formation peopled by Samals, who said they had lived here since the time of their great-grandfathers. They carried on a small but constant trade with Jolo. There was a population, all counted, of some 200

souls, under Maharaja Paklawan and the two Panglimas, Mahommed (Mahamud, as the Samals pronounce it), and Balad. Also one Imam, called Miti.

Ubian Tangutaran, or Luangbunah, in the south-west of the island, possessed some 30 spacious and handsome houses, constructed over the water—with roofs of *cogon* and walls of solid and often carved wood. The settlement stood in a shallow bay, well-protected, but with not more than 2 feet of water. There was deeper water in the channels. At the entrance of the bay had been erected two high pyramids of wood with a bunch of white flags flying on the summit, and numerous other white flags could be seen on the tops of trees all round the settlement and on houses. This was to prevent cholera spreading, but, unfortunately, it was raging fiercely when we visited the place, and many were dying daily.

These Samals had a fleet of 40 fine boats. A small settlement was said to exist further inland in a secluded spot. Whether caused by former intermarriage with the aborigines of these secluded islands—possibly a negrito race—or whether originated by climatic conditions and mode of life, some strong peculiarities were traceable in the type of these people. Many of the children possessed fluffy, almost curly hair, and the men shaggy heads of hair. They all showed an abnormal development of the lower jaw, extremely broad at the sides of the face, while the facial angle in profile was extremely flat, as can be seen by the table of facial angles

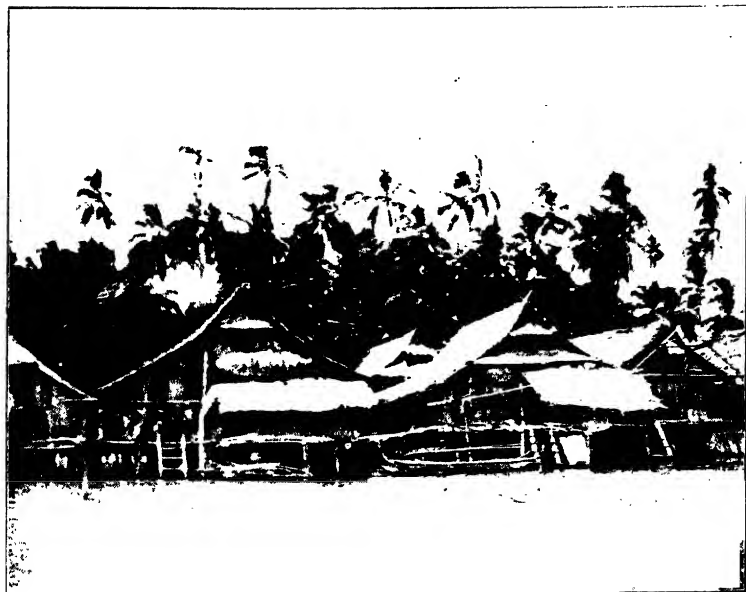


of the numerous tribes of the Archipelago, given in this book.

Going north of North Ubian we crossed the Pangutarang Passage, leaving to the south, besides North Ubian, the three flat islands of Tikul (87 feet high), Kunikulan (67 feet), and Usada, the latter a somewhat larger and almost circular madreporic island with a central lagoon—the inlet being to the west. All these islands, including Basbas further south, have risen on the same crescent-shaped coral reef which has a depth of water upon it varying from one to nine fathoms, but deeper in the centre of the semi-circle.

There were a few houses on the south-east side of Pangutarang, and we hailed a boat which had come from Jolo to ascertain the whereabouts of the larger settlements. There were four of them—all of Samals. There was fresh water inland, but conflicting evidence was given as to its quality, some saying it was excellent, others swearing it was brackish. Amir Hamza, a native of Sulu, was the chief Datto, appointed by the Sultan; whereas Panglima Tutungan had it all his own way in the southern portion of the island.

Pangutarang is a triangular island about 10 miles long from south to north, and seven miles wide at the southern part. It is quite flat, but with a deal of vegetation upon it. Pandukan to the east of it is also of a similar character, elongated, and joined by a long narrow shoal to Kulassein Island, north of it.



SAMAI HOUSES BUILT ON THE SEA, TAPUL GROUP.



SAMALS WATCHING OUR LANDING.



## CHAPTER II

Basilan Island—The wild Yacanes—The romantic Datto,  
Pedro Cuevas.

HAD I sufficient space at my disposal much could be said of many other fascinating little islands, such as Kapul (1,022 feet), a three-humped island ; Butinan, 722 feet ; Guyangan Island, Bolod, and other islands of the Samales Group which I had an opportunity of seeing during my cruise. But perhaps Basilan, the largest of the Archipelago, will interest the reader more than any of these, because of its romantic history, its remarkable chief, and its curious inhabitants.

I approached Basilan from the south-west. The southern portion of that island is densely wooded and undulating. In the centre are high mountains with graceful slopes and well-rounded summits, the principal of which rise to 2,970 feet, 3,348 feet, 2,940 feet, 2,165 feet, 1,204 feet ; and a regular chain of hills from 700 to 800 feet, directly south and south-west of Isabela.

On our track we passed the picturesque rocky

island of Lampinigan, shaped in a semi-circle with a peak at each end, and then entered the narrow channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan.

One could not help being impressed by the immense size of the trees on this island.

On approaching Port Isabela, formerly a Spanish naval station, one saw a few patches cleared of forest and now under cultivation.

Port Isabela lay in a well-sheltered spot on the east of the southern part of the channel, and was screened on the east by low hills, and on the north by Malamaui Island, rising in the centre to 538 feet. Malamaui Island was densely wooded, and a great number of cocoanuts, as well as a stunted species of palm, could be seen along the beach to the south-east of the island. There was also a village of some sixty or seventy houses. At the western mouth of the channel was Panusuhan Island—a mere islet, 50 or 60 feet high, with a tuft of trees upon it.

We entered the channel at sunset, passing between Panusuhan and the reef of sand just above water to the east, marked by a beacon. There were from 33 to 62 feet of water in this central channel, but in the southern one, between the reef and Basilan Island, the reef extended right across, and there were only 16 feet of water. In front of Isabela there was deep water, from 33 to 59 feet everywhere, and the bay was encircled by mangrove swamps.

The town looked neat enough, a low, white building on posts over the water—formerly the

hospital—being prominent, and a line of corrugated iron roofs standing high up against the background of dark green trees of the hill. Some 60 or 70 feet above the sea-level was a small fort used as quarters for the American garrison, and this fort commanded both the west and the north-east entrances of the channels of approach. It had four bulwarks, and was entirely surrounded by a moat with a draw-bridge. At the entrance of the Pasahan River were a small dock and workshops, as well as other Government buildings—but everything was rather in a state of abandonment and bad repair.

I was much gratified to find here an enterprising gentleman—Dr. J. G. Beebe—who was busy constructing a saw-mill in order to develop the timber trade, for which there seemed to be a golden opening. His scheme seemed practical, and it is to be hoped that other American gentlemen of equally sound views may receive every help in putting the immense resources of these forests to some practical use.

I left the coastguard cruiser *Tablas*, as I wanted to meet the romantic chief, Pedro Cuevas, who lived on the opposite side of the island, and also to make certain studies of the Yacanes—a somewhat wild tribe living in the interior of Basilan.

The Yacanes are people who keep much to themselves, are suspicious of everybody, treacherous, unreliable, and given to fighting whenever a chance occurs. They are seldom to

be seen about, their haunts being high upon the mountains. They have marked Malay features—slanting eyes, *à fleur de tête*, skin of a deep brown, and wavy black hair of a fine texture and rich blue-black colour. They have a few hairs on the lips and chin, but none on the jaw. This tribe, too, like others we have examined in the Sul. Archipelago, possess stumpy hands, with short, stiff fingers and thumbs, ending in a triangular phalange, the webbing between being very high. Their feet, although coarse, have abnormally long toes—almost like fingers—which, in comparison with the clumsiness of the hand, are quite pliable and supple.

Curiously enough, although the type is degraded, there yet remain signs that these people came from a good stock—formerly much more refined than at present—or else how could one account for the prettily-formed and chiselled ears with undetached lobes.

The Yacanes live principally on *camotes*. They are hunters, and of nomadic habits, constantly changing their whereabouts. They do a considerable trade in wax, honey, rattan, almacega, gum, copal, etc., with the coast people, and at one time they possessed many cattle, which have of late all died of rinderpest.

As the people keep to themselves they have preserved their racial features, except for the corrupting influence of constant intermarriage. Occasionally, of course, extraneous influence can be traced, due, no doubt, to marriage with slaves seized from other tribes. This, however, is not

common. They profess to be Mahommedans, although to a rudimentary belief in the Koran are added a vast number of superstitions of their own. They revere—almost worship—certain trees.

They were formerly given to constant pillaging and murder, but have been somewhat checked in this by Datto Pedro Cuevas, who has continually fought them. The coast inhabitants, nevertheless, can by no means be induced to travel in the interior, such is their fear of the Yacanes. Their characteristic weapon is the *pira*, a sort of scimitar, but they now possess a good many old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles. Spears are also used.

One of the peculiarities of the suspicious Yacanes is that, when visiting a stranger, they cannot be persuaded to enter the house. They sit on the doorstep and in an attitude ready for defence or retreat in case of attack.

The Yacanes are very wiry and have great powers of endurance. Boys are everything in the family, the girls being merely considered for what they can fetch in marriage. A man often indulges in two or three wives, but never more than four, according to the rules of the Koran. Men and women wear large trousers.

#### YACANES.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'593	Distance between breast nipples . . . . .	0'196
Span . . . . .	1'678	Armpit to armpit . . . . .	0'328
From base of neck to breast nipple . . . . .	0'163	Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge) . . . .	0'158



	ARM.	Metre.		Metre.
Humerus . . . . .		0'316	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'185
Radius . . . . .		0'263	Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'131
Hand . . . . .		0'199	Height of forehead . . . . .	0'070
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .		0'110	Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'131
Thumb . . . . .		0'120	Maximum breadth of jaw . . . . .	0'125
			Nasal height . . . . .	0'060
	LEG.		Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'039
Femur . . . . .		0'466	Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'032
Tibia . . . . .		0'403	Distance between eyes . . . . .	0'031
Height of foot from ground to ankle . . . . .		0'068	Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'055
Length of foot . . . . .		0'260	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'020
	HEAD.		Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'045
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .		0'220	Length of ear . . . . .	0'063

In the pleasant company of Dr. Beebe, and travelling by native *vinta* with two men paddling hard, we started on a voyage of several hours, first through the north-east channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan, and then along the north coast of the latter island, in order to visit Pedro Cuevas at his residence and capital on the opposite side of the island.

We paddled away from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and landed at the mouth of a river, among numberless heart-shaped fish-traps, the bay at the mouth of the stream—some 200 yards wide, but very shallow—being lined with mangrove swamps; dozens of monkeys were playing about on the higher branches. A few houses, some on piles, others directly on the ground, but all of plaited bamboo and *cogon* grass, stood near the landing-place, where Datto Pedro had also a small shop. Bato-Bato (which means “rock-rock”) was the name of this place.

The valley of the Gibuan River, where Pedro's settlement lies, is very beautiful ; flat, and with plenty of water—screened by a mountain mass to the south-west, by a conical high peak (1,959 feet) to the south-south-east, by a hill at the entrance of the bay at the river mouth, and by four other mountains, one on each point of land, on the north coast.

We walked some distance along a good trail to Lamitan or Gibuan, the capital of the Datto, a place consisting of two or three shops and a few modest residences. We met Pedro in the street, and he greeted us cordially enough, although he seemed reserved. He asked us to adjourn to his house—a two-storied building walled with whitewashed wooden panels. The rooms inside were modestly furnished—a looking-glass in a tarnished gilt frame, and a dozen new Vienna cane chairs, suspended from the ceiling, were all we saw.

Datto Pedro seemed worried. He did not quite understand American ways, and he, who had from the first been loyal to Americans, felt bitterly some petty irritating lack of judgment on the part of some official or other. He seemed suspicious as to the object of our visit. The mere mention of the census which was being carried on, under the instructions of General Sanger, sent him into ironical fits of laughter.

“You Americans are curious people,” he said ; “I suppose you will try to count the birds in the forest next !”

On my explaining that I was a Britisher and

not an American, and that I had merely come to have the pleasure of meeting him, he presently cleared up and became quite communicative. Some chairs were taken down from their high perch and offered to us, and one of his girls—he had five daughters and two boys—was ordered to make coffee for us.

“I am very ill—I shall soon die,” said Pedro in Spanish, half-recovering from a terrible attack of coughing, and wiping his wet eyes, nose, and lips with the back of his hand. “You have reached here just in time to see me.”

“Datto Pedro, drink some water, and tell me your wonderful history,” said I, as soon as the old man had regained his breath.

“I am a Tagalo by birth,” said the Datto slowly and faintly. “When I landed here I had great trouble, as I had to fight the Yacanes. I gradually conquered 26 of their villages, and these savages are now my best friends; but, mind you, they are treacherous people and need to be held with a hand of iron. We have cleared a lot of forest land, and we grow sugar-cane, maize, rice, and an excellent quality of hemp. All our animals have died. Yes, we have had no luck of late. I am getting old and worn, and none of the other dattos in the island have any power worth mentioning. They are Sulus. Datto Assan, uncle of the Sultan of Sulu; Datto Sabudin, Datto Indal, Datto Jong—but Datto Calun—” he said, proudly, as he struck himself upon the chest,—“that is what the natives call me—rules over them all.”

In fact, Basilan Island is politically absolutely separated from the Sultanate of Sulu, and has been so since the year 1876. This, I think, is extremely fortunate for the Americans, and I believe that if the Americans will treat Pedro Cuevas fairly, and tolerate, within reason, the laws and customs of these people, they may eventually remove the now-existing distrust and even inspire respect among the population. There are few Christians in Basilan, and although Pedro Cuevas was formerly a Christian himself, he has adapted his religion and manners to suit Mahommedan theories.

Pedro Cuevas' early history borders on romance, so extraordinary it is. When a young fellow he was captured with a band of Ladrones in Cavite Province, and a heavy sentence having been passed upon him, he was conveyed to the Penal Settlement of San Remon (near Zamboanga). He organised a daring escape with six others, and they took to the hills. The Spaniards tried in vain to recapture them. Spies in disguise were sent out, whom Pedro duly captured and returned, bound and with compliments, to the Spanish authorities.

Eventually he and his companions, Silverio, Sabran, Tavio, Basilio, and Santulan—all dead now, Pedro was telling me with a sigh—crossed the wide strait in a *vinta* and landed on Basilan Island. By surprise and strategy they captured every town and village except the Spanish naval station of Isabela. Every Spanish attempt to capture Pedro failed. The Sulus sent some four

or five hundred men to Basilan, and this force was about to attack Isabela—where the garrison happened to be unduly weak. Pedro immediately sent word that he and his followers—if assurances were given of future pardon and liberty—would fight the Sulus and help the Spaniards—conditions which were accepted. He then came between the town and the Sulu contingent and kept the enemy off. On Don Remon Larracochea and a Spanish lieutenant going out as hostages into Pedro's camp, the Datto was persuaded to visit the Governor, and from that time became a staunch and loyal friend of the Spanish, who fully recognised his services.

Datto Calun, or Calong, a Sulu, disputed the rights and power of Pedro, and constantly opposed him. He even proposed to settle the matter by a personal fight between them, which was accepted, and Pedro mortally wounded his opponent. The conqueror, who had been nominated a Datto by Sultan Aliudin, then assumed his adversary's name, by which he is better known to the natives—who number in all some 1,500. This was in 1882, and in 1890 the Spanish Government promised him a yearly allowance of 600 Mexican dollars—a promise which was never fulfilled.

The old Datto is of middle height, but bowed by age, his limbs wiry but restless, his eyes discoloured and weary; but a light came back to them when—having found a sympathiser—he was telling me some of his hairbreadth escapes.

“I must show you my *scopetta*. It has been

my best friend all through my life, and when I die, I want it to lie by my side in my grave."

Pedro took me to his bedroom, where, by his bedside, was an old double-barrel muzzle-loading gun, so worn and broken at the muzzle that the edges were sharp as a knife.

"You see, you can use it as a bayonet when you have no more powder," said the Datto. "I captured it from the Spaniards in my younger days. It has killed many people"—pff—"indeed it has," soliloquised Pedro, in a sort of reverie—"people who stood in my way—for Pedro has never been known to turn his back. But now I am old and worn, more worn even than my poor *scopetta*"—he gave it a fond embrace—"and I shall soon die. My chest is weak, one lung gone . . . ." Another severe attack of coughing seized him.

"Oh, you will live a thousand years yet," said the jovial Dr. Beebe, reassuringly.

But the old Datto shook his head and coughed and coughed—a snappy sort of a cough—and, screening his mouth with his trembling hand, expectorated a lot of blood. The Doctor and I looked each other in the face and the Doctor made a most significant gesture.

I bade good-bye to this fellow—one of the most remarkable among the natives I met in the Philippines.

I also bade farewell to Dr. Beebe, who returned to Isabela, while I chartered a *vinta* to proceed across the Basilan Strait to Zamboanga—a distance of fifteen miles as the crow flies. It

was getting dark when we—two “Moros” and myself—put off, and, as is usually the case when you want to sail anywhere, the wind, which had until then been favourable, suddenly shifted, at the moment we most needed it, and turned into a head wind. So down went the sail, and recourse had to be made to paddling—and as the sea was getting up pretty high we kept close in to the Basilan shore. This being the time of the change of monsoon—when for a period of weeks the wind is capricious—a favourable breeze did eventually arise, and by tacking about we at length sighted the Zamboanga lights. We had some little trouble in the centre of the Strait, owing to the strong current in mid-channel which drifted us considerably out of our course—a long way beyond (west) Presidente Bank and Santa Cruz Island. But there was a fine moon above our heads, and my two boatmen sang weird songs of their land—interrupted occasionally by refreshing shower-baths from dashing waves into which we had run.

My skiff, though small—about 16 feet long—was wonderfully seaworthy, considering the difficult sea we were on; and for want of other amusement I analysed the five sections into which it was divided, the three central ones covered over with movable decks of split bamboo, the sections aft and forward being left open and forming a well for the paddlers to squat in. I had a fine opportunity for studying the marvellously practical fashion in which the outriggers were lashed—in a slightly different

mode from that of the Bajao—upon a series of double arms, the lower being 4 feet long, the upper only extending  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the boat's side, and serving to strengthen the lower arm at its weakest point just beyond half its length. Astern, the outriggers were supported by a straight arm of hard wood, whereas the two central supports were curved downward at the end and firmly braced, the one aft—where the strain was greatest and most constant—being laced tight to a secondary horizontal bar above it.

Near Santa Cruz Island we unhappily bumped on a rock, on which we stuck fast for a considerable time, our combined efforts—when we had all jumped into the water—not being sufficient to lift the heavy boat and get her off. But eventually we moved off again, and at last, at midnight—or after six hours' unsteady navigation—I arrived safe and sound in Mindanao, glad indeed, very glad, to have completed my visits among the innumerable smaller islands of the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, with their perplexing tribes.

There now remains the most important portion of my journey across the larger islands—among the weirdest and most interesting people of the Archipelago.



## CHAPTER III

The Zamboanga Peninsula—Powerful Datto Mandi—The Samal-Laut—The Illanos—Marriages, punishments, and funerals.

ZAMBOANGA town itself is too well known for me to go into a lengthy description. In Spanish days it was a flourishing city with solidly built houses and a spacious fort, but the town was set ablaze when the Spaniards evacuated it, and although the fort and a few houses of masonry and wood remain standing, little is to be observed of its former grandeur. American civilisation bangs one in the face as soon as one lands, in the shape of drinking saloons with their unattractive signs—and, indeed, the industry of the place seems at present confined mostly to vile beer and deadly whisky of dubious origin.

Zamboanga has no proper harbour, and in bad weather steamers have to move over to Caldera Bay, on the south-west coast, or to the Masingloc River, four miles to the south-east, an anchorage protected from all winds. There is a fine pier at Zamboanga, to which moderate-sized vessels can moor.

There is a delightful club for officers upon the sea front. I, being the guest of the Commanding-General Sumner, had most comfortable—quite luxurious—quarters. But such comfort is the exception, and a stray traveller might not fare so well. Of course there is a church, and others are to be found in suburban towns, such as the one at Tetuan, which used formerly to be a fort.

There are a number of Filipino villages in the extensive plain—well cultivated into rice-fields—in which Zamboanga lies among innumerable cocoanut groves. The Filipino population is divided into Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and now young American mestizos, Tagalos, Visayans, and crosses of the above with Magindanaos, Samals, and Subanos, which form the main population of the peninsula. The Subanos are said to number 90,000, the Mahommedans some 8,000; but perhaps the new census may throw some more light on the subject. The Christians in the province number in all between nineteen and twenty thousand. But most interesting of all is the Mahommedan settlement of Magay adjoining Zamboanga to the west, where numberless *nipa* houses and beautifully carved boats are to be seen upon the shore.

There are three principal highways running out of Zamboanga: the Tetuan Road along the east coast of the peninsula; the Santa Maria Road in a northerly direction for fifteen miles towards the mountains, and the Jesu Road to the north-west leading to the San Ramon farm—

formerly a Spanish penal agricultural colony of considerable merit. It was founded in 1870 by Lieut.-General D. Ramon Blanco y Erreras, Marquis de Pedra Plata. About 9,000 full-grown cocoanuts are still there, from which the principal revenue is derived; but, although numerous, they did not appear particularly healthy. Otherwise the place is in a terrible state of abandonment, to say the least. There are the saw-mill and distilling plants wrecked and ruined, and in a huge shed the untransportable remains of smashed machinery from Glasgow, which must have been of great value. The storehouse and superintendent's dwelling were in better preservation. High grass and reeds smothered everything—labour, I was told, being difficult to procure. Some cotton (a tree variety) and hemp were raised, but nothing approaching the scale in Spanish days. Copra (cocoanut) was dried in the sun, or by a gentle fire under a bamboo grating, on which the nuts were placed. A stockade of posts 10 to 12 feet high formerly existed at this colony.

I think that, were this farm run on a practical basis, it should prove a very profitable concern, but it is probable that before the Americans can work any of their schemes successfully, they will have to bring down to their proper and fair level the now ridiculous wages which are paid for unskilled Filipino labour.

A good road exists between San Ramon and Zamboanga, or it is quite a pleasant trip by sea in a launch, the coast-line being bordered—almost

all along—by *nipa* houses and neat fences and cocoanut groves in two or three parallel rows, with open stretches of high grass, and with more varied vegetation as one approaches Zamboanga.

One night, as I was riding with General Sumner, I was amazed at the gigantic size of the bats which flew in great numbers above our heads—some, I was told, were from 3 to 4 feet span from tip to tip of their wings ; some even larger.

One should not leave Zamboanga—the chief town of Mindanao—without meeting Datto Mandi, a fellow of considerable power in this province. He is said to be the son of a Spaniard and a Magindanao, and his facial characteristics display the strength of character of the former race and the shrewdness of the latter. Possibly, events, and the abnormal amount of intrigue which ever goes on in a revolutionised country during the disturbed stages of transition, have influenced Americans somewhat against this man, but so far as I could judge he seemed to me as strong a man as they could have at the head of the Mahommedan tribes—for only a strong man of Mandi's type can have any absolute control over them.

Mandi was made a Datto by the Spanish Government for services rendered during the Sebu campaign in 1894-5. He seems to have been held in respect by the Spaniards, who brought him to Spain and presented him at Court, when he received decorations for loyalty, and the cross of honour for valour ; also the

badge for civil merit. From the very first, Datto Mandi offered his friendship to the Americans, saying that—now the Spaniards had gone—their rule was the best thing for his country, and in 1899 he even went so far as to ask General Bates to allow him and his men to capture Zamboanga and hand it to the United States—which facts, I think, should not be overlooked through petty rancour and spite. I found him very manly and civil in manner, with plenty of common sense, and as honest as one can expect him to be in the circumstances.

Mandi's uncle is the Panglima Gondun, a warrior pirate, whose association undoubtedly strengthens the Datto's hand to no slight degree.

One of the leading accusations thrown at Datto Mandi by the Americans is his proclamation liberating all slaves within his jurisdiction—which, as might have been expected, turned into a mere farce, because the slaves would on no account be liberated and refused to leave their masters! They had been well fed and clothed and had no worries of any kind, and did not wish to change their position. This little joke on Mandi's part seems to have greatly annoyed some touchy officials. In Magay itself—where Mandi lives—there undoubtedly are plenty of slaves, and slave-trading occurs daily within ten or twenty miles of Zamboanga—if not even in that town itself—but personally I do not see exactly, with the power at hand, how it is going to be suppressed without doing more harm than good, as I have once before stated.



DATTO MANDI.



DATTO PYANG (RIO GRANDE, MINDANAO).



Since Zamboanga was turned over to the United States authorities in 1899 by Isidore Midel, there have been no signs of insurrection, as the factions in town are too numerous—the semi-piratical Mahommedan tribes in particular showing themselves law-abiding and peaceful, and grateful for American kindness; whereas the civilised Christians bring spiteful accusations against Uncle Sam of sending doctors to poison wells, produce cholera, and so attempt the wholesale destruction of the masses. Cholera, as a matter of fact, has raged terribly in the province since 1902—when it was brought over from Negros Island by Mahommedan traders from Sibuguey Bay who often ply to Dumaguete.

These Christians are lazy and unreliable—spending their entire days in gambling and cock-fighting. Their cocoanut-groves and rice-fields are mortgaged to Chinese from whom they have borrowed money at usury to indulge in their favourite vices, and their crops are uncared for owing to drought and scarcity of carabaos. Yet with poverty rampant, the natives will not work for the Americans for such wages as 75 cents to 1 peso (dollar Mexican) a day, although they were formerly glad to get from the Spaniards wages of from 10 to 20 cents (Mexican) a day. Little or no skilled labour is to be had. The Government offers one dollar (Mexican) a day for loading and unloading vessels, and such men as carpenters and masons, who received in Spanish days 75 cents to 1 peso a day, can now only with difficulty be got for 2½ to 3 pesos a day. These



inflated wages have had a most demoralising effect upon the population. There seems to be a prevalent idea among Christians that manual labour is dishonourable. The trade is entirely in the hands of Chinese and Chinese mestizos, who do what little exporting is done to Manila and Singapore. It consists mainly of cotton, hemp, rice, coffee, tobacco, sugar-cane, nutmegs, cloves, rubber, and gutta-percha. Zamboanga is not a manufacturing community. They say that rich coal-beds exist within 50 or 60 miles of Zamboanga.

The province is thickly wooded—especially on the mountains—*narra*, *molave*, *ipil*, *teca*, *tindalao*, *galantas*, and *yacal* of excellent quality, as well as *batilinan*, *cubi*, *amugois*, *guijo*, *agutud*, *panao-balao*, *lumbayao*, *lauaan*, *pagatpat*, *malacayua*, *bacanan*, and *tagai* of various degrees of goodness all grow here. Abundant and delicious fruit of all tropical kinds is obtainable.

The municipal government, which was established by the Americans in 1901, does not seem to work smoothly. In the municipal code—a condensed wisdom of ages—the natives do not seem to get a sample of American fair government, but a dose of misrule and abuse on the part of unscrupulous native officials. Misrepresentation is rampant, and the natives seem to have some difficulty in grasping what the code is all about. According to a Government report by Captain Clarke, 10th Infantry, the crime in the province is now about the same as in Spanish days, but the natives show reluctance in appealing

to the American or municipal authorities for protection. Were an American judge stationed permanently in Zamboanga, that would have, I think, quite a beneficial effect by leading to immediate punishment for crimes. It must be recollected that to the population of Zamboanga—at best a hopeless mixture of breeds—is to be added a considerable percentage of criminal parentage, owing to the neighbouring penal colony established by the Spaniards.

Catholic priests still exercise a strong influence over the Christian population, and their schools are preferred to the American. Some parents seem anxious to have their children taught the catechism and enough English to secure big Government salaries for doing no work—otherwise they are indifferent. A few young men and girls would like to learn without study; others—you can count them on your fingers—are really anxious to be instructed and work hard. The results are generally dubious. Many master enough American words (not English, you will agree) to shout at passers-by a twangy “Good mannin’! Good afterrnnnn! Hello Jack, how a’ you? Why, sure! Say here!” and such other expressions, but when such a degree of perfection is attained in the tongue of their conquerors, few care to go, and fewer still can go, further. Now that such an able man as Dr. Barrows is at the head of the educational department, it is to be hoped that he will turn his efforts to establishing practical trade, industrial and agricultural schools—if schools they are to

have at all—which, I think, would be more welcome to the natives and undoubtedly more beneficial to the country, and the first important step towards the development of the untold richness of these islands.

I was very glad to hear that a sensible “Moro school” was started in 1902 at Magay, with English instruction and industrial training. The pupils have their handiwork sold for them, and the proceeds, less value of material, are handed to the child. This, I think, is an excellent scheme, and much encourages sound industry and love of work.

To return to Datto Mandi, or Datto Rajah Muda Mandi—as he likes to be called—he is the powerful chief over the Samal-laut, some 3,000 of them, the latest arrivals in Mindanao. His power extends from Sindangan Bay to about 20 miles beyond Buluan.

Who are these Samal-laut? They are sea-faring folks who were vanquished by the Spaniards in 1848–58–64, driven away from Balanguinga, Simisa, and other small islands close by, and scattered on the coast near Zamboanga. They are now settled, and seem to be fairly good citizens. Socially they are to be divided into three classes, viz. *Dattos* and subordinate chiefs; *Marlica*, or free men; and *ipun* or *scheh*, or slaves.

Here, as in the Sulu archipelago, debtors who cannot settle their accounts become the slaves of creditors unless they can supply a relative as bond till the debt is paid—an excellent custom to

promote honesty or to get rid of tiresome relatives. The widow of a debtor, if childless, is only expected to repay half the amount due, but should she have children the full amount is due. A slave woman, if good-looking, is liable—in fact, almost certain—to become a *sandil* or concubine; but although these people are called barbarians, in such cases the honour of the men prompts the master to proclaim the woman free, before witnesses, in order that the children of his own blood may not be slaves. Very quaint and most complicated questions of rights and quarrels arise when slaves of different masters wish to wed, the matter of compensation being difficult to settle.

Mr. Christie, in a Government report, gives a lucid and interesting account of the Samals. We have already heard of the legend of Salingay Bungsu of Johore and his storm-scattered expedition, when some of the crews of his fleet landed on Tawi-tawi, others at Nawan, the present situation of Zamboanga; and it seems quite certain that the tribes who prefix Samal to their local name—although now speaking different dialects—all came from the same stock. The Subanos, it would appear, inhabited the Zamboanga Peninsula previous to the landing of the Samals, and, so far as can be gathered from confused and conflicting legends, the Subanos were quite powerful enough to dictate terms until eventually conquered by the more numerous race.

We find the Samal-lipid, some 150, who profess to have come from Parang (Sulu Island),

a purely fishing tribe, the women only weaving cloth on hand-loom, and mats of *pandanus* leaf, and making rough pottery. The Samal-uan, with other tribes, with whom we are already acquainted, are gipsies of the sea, live months at a time in their boats, and have many points in common with the Bajao. The Samal-utangan (or possibly Samal-Obitangan, from the name of the island) are a sub-tribe in transition from a nomad to a stationary life. They have built houses, possess hand-loom, and drive a brisk trade in resin for torches, gutta-percha, beeswax, fish, chickens, coarse pottery, and salt obtained by evaporation of sea-water. This last tribe acknowledge the authority of the Sultan of Mindanao, and they pay occasional tribute—called *tutulungan*—on certain festival days, such as Mahommed's birthday. They were at one time the carriers for the rulers of Sibuguey.

The Samal-bitali (River) are cultivators, and resemble the Samal-nawan or Zamboanga Samals. Samboangan—as pronounced by them—means the long poles that they carry in their boats and drive into the silt in order to tie up their boats to them when not in use. The name, distorted by the Spaniards, was eventually applied to the town.

Then there are a number of Yacanes—evidently a branch of the larger tribe now found on Basilan. They, the Samal-laut and the Sulus seem to have fraternised to a certain extent in several districts and islands off the coast.

The Samal-laut and also all other dialects are of Malayan origin, many words bearing great

resemblance to Malay and also to Sanskrit, while many Arabic words have been introduced with the Koran. Mr. Christie gives a long list, but here are a few :—

<i>English.</i>	<i>Malay.</i>	<i>Samal-laut.</i>	<i>Sanskrit.</i>
Cotton	kapas	gapas	karpasa.
Appearance	rupa	lupa	rupa.
Sugar	gula	gula	guda (sweet)
Water-vessel	kindi	kindi	kundi.
Angry	murka	murka	murkha.
Wisdom	budi	budi	buddhi.
Learned	pandei	panday	pandita.

Other tribes, such as the Illanos—fishermen and traders—who migrated from Malabang, are to be found on the peninsula, and they have now taken to doing some cultivation ; and then we also find some 900 warlike and rapacious Sulus who give a great deal of trouble to the inhabitants, chiefly to the Christians and the Subanos. They live by fishing and trading—the latter done in a summary way, murdering people and enslaving the rest—and keep the Subanos in perfect terror.

The form of marriage in the Mahommedan tribes is, with some little variation, the same as in all Mussulman countries. First comes the *anihil* (an appropriate name if rejected) and *patampal*, or proposal and acceptance, the *anihil* being a sort of trial expedition with gifts to the prospective bride's home, undertaken by a middle person. If the gifts of betel-nut, money, tobacco, and jewellery are accepted, and only the kerchief in which they were enveloped duly returned, the latter part of the performance—the *patampal*—

comes off, to the relief of the bridegroom. Next comes the *panda*—a family gathering of all relations, at which more gifts are showered from relatives of the groom on the girl, her father, mother, and brothers. After this comes the actual marriage, performed by an *imam* or priest, and for three days the groom remains with his wife. He is then called for and carried away to his former home or to a new house.

To prove a young man's worthiness as well as his affection for a girl, fathers have been known to compel a prospective son-in-law to live and work in their homes for indefinite periods of time—a system apparently not objected to. Fifty cents gold is the price paid to the priest for his services, so marriages are cheap enough.

Polygamy, to the extent of the usual four wives allowed by their religion, is practised, and maybe Uncle Sam will eventually attempt to suppress it; but perhaps, before taking such a step, he may be asked to suppress the many *queridas* left behind in every town by American soldiers—a system which does away altogether with the responsibility of supporting children. In Mahommedan polygamy the children are legal and supported, whereas in consequence of the more civilised laws there is a vast class of wretched outcasts overflowing the country.

The punishment for adultery is severe on a Mahommedan woman. Upon two witnesses proving her sin, she or the family must pay a heavy fine to the husband, and in case of non-payment she descends from the position of wife

to that of slave, and can be sold. No woman can procure a divorce for her husband's adultery; but if this offence is proved against a man, he has to pay double the fine which would be inflicted upon a woman, and the money goes to the injured husband or the girl's family or the head man of the tribe. If he cannot pay, he becomes the injured man's slave—a most unenviable position. He is generally sold, if not killed in the act, which is the most frequent punishment administered to the offender. A similar fate awaits anyone assaulting a young girl, but fornication by mutual consent is overlooked.

Criminal cases are heard by a council of elders in a public consultation, called a *bichara* (meeting), and decided by the head man of the tribe—usually the Datto—whose judgment is final.

A heavy fine is inflicted for murder, and is divided between the family and those who tried the case; and if a crime is committed while in a state of intoxication, the law inquires as to whether the man was self-indulgent or drunk through the hospitality of others. In the latter case, the hosts share heavily in the fine. For theft, the culprit is fined twice the amount of the value of the stolen goods, *plus* a second fine to the Datto, with the option of slavery for himself or his children.

When a man is dead, he is washed and cleansed outside and inside by ample ablutions and by compressing the stomach, and then a white cloth is wound round the corpse—or, in cases of poor



people, a mat is used. The eyelids are gently opened, and the body, with a handful of earth by its sides, is placed inside a coffin, care being taken to rest the head towards the west—the direction of holy Mecca. As we have already seen in the Sulu and Tawi-tawi Archipelagoes, elaborate canopies—varying according to rank—with decorations of sunshades and banners are placed over the coffin, and sandal-wood water, if obtainable, is sprinkled on the grave. The family of the deceased is expected to sit up for several nights to pray and chant, and in cholera-infected settlements I have frequently heard *agun* (gongs) being sounded wearily night after night, to the tune of doleful chanting, in order to mourn over the death of a relative. Although said to occur, I never saw orgies take place at a man's death.

The people are fervently religious—in a sort of way—and look up with awe to anyone who has been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He receives the honorary title of “Hadji,” and is ever held in great respect.

## CHAPTER IV

The Subanos and their ways—Human sacrifices—The Mahommedans of the coast.

IN the central part of the Zamboanga Peninsula—in what was formerly known as the Kingdom of Sibuguey—live a pastoral race, the Subanos (with the Calibuganes), scattered upon the mountains and in secluded valleys, in little settlements or in isolated houses, hundreds of yards apart. Their houses are on piles 6 or 8 feet high, with roofs of sago palm leaves, and floors of *pugahan* or *anibong*. Their storehouses are hidden away upon the mountain side. In them they keep their food and valued articles.

According to Mr. Frank Redding, Mr. Christie, and Mr. Williamson, who have given most interesting Government reports on the subject, these Subanos are under local rulers called *timuhays*, who occasionally assume the title of Datto, and are mere agents appointed by the Moro ruler over these weaker tribes. They are, in a way, subject and pay tribute—" *sirwaka* " or " *pamuku* "—to the Mahommedan tribes of

the coast, who impose on these people to no slight extent.

The *siwaka* is a tax levied in kind upon each married couple for three years after marriage. After that they are liable to the *pamuku*, a gift sent by the Sultan to a family, for which they are expected to return to the Sultan goods amounting to double the value of the gift, or the gift itself and half its value. The tax-collectors are called *panguku*, and live among the people. Then there is the *bubuhi*, or perpetual annual tax. Raids are made for slaves, and contributions extorted, so that these mountain folks are in abject poverty.

Unlike the Mahommedan seafaring tribes, the Subanos are agriculturists by nature, and would indulge their propensities to a considerable extent were they not robbed of the proceeds of their labours by the coast people. Their methods of cultivating the ground may be crude, if you like, for they possess no animals, and ploughs are unknown—a pointed stick with which to make holes in the ground for planting purposes being about all the implements required—for, indeed, the climate and rich soil do all the rest. They cultivate, to a certain extent, hill-rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, bananas, hemp, *gabi* (a tuber), yams, and *lumbiya* or sago palm, from which sago flour is produced.

The sago palm—not unlike a shortened coconut—flourishes in low land. It is plentiful in the valleys of the Siey and Sibuguey Rivers, and is found in four species. *Pugahan* and *anibong*

also give sago of an inferior quality, and are said to produce a rash upon the skin of people eating it. The *lumbiya* tree, when felled, is cut into sections, each of which is cut in two. The inner pith, of a creamy, soft appearance with cross fibres, is removed from the outer growth of hard wood, which is a couple of inches in depth, and consists of fibres irregularly bound together, not forming concentric rings as in most species of palm. These sections are carried to the bank of a stream where a matted platform is constructed over the water, and on this the pith is laid and trodden upon by naked feet—water being poured upon it at intervals. The juice dripping through the fissures in the platform is received in a vessel below—usually a canoe—and, the moisture being evaporated, the sago-flour is dried in the sun. The Subanos eat it either boiled in water or cooked in fat, with an occasional sprinkling of sugar-cane juice to flavour it.

Rice grains are separated from the cluster by a similar trampling process on a hardened mud platform—an occupation for men—after which women and children do the rest with the familiar wooden mortar and pestle.

A fresh clearing is made by burning every year—a less troublesome process than destroying the new vegetation, for trees are said to be sparse in that part of Mindanao.

Roasted Indian corn is much relished by the Subanos, but rice is generally boiled in coarse earthenware pots of Moro manufacture, or, now-a-days, in cheap German iron vessels obtained by

barter from the coast tribes. Rice is stored in the husk in cylinders, three or four feet in diameter, of tree-bark, sewn up and lashed with *rattan*, or else in bags and baskets of plaited vegetable fibre and *nipa* leaves. The women also manufacture on their own weaving-ooms cotton and hemp fabrics for home use.

The gutta-percha industry might be greatly developed were less destructive ways used. Here, as on Tawi-tawi, the trees are felled and circles a foot or so apart cut round, into which the sap oozes and is scraped out at certain periods. Perhaps one of the most useful forest products is the *balete*—a resin largely used for illuminating purposes.

Notwithstanding their subjection to the Mahomedan tribes of the coast, the Subanos have laws and customs of their own. They are not quarrelsome by nature—settle their own disputes when they do quarrel—and can live in peace even when several families dwell under one roof. The men are said to be moral, and considerate to their women and children; a wife is socially the equal of her husband—and she, too, is thoughtful and true to her husband. The children are taught obedience and respect to their parents and elders—a respect which almost borders on worship, as it does with many savage tribes. Polygamy is not recognised—in fact, looked down upon—and seduction or prostitution heavily fined (in cloth or agricultural produce).

Mr. Redding puts down the Subanos as accomplished and unscrupulous liars, timid almost to

the point of cowardice, superstitious to the highest degree, suspicious and deceitful ; but this, I think, is more towards strangers than among themselves, these traits being noticeable under similar circumstances among more civilised people than the Subanos. But, says Mr. Redding, rightly, they possess a physique of iron and extraordinary endurance. They are supple, with pleasant faces of a lighter and yellower complexion than the Moros, flat noses, broad features, teeth filed horizontally with a stone, so as to give their outer face a concave appearance, long black straight hair, and well-modelled and rounded arms and legs. Mr. Williamson, who has lived two and a half years among them between Punta Flecha and Buluan, estimates their number at 8,000 souls. Mr. Christie puts them down as of Malayan origin.

They possess a language of their own, but no characters to write it with. The tribes, however, living near Mahommedan settlements, have entirely adopted their language and clothing—the exaggeratedly large pants and tight-fitting jacket, the women's clothes resembling closely those of the men in shape, but brighter in colour and more elaborately ornamented, with a *tapis* tied round the waist by a sash or cord. The men wear a turban ; the women a kerchief tied behind the head.

The women seem fair-complexioned and graceful—disfigured somewhat by their front teeth being filed down to the gums. They occasionally wear a switch of fibre dyed with lemon and other

juices mixed with iron—to impress the spectator with an appearance of more abundant hair than they actually possess.

From childhood the Subano is taught to endure pain—and here again we find the strange practice of cicatrices caused by burning as ornamentations upon the arms and chest of men, an abundance of such scars going a long way, it is said, towards winning the heart of a Subano woman. The girls, too, undergo a somewhat painful operation of ear-lobe extension, practised by inserting a coil of *nipa* leaf in the aperture which is gradually made larger and larger until the hole has reached a diameter as big as a shilling or a 25-cents piece. It deforms the ears terribly, and often tears them altogether.

Hunting wild hog and deer with spears, and fishing, either with traps or hooks, are indulged in—*dalat* or mud fish being plentiful in the streams.

The *pes* and spears with tempered metal heads are the weapons which they manufacture in a crude forge, and which are generally carried by Subanos.

In addition to the reed flutes—which are typical musical instruments of the tribe—the Subanos have now adopted the *agun* (metal gongs) and a guitar with strings of hemp fibre.

Totemism, in a crude form, is the extent of their religious belief, and little altars decorated with green boughs—such as we shall find among the Indonesian tribes of Eastern Mindanao—are frequently found in or in front of their dwellings.

They have medicine men—not unlike the *babalians* of our friends the Tagbanouas—whom they call *balian*. These are supposed to be in communication with deities, *diwata*—a king and a queen *diwata* ruling above male and female minor *diwatas*, one for each sex, on earth. Sick persons are said to be sometimes cured by these *diwatas*, through the mediation of the *balian*, who begin by sacrificing a cock, then spit upon the patient and flourish a stick round him. A cock is also sacrificed before planting rice and after the death of an individual.

Perhaps most interesting of all are the *catapusans* or orgies following marriages, funerals, and festivals. It is well known that Subanos perform certain incantations to escape sickness and disperse hovering evil spirits, and that after a funeral a pig's blood is shed, but much discussion exists upon the question whether human sacrifice is practised by Subanos. Although rarely performed now, it is not improbable that until quite lately it occurred frequently.

Mr. Emerson B. Christie, who visited the district for census purposes, gives a very interesting and apparently accurate account of two human sacrifices which had lately taken place. The Subanos he met were those of Point Quipit and those near Buluan, and he describes how the entire *rancheria* (farming settlement) to which the deceased belonged goes into mourning, the men tying a white kerchief round the head, and even leaving behind their weapons. Marriages are postponed, debts are not collected during



that period, and no one is allowed to enter the house of the widow and children, who must stay indoors till long after the burial of the deceased. An orgy is then arranged, and among the Subanos of Siukun it begins thus, says Mr. Christie :

“About a hundred days after death, *pangasi* (beer made of fermented rice mingled with sugar-cane and other indigenous plants) is ready. The *balian* and the widow meet at night in the widow's house, while the remainder of the population remain at a respectful distance. The *balian* sacrifices a chicken and then severs a piece of hemp fibre to symbolise the fact that the settlement is now liberated from the restraints of the mourning for their fellow tribesman. Then the *aguns* are sounded, and everybody crowds around the huge glazed jars of *pangasi*.”

Now, these handleless jars, let me tell you, are three to four feet high, with some slight ornamentation. They are imported from China and imitations are also obtained from Borneo. The Subanos value them highly. At the feasts a number of straws are inserted in the mouth of the jar, through which the oft-diluted liquor is avidly sucked up by the assembled guests.

Mr. Christie says that in his journey he heard persistent tales of human sacrifices in honour of dead Timuhays, and he is convinced that such sacrifices have taken place within the last few years. He gives the names of his informants, who were eye-witnesses at the ceremonies.

Timuhay Pogud Gubawan (Sibuguey Bay)

related that two years ago he was present at a *balu-balu* (in Magindanao *balu* signifies widow, widower) or human sacrifice celebrated at Siay in honour of the father of Timuhay Bantas. Several Subanos corroborated the account, and Datto Nunung of Siukun gave the following narrative of an elaborate affair.

When he was in the Sindangan district, representing a relative Datto, a certain Timuhay Lajahgunun died, and after the usual mourning of a hundred days a human sacrifice was decided upon. Datto Nanung, as the lord of the region, was invited, and, as is customary, received the privilege of striking the first blow. The Subanos had assembled in great force in glaring attire, and the subjects of the dead Timuhay had taken a ceremonial bath in preparation for the coming event. On being led to a shed erected for the occasion, the Datto perceived the victim, a slave, surrounded by armed Subanos. Contrary to expectation, the poor wretch was not bound. Silent, tearless and stolid, he sat cross-legged on the ground, and two Subanos sat on his knees to prevent his escape. The Datto, being requested to strike the first blow, gave the victim a very slight (he says) wound with his *barong*. At the sight of blood, the feelings which had been repressed during the mourning period broke forth into wild beating of gongs, brandishing of spears and frantic yells of joy. Amid a diabolical din, everybody whirled round and struck the victim a blow, even the women and children taking part in it, with sharpened sticks and bamboos.

With the sacrifice of the slave, and the end of the mourning, the Subanos gave themselves up in their frenzy to ample libations of *pangasi* and other rejoicings. The next day the daily occupations were resumed.

Subdivided into many tribes are the Magindanao<sup>1</sup> proper or Mahommedan settlers—black-faced fellows, with a yellowish tinge to their complexion, prominent cheek-bones, quick, shifty eyes, and jet black straight hair, both men and women having small and well-shaped hands and feet.

Although these folks are also semi-aquatic in their habits, spending almost as much time in or on the water as out of it, they generally construct their habitations on land, and are given to agricultural pursuits on quite an imposing scale. They are principally found near water, such as the sea coast, the river banks, or lake shores.

Their facial characteristics and languages vary considerably in different districts, but not so much their customs and manners. They are all manly and very warlike, quite brave, and most independent in their manner. The Sultan of Mindanao—called by them the Maguiñgan—is the recognised ruler of the Zamboanga Peninsula, with various Dattos representing him in different districts, who are practically small, independent rulers. A good contingent of Hadjis are scattered over the country, mostly men who have drifted here from Arabia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan.

One hears much about the infamy of these

<sup>1</sup> *gi* in Magindanao to be pronounced as in *give*.

“Moros,” as they were commonly miscalled by the Spaniards and also now by the Americans; but, personally, I took a great liking to them. Their wonderful knowledge of navigation, their pluck and keen sporting instincts, their practical and cleanly habits, appealed to me, and I think—as I have already stated—that when the Americans have learned to understand and appreciate these men, they will find them by far the most intelligent, most faithful and reliable people in the Archipelago. I am not making this statement at random, but am speaking from extensive personal experience which no other white man has ever had among these people, as will be seen later on.

Unlike other Mahommedans of especially seafaring proclivities, these men wear tightly-fitting jackets and trousers, the latter with a seat of ample proportions. The women are garbed in large trousers, but a jacket so tight that it shows every line of the breast and arms. The *sarong* is also worn by them, and shifted from one position to another according to requirements, and sometimes to screen the face from the sight of strangers. Silk is occasionally used for these clothes, but generally cotton fabrics (from Germany or Manchester) of brilliant colours—yellow, green, or red. In their homes, however, most of the clothing is discarded by both sexes.

The architectural lines of Magindanao houses closely resemble those of Sulu homes, raised from 3 to 8 feet above the level of the ground or water. Fronds of *paguhan* as well as *nipa* are

used for thatching roofs, and inside, slung from the rafters, spears and vicious looking *kris* of various degrees of beauty attract one's eye. Chinese gongs are usually to be seen about, and the characteristic canopies, under which upon pretty many-coloured mats lay cylindrical pillows and flat mattresses. The sleeping quarters generally occupy the entire length across one side of the house, or one end. One or more large canopies with side curtains are to be seen, one family occupying each canopy.

The Magindanaos are great traders and hagglers, good-natured and jolly in the extreme when you know them well; happy-go-lucky; with a keen sense of humour, and a most unusual amount of sound sense. The Magindanao looks upon civilisation as utter nonsense—he is not far wrong—and, anyhow, he has the courage of his own opinion, which, I think, is something to be admired. He feeds on meat and fish, chickens, eggs, oysters, shrimps, and mountains of rice, either boiled or made into cakes; cocoa-nut-oil is used, too, for cooking purposes; but the forbidden deadly pork he will neither eat, nor touch, nor look at, which, no doubt, accounts for his brightness of intellect and wonderful digestive powers.

Except those depraved by contact with foreigners, Magindanaos do not indulge in intoxicants, and only such people as Dattos are given to smoking opium in excess—a vice acquired from the Chinese. Even the pipes used by them are of Chinese manufacture.

With the exception of their knives, swords, and spears, and an occasional brass betel-nut box, there is little that the Magindanao manufactures himself. His forge is possibly the most interesting device I ever saw among these Mahomedans. Two large parallel bamboos, 8 to 10 inches in diameter, and some 6 feet high, are solidly fixed upright about 20 inches apart. Each has a piston rod and the escaping air at the lower aperture of each is carried by a channel into a common exit pipe to which they are joined. Each piston, of course, has a valve attachment to let in air. A man or boy sits above and between the two cylinders, and with a swing of the body forces up and down one piston at a time so as to produce a continuous draught through the escape pipe blowing into a charcoal fire. A hammer and a pair of tongs of the most primitive design and a grinding-stone are the only tools used by a local blacksmith, but the result of his work is marvellous. From an old file or steel bar a magnificent *kris*, a sword of finely-tempered steel, with a curved, wavy blade, will be turned out, worked to perfection, of extraordinary sharpness, and with a beautifully polished blade, often inlaid in gold or silver or with graceful ornamentations engraved upon it. The handles, too, of ivory or precious hardwood, mounted in valuable metal, are real works of art for their beauty of line and practical design. From the curves in a blade, its shape and the number of waves in a *kris*, men of one tribe can tell at once

from what part of the country another man comes.

Weird beyond words, with a quaint rhythm, is the music of these people, the outcome of their fanciful fiery temperament. The Magindanao is a born musician—although, if you do not happen to appreciate his talents, you might wish he were a dead one. Of course, in musical notes he gives vent to his feelings in his own way—which is not ours—but his plaintive songs, in a soft, not inharmonious voice, are not unpleasant and do not lack a certain amount of poetical feeling. Such is not the case with the words of the songs—generally improvised, and fortunately forgotten as soon as they are sung. At the death of relations much doleful chanting with the monotonous beating of the *agun* is kept up day and night, and at weddings more festive and brighter melodies—which in character reminded me somewhat of the music of Arabia, certain parts of Persia and Beluchistan—are indulged in. The melodies are ever very simple, with no variations and flourishes, but invariably sung with abundance of feeling.

These tribes use the long vibrating notes of the *agun* for signalling purposes. The approach of the enemy or of a shoal of fish, the death of a parent or the wedding of a sister, all have distinguishing beats on the brass gong and are understood by those familiar with their sounds code.

The *gaddan* or xylophone, such as we found in

the Sulu Islands (copied from the Spanish instrument), is frequently to be seen in Mahomedan houses in Mindanao, and also an instrument on the same principle made with a number of Chinese gongs of graduating sizes—but I never heard Magindanaos who succeeded in doing more than making hopeless discords upon these imported instruments, which were quite perplexing to their musical capabilities.

The same remarks may be applied to the religion of the Mindanao Mahomedans as to that of the Sulus. It is but a crude and simplified form of that religion, the principal points of which show themselves strong in practical ways, such as the total abstention from eating pork, the constant ablutions, their fondness for running streams, and circumcision, which is practised in both sexes. But beyond this the average Magindanao knows little or nothing about the Koran. I very seldom saw anyone make the salaam towards Mecca at sunrise and sunset, nor anyone except Hadjis recite the five daily prayers—so typical of other Mussulman countries. And these Hadjis, as we have seen, are not natives, but mostly foreign religious adventurers—a cross between a missionary and a trader—at best unscrupulous scoundrels.

One finds but few and humble mosques—(*mexid* or *masjid*) except possibly in the larger villages—although we shall see some among the Malanaos (Lake Lanao). Many villages, however, possess a *langar*, a modest place of worship, where on Fridays passages from the Koran are



read by an Imam. Although the reverence of these barbarians for the Koran seemed unbounded, I seldom heard of or saw a Magindanao who could actually read and understand that sacred book.

## CHAPTER V

A Terra incognita—The Malanaos—Their troubles—Spanish expeditions to conquer them—The American expedition—With the “fighting” 27th Infantry.

AT this point it may be well to remind the reader that Mindanao is the second largest island of the Philippine Archipelago, with an area of 45,356 square miles (46,521 square miles with adjacent isles) ; that, with the exception of a few coast points and some on the Rio Grande, it is practically *terra incognita*—with high mountain ranges and impenetrable forests in the interior. The tribes all over it are somewhat wild, and require tact in dealing with them.

I proposed to take a journey across the most unknown parts of this island and among the people supposed to be wildest. First of all I wanted to cross the island and take in the Lake Lanao region where the natives were extremely troublesome ; and here I had a most wonderful bit of luck. The day I intended to start a war broke out ! This would make the trip all the more interesting.

General Sumner very kindly did me the great honour of allowing me to accompany the American expedition among the Malanaos (or Mahommedan tribes of Lake Lanao)—the only civilian who was allowed to do so—and conveyed me in his own ship to Malabang, an important military post on Illana Bay—the strategic base for all operations in the Lake region.

This was on March 30th, 1903, and the heat was oppressive, for on our north-east course of some 145 miles we were screened from the wind by the high mountain mass to the north of us—a curious plateau-like region with several domed peaks with tops blown off—evidently by volcanic action—and generally in sets of two, such as the Dos Germanos, and the Ganassi peaks. Malabang is an open roadstead of considerable depth and width, but with no protection against south-west winds.

The Spaniards had built three octagonal block-houses of masonry, ingeniously loopholed, on the banks of the stream; and access to these could only be obtained across a drawbridge. The river is shallow and tortuous, with an estuary through a beach of black volcanic sand and ashes.

The river winds across the flat valley from its sources, some magnificent springs of clear crystal-like water which forces its way through volcanic rocks. But no one is allowed to drink this deliciously pure water until it has been distilled and boiled and made most unpalatable—for everything that is unnatural is good, according to modern science—and hence arise numbers of

dysentery, typhoid, and fever cases among those who take scientific care of themselves.

One mile and a half from the beach, upon the high rock from which gurgles the cool springs forming the river, is the very handsome Spanish fort in castellated style, with towers and ingeniously loopholed walls and floors—a most impregnable place against attacks of savages. The American military post with its neat *nipa* houses looks nice and comfortable; and quaint enough is the so-called Moro market and the native town, the pride of Colonel S. R. Whitall—to whose patient efforts it owes its tidiness.

The country around Malabang is pretty well open, up to the foot of the undulating plateau. There are, in the vicinity of Malabang, some thirteen Mahommedan settlements with a total of 3,600 warriors, and each settlement possesses one or more stone forts with a considerable number of *lantacas* and guns. One trail joins Malabang to Ganassi on Lake Lanao (50 kilometres). Another trail of the same length starts from Lalabuan. An excellent military road has now been cut by the Americans, joining Malabang to Camp Vicars on the heights above Lake Lanao.

Now, the troubles between white people and the “ferocious Moros,” as the Spanish called these Mahommedans, arose as early as 1577 from the necessity of opposing raids, outrages, piratical expeditions, and because of differences of religion; but although the Spaniards occupied a few points upon the coast, the treaties concluded on many occasions were constantly violated. In 1630

General Don Sebastiano Hurtado de Corcuera conducted a temporarily successful campaign against these tribes, but it was really not until 1860 that a definite and permanent occupation of Mindanao was decided upon—a local government was created, the island divided into six districts, and a military and political system was adopted.

In 1887 a campaign against the Sultanate of Buhayan, Bacat, and Kudaranga was conducted by General Terrero, and in 1891 General Weyler determined to occupy several strategic points on the coast and interior, and also to send an expedition from the north to Marahui on Lake Lanao. The Mahommedans of the east and west coast of Sibuguey Sound and Dumanquilas were reduced to submission, and those of the Pulangui (or Pulanhya) River brought under control ; but those of Lake Lanao remained in complete independence and arrogance. Forts were built at Baras and Malabang on the south coast, and two expeditions started, one from the south, one from the north, towards the lake. They reached Lanao and fought bloody battles, but eventually the Spaniards had to return to the coast.

The conquest of the Malanaos was, nevertheless, not abandoned. Governor-General Blanco carried on systematic operations and constructed a wagon-road from Iligan (north) to Marahui, protected by a number of blockhouses. Two small armoured launches were brought up in sections and launched in order to patrol the

Lake, and in 1898 the Spaniards seemed to be making good progress towards conquering these barbarians, when the Spanish-American war broke out, the little war-vessels were sunk by their crews in deep water, and the Lake again abandoned. So that, when, in 1899, the American troops occupied the coast points such as Iligan and Malabang, the Malanaos were left in undisputed possession of their own beautiful country—absolutely unhampered—and became more arrogant than ever ; and it was not till 1902 that the Americans advanced as far as, but not further than, Lake Lanao.

Naturally, the sudden exit of the Spaniards was regarded by the Malanaos as a complete victory for themselves, and, owing to the unfortunate manner in which it was worded, the proclamation of friendship sent to the Lake Mahommedans by the American Division Commander-General Chaffee created a feeling exactly contrary to that which was sincerely intended and expected. The proclamation read :—

“To the Moros of Lake Lanao :

“Under the Treaty of Paris between Spain and the United States, executed in the year 1899, the Philippine Islands, including the Island of Mindanao, were ceded by Spain to the United States, together with all the rights and responsibilities of complete sovereignty. Among the rights thus acquired by the United States is that of commerce and free communication throughout these islands by its civil and

military agents and by all its citizens when engaged in lawful pursuits. The responsibility of the Government to protect its citizens and agents under these and all other conditions, and to insist upon the full recognition of its power to do so by all the inhabitants of the Philippines, native and foreign, will not be disputed by any enlightened government or people, etc., etc."

Now, if one can bear in mind that the Malanaos had never heard of Paris nor of any treaty; that they had never considered themselves conquered by the Spaniards—and quite rightly too, for they never were—it seemed preposterous to them that people who had never conquered them should cede their land to another nation whose name the Malanaos had equally never heard before. And this by a treaty which they knew nothing about. The sincere but unhappily expressed promises contained in the American proclamation were thereupon considered a mere base stratagem to invade their beloved country without fighting, in order to rob the natives of land and homes.

This lack of tact was particularly unhappy in coming at a moment when the Malanaos were least inclined to believe any promises of any kind from strangers. Had a letter been written—not such a letter as would appeal to a civilised politician, but one couched in simple language suitable to the comprehension of Malanao brains—much of the fighting in the Lanao region could

have been avoided. Naturally, no personal blame should be attached to the Division Commander for his unfamiliarity with the ways of every tribe in the entire Archipelago, but when the interests of a large country are involved it seems strange that no one was employed who did know.

Colonel (now General) Baldwin's expedition was a natural sequel to this proclamation ; and the bloody battle of Bayang will ever be remembered as a magnificent bit of work on the part of officers and soldiers of the 27th Infantry and 25th Mountain Battery, but as a sad day to all American hearts on account of the great and unnecessary loss it entailed in the American lines. Besides, the defeat of the Malanaos on that occasion was only partial, and a series of misunderstandings and intrigues necessitated a fresh expedition, which in 1903 became inevitable.

The Malanaos had constructed around the lake forts of great strength—principally those of Bacolod and Calahui—which they believed impregnable. The Sultan of Bacolod was perhaps the most troublesome chief, although in his correspondence with the Americans he had since 1902 professed friendship towards the United States, and had no desire to fight them if his rights were respected. "Any intimation to the contrary is false," he invariably reiterated, "and does not express my sentiments."

The Americans assured the Sultan that he would in no way be molested, but that, on the contrary, help and friendship would ever be offered him in every way. The Sultan, when



approached on the subject of a visit from the American Commander, recommended him not to call for three months, and advised him to come around the Lake by way of all the other Malanao tribes; this in order that he might see what effect the American visit had upon his neighbours, and also that he might have time to strengthen his fortifications.

In June, 1902, the Sultan and his adviser, the Panandungan—a man of fanatical ideas and violent disposition—sent a warlike letter to the Commanding Officer requesting the Americans to return to the coast. “You must follow our religion and customs or you will be to blame. This letter,” it said, “goes to you burned in six places to indicate that it means war.” Next day a most friendly letter followed—a circumstance which well shows the childish capriciousness of these people. Another insulting letter arrived in July. It read: “We ask you to return to the sea because you should not be here among circumcised Malanaos, for you are not like us. You are marauders and we do not want to follow your religion. You eat pork. If you do not wish to leave this region, come here and live in Bacolod under the Sultan and Panandungan, who will practise circumcision upon you. If you do not come here, we will come to you.”

Captain John Pershing, who was then in command at Camp Vicars, replied in firm but most tactful and civil terms, attempting to conciliate the unbalanced Bacolod people, and even em-

ployed agents to visit the Sultan to explain verbally the friendly feelings of the Americans. Everything that could be done to promote good feeling was tried by Pershing, and forbearance, patience, and unbounded tact were ever used ; but more insulting and friendly letters in couples came at intervals from the Sultan and the Panandungan.

Other local rulers, like the Sultan of Ganassi, had always proved themselves staunch friends of the Americans, and had attempted to act as intermediaries and to conciliate the unruly Sultan. However, matters seemed to grow worse every day ; attempts to cut up American soldiers were constantly made—so much so that it was forbidden to proceed along the Malaban road without a strong escort, and at Camp Vicars the sentries had orders at night to fire on anyone approaching the camp, without calling out the usual “ Halt, who goes there ? ”

In September, 1902, owing to Pershing's tact and the splendid behaviour of the Americans, most of the Dattos around the Lake approved and affirmed the American treaty, but the Bacolod people desired war.

There remained nothing else to do but to show definitely that the Americans would stand the insults of the Mahommedan chiefs no longer. A council of war was held at Malabang, and Captain Pershing, who had considerable experience of the Lake region and its inhabitants, was entrusted with the command of the expedition, which was to explore the entire west shore

of the Lake, where the troublesome chiefs were.

The expedition consisted of Troops A, G, L, 15th Cavalry ; Companies C, F, G and M, 27th Infantry ; two gun sections (Vickers-Maxims) of 25th Battery F, A, and two mortar sections of the 17th Battery, F, A, united under the command of the senior artillery officer, Captain McNair.

A pack train of mules and native ponies was provided for the transportation of rations, forage, ammunition and medical supplies, the commissary's and quartermaster's arrangements being very commendable for the perfect smoothness with which every detail ran. The hospital corps was under a very energetic and able surgeon, Lieutenant R. U. Patterson. Lieut.-Col. John C. Chamberlain accompanied the expedition as a spectator.

On April 3rd, in the company of Captain Pershing, who had come for orders to Malabang, and with an escort of cavalry, I rode to Camp Vicars, some 24 miles, where we arrived late at night.

## CHAPTER VI

The outposts attacked—The siege and assault of Bacolod—  
Great pluck of the American Soldiers—Narrow escapes  
—The surrender of Calahui—The escort “jumped”—  
Cholera in camp.

ON April 5th, at 7 a.m., all arrangements being completed and the troops being reviewed by General Sumner, we moved out of Camp Vicars—a most impressive sight, as the long line of blue-shirted soldiers, the splendid pack-mules and the cavalrymen moved slowly up the hill towards the Lake. Camp Vicars is, I think, 2,000 feet above the sea-level: Lake Lanao about 1,500, and from the highest point between the two a magnificent view is obtainable of the distant sea to the south, and the immense sheet of placid waters of the Lake on the north. There were high mountains to the east, but no great heights were visible in a northerly direction.

Before us on the north shores of the arm of water in the south-west portion of the Lake could be perceived, upon a prominent ridge, the fort of Bacolod surrounded by immense trenches

—apparently of recent date, judging by their bright red colour—and upon the fort a number of huge standards of war—red, white, and blue—flew gaily in the wind.

We descended in a single file along a narrow and slippery trail, with high and stifling grass on either side—well above my head on the back of a tall American horse—and we proceeded over undulating country with every now and then great tufts of bamboo. At intervals we got glimpses, from the higher points, of the lake with its pretty little islands in the south-west. We passed several abandoned forts with stockades of live bamboos, and we left to the west the Ganassi peaks—one of which displayed a huge landslide.

Led by a Datto in variegated clothing, bright yellow turban, and a scarf artistically draped on his left shoulder, his legs doubled up on a native saddle with its uncomfortable stirrups held between the big toe and the next, and a crowd of attendants in similarly bright garments and kerchiefs tied into a stiff cylinder upon the head with a knot behind—we came to a friendly rancheria. The houses, made of split bamboo with *cogon* roofs, were hardly raised above the ground. They were flying the Stars and Stripes. This was the Sultan of Ganassi's place—the Sultan a personal “amigo” of Captain Pershing, and a very jolly and honest-looking old man. He, too, came out gaily dressed in yellow of the most bilious tints, somewhat relieved by blue ornamentations at the ankles. A few semi-naked boys—slaves and attendants—walked behind him

carrying a long spear and betel-nut boxes ; whereas a stalwart devil of great muscular development was entrusted with the Sultan's sword and its collapsible scabbard held together by a string, which, severed in the impetus of striking, does away with the process of unsheathing the blade.

Pathetic beyond words was the sight of a number of men and women waving large flags over fields in order to drive away the grasshoppers, of which millions hopped about everywhere. A long ditch had been cut at right angles to the line of direction in which these insects travelled, too broad for a grasshopper to jump over and too deep for one to jump out of it again. Driven quickly towards it, millions of grasshoppers found themselves at the bottom of the ditch, where deep holes had further been dug at intervals of three or four feet ; into these the surplus was swept every now and then, and destroyed by fire.

What with the swarms of grasshoppers : what with the cholera which raged in this region, and what with the astounding display of American soldiers pouring down the hill-side, the natives who squatted about in front of their houses as we passed seemed greatly concerned.

We encamped the first night on the ridge of Madumba, on the point of which an abandoned fort with a luxuriant growth of bamboos was to be seen. Dr. Patterson and I rode on alone to this fort, and several Malanaos who were hidden inside came out and were treacherously trying to

get behind us, with the evident intention of cutting us up. I warned Dr. Patterson, and he covered them with his revolver. We obtained from this point a fine view of the Bacolod fort, now, on seeing the American force approach, fully decked with war flags. We could faintly hear the distant fanatical yells of the natives, chanting their war songs, and suddenly along the shores of the lake glittered in the sun hundreds of brandished *kris* and *campilan* blades. It was an invitation—a challenge to come on.

The Americans made their camp upon the ridge among graves of freshly deceased—possibly of cholera—and not deeply buried corpses, somewhat highly scented as the horses trod upon and removed what little earth was on them. Still, for safety against the natives—I mean the living ones—this was decidedly the best spot. The night was not a peaceful one. Attacks were made upon our outposts, one native actually creeping to within two yards of a sentry and firing point-blank at him. The arm of the soldier was so smashed that immediate amputation was necessary. The brave Serjeant Waller, meanwhile, who had received a terrible gash in the shoulder and who had carried his companion to the hospital tent, entreated the surgeon, “Do not mind me, sir, he needs you more than I do. I can wait.” There was constant fusillading during the night in order to keep treacherous natives from approaching, and it was feared that the plucky devils would attempt to “jump” the camp.

On the 6th we continued towards Bacolod, but not by the shore trail where an ambush would have been easy, and where the natives ran about excitedly, spears and swords in hand ; but by a steep and difficult trail upon the hill-side—a long but cautious *détour*. A fort upon a prominent hill, from which we expected to be fired at, showed no signs of life, but by way of precaution a shell or two was dropped into it and several shells were sent ahead of us in the forest to clear it of the enemy.

On passing another fort we were fired upon at close range, and the Americans immediately replied with a fusillade. But a kitten, with wide-open green eyes and pointed ears, was the only living thing which, at the unusual sounds of the rifles, peeped over the wall to see what it was all about, and, evidently enjoying the fun as much as everybody else, took a promenade up and down upon the fortifications, wagging his tail in contentment and stretching his numbed limbs upon this sudden awakening from sleep.

Constant firing was kept up by snipers from the hill-side in front as we advanced. We were now nearing the impregnable Bacolod, and the chanting in chorus of the fanatics who had found refuge inside sounded weirdly savage. Our artillery occupied a position some 900 yards from the Bacolod fort and began shelling its bomb-proof roof. The Vickers-Maxims did most excellently, and each shell was landed straight home.

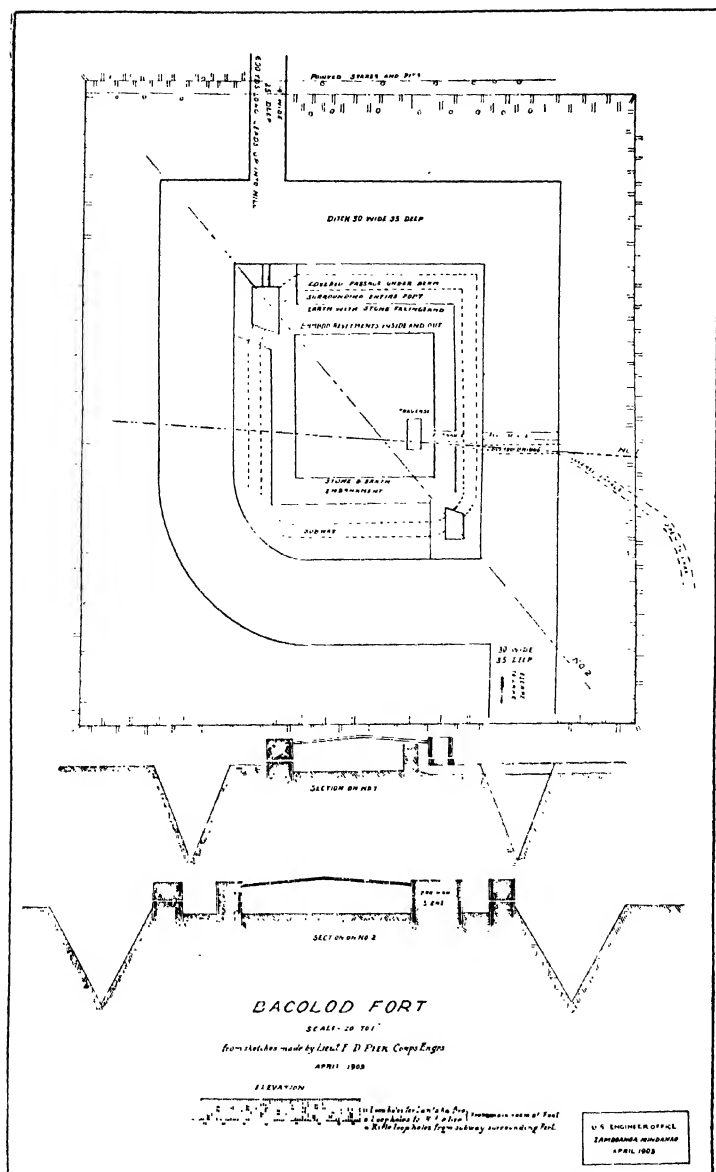
I was sitting against an ammunition box



watching the proceedings, when a Remington bullet from the enemy grazed my arm, fortunately only causing some slight damage to my coat, and having recoiled from the iron case against which I was leaning, had still sufficient strength to go through a soldier's leg. My American friends took advantage of this jokingly to remark that the Bacolod people must surely have some personal grievance against me, the only civilian—as that was the first bullet which came to us from the fort.

The Malanaos fired a good deal, but not very straight, and sniping went on from the hill-side around us. By means of mortar fire, the bushes and subsidiary forts were cleared as much as possible of the enemy. The sight of the soldiers and their horses, of the wonderfully useful mules all crowding up the hillside, and of the gaily attired and palisaded fort down below, with its huge surrounding trench and long escape trenches towards the mountain-side, was relieved by the placid waters of the lake in the background. Behind were the hills of Camp Vicars upon which the heliograph kept flashing for news. Every now and then, the Panandungan—the Malanaos with us recognised him—appeared like a Jack-in-the-box upon the roof of the fort and waved his sword in sign of defiance, and when war-banner after war-banner of his was knocked off by American shells, he generally peeped out and brandished his sword, shouting words which apparently signified an invitation to come on.

Well, we did. After shelling the fort the



PLAN OF BACOLED FORT.



entire afternoon we descended to besiege the enemy's position. A terrific rain-storm burst, the rain coming down in buckets-full. The mountain-side became very slippery for our animals, and some of them, although led, slipped, and were precipitated into ravines. We were all drenched to the marrow of our bones. Company C (27th Infantry) of the advance guard went forward and, supported by the rifle fire of the troops on their flank and by the artillery, occupied a second ridge about 350 yards from the fort. This involved some difficulty in crossing the immense escape trench which the Malanaos had made all along the ridge side. The sappers, under Lieutenant Peek, cut a passage in the soft earth, which, however, was so slushy and sticky in the torrential rain that many, myself included, fell and were trodden upon by our horses in attempting to run down the steep slope, so as to be carried by the impetus up on the other side, leading our horses. The result generally was—as in my case—that, contrary to expectation, one got stuck in the mud at the bottom of the incline, the horse sliding behind at a great pace, and tumbling over one.

Once on the ridge on which, lower down, at the point near the lake, the enemy's fort stood, the Americans (Company C, supported by Company F and G) kept advancing until they were 250 yards from the fort, keeping up all the time a fusillade on the loopholes in the stockade. The natives answered briskly, with rifles of various patterns, as could be judged

by the different sounds of bullets whizzing past our heads—among which the snappy whiz of Mausers could easily be identified. Occasionally they let slug into us in quantities from their *lantacas*, and they succeeded in doing some damage. A bullet killed a mule and made a deep dent into the loins of a man who stood behind it. Others received slight wounds.

Great excitement prevailed when the huge 7-pointed flag on a tripod mast collapsed, and more still when a second was hoisted and immediately blown up by an American shell. Company F taking the position of Company C, this latter was then ordered to proceed to the eastward with their left resting on the lake shore, Company G, which had now come up, was deployed above the fort (north) at close range, while Company M occupied the west ravine with part of Company C, practically surrounding the enemy's position.

A number of natives attempted to escape and were killed, but in the evening the Americans had to abandon the two flanks for the sake of precaution, and during the night a great many of the enemy escaped by the lake.

The night being a clear one, Dr. Patterson and I, for want of any other excitement, proposed to creep down and inspect the fort at close range right to the edge of the big trench. The long escape trench (14 feet wide, 25 feet deep), which went north from the fort, was protected by a small trench running parallel to it all along. In this we proceeded peacefully until we reached

the edge of the big encircling trench, and we were examining the stockades of the fort on the other side—only some 15 yards off—when from the loopholes which commanded this trench a brisk fire with Mauser rifles was opened upon us. We lay flat at the bottom of the trench for some twenty minutes, while the enemy amused themselves by using us as a target. The snappy Mauser bullets whizzed past along our heads and backs—some most unpleasantly near, for the trench was only about one foot deep—and it was with some relief when the firing temporarily ceased that we crawled—under a parting volley—back into camp.

During the night a *lantaca* and several Remingtons on the hillside commanding the American camp kept firing at us and with some success. Lieutenant Deems' guns, with both Captain McNair's, moved into the centre of the line north of the fort, the Vickers-Maxims firing occasional shells. Troop A was held in reserve behind the slope of the hill. This was the first position, but we changed from time to time during the siege till the final assault took place, the American contingent remaining encamped behind a firing line of Companies G and F.

Some pathetic incidents took place. An old man, trembling, and with a hand partly shot off by a shell, was captured as he was endeavouring to escape and was brought into camp. He seemed fearless when interrogated, and bore himself with manly dignity and calm, notwithstanding

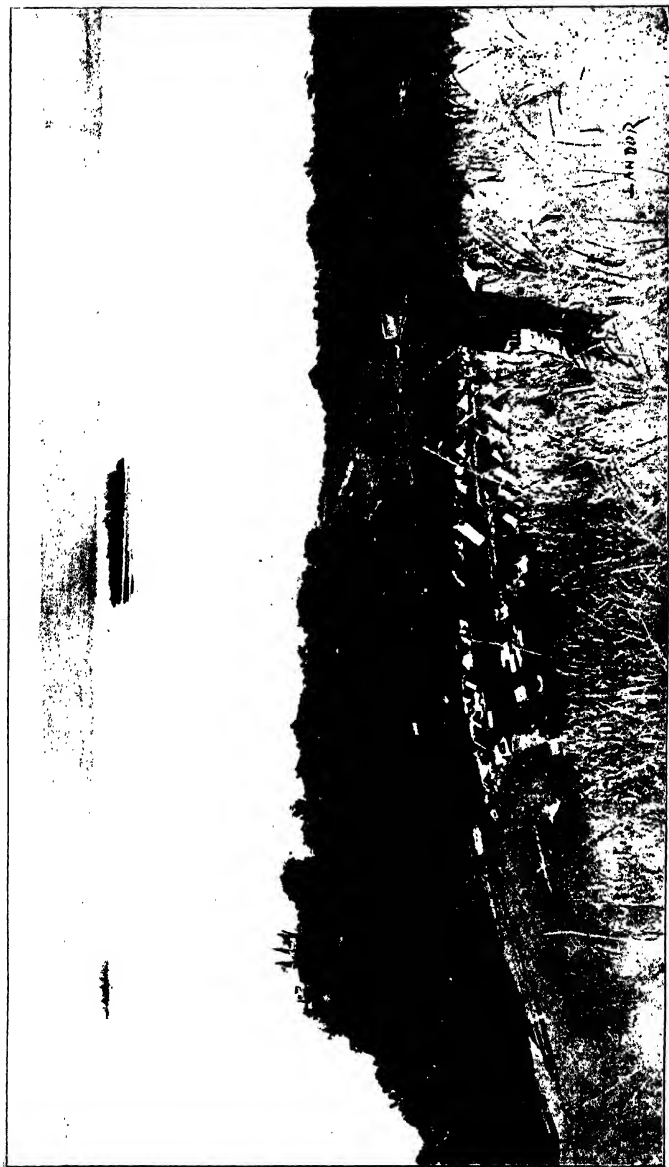
ing that he must have been in great pain. He would give no information about his people in the fort, except that many, he said, had been killed.

Upon the lake dozens of boats could be seen cruising about in the distance, especially from one of the islands, where the women and many of the men had taken refuge, and the sharpshooters upset several canoes and their astonished crews with well-directed shots at 900 yards.

A flag of truce was waved from the fort, and firing having ceased (on April 8th) the Panandungan, in his gaudy clothing, appeared again upon the roof of his fort and seemed much interested in inspecting the damage done to it by the Americans. He hailed us to come near, and the two Filipino interpreters approached. He had a great grievance and wanted the American Commanding Officer to proceed alone under the fort—possibly so that he should be treacherously shot. He was requested to convey his grievance through the interpreters.

“Well,” he yelled excitedly, “if the Americans want to fight us let them fight, but tell them to fight like men. While American soldiers are besieging my fort I see them down by the waterside eating up all my cocoanuts. This is infamous, and is not war !”

This message having been conveyed, he rapidly hauled up another great war-banner—blue ground with a red border, with a white line parallel to the mast—and as quick as lightning disappeared. At 2 p.m. another white flag was brought up by a little child, who placidly walked on the top of



THE SIEGE OF FORT BACOLOD (LAKE LANAO).  
(Captain Pershing, the American Commanding Officer, in foreground.)





the fort waving it as if playing with other children. The last war flag having collapsed, he was attempting—evidently instructed from down below in the fort—to tear it down with one hand, never however letting go the flag of truce.

The Panandungan again came up and made ridiculous demands, so that hostilities were resumed. He would not surrender, and insisted on the American Commander approaching the fort alone—which was out of the question.

We had cholera in camp, and one American died that afternoon ; others were taken very sick. Precautions were used, such as boiling water ; but it seems rather strange that it never struck doctors in the tropics that those who are generally attacked by it are the hardest drinkers, not of water, but of whisky. From that day we had deaths from cholera every day, mostly among the packers. One fact was certain, that although the Americans were ordered to drink boiled water only, they got cholera badly ; whereas the Malanao camp-followers, some hundreds of them, who invariably drank plain unboiled water from the lake—I did, too—never got it at all. But maybe the doctors would call this a miraculous escape, and the first fact an incomprehensible occurrence. Naturally, in camp there is very little opportunity to boil the water properly and in a cleanly way, and the taste of it, when thus made wholesome to drink, was enough to make anybody sick, Irish as it may sound.

It was not till 2.30 p.m. of April 8th, or after

three days of siege and continual shelling, that an assault upon the fort was decided on. Naturally, with the strong force at his command, Captain Pershing could, had he wished, have easily taken the fort the very first day, but the loss of life in a hand-to-hand to fight with these fanatics would have been appalling; and by holding the Malanaos under fire in the fort longer the chance of surrender was increased. There was at least a hope of weakening them to such an extent that if an attack after all became necessary the resistance from within would be reduced and the chances of loss on the American side lessened. Then another reason was that a supply pack train was expected on the 8th, without which it would have been unwise for the force to move. So that, although criticisms regarding this delay have been made by the usual busybodies, it really showed sound military judgment and commonsense on the part of the American Commander—who never lost sight for one moment of the principle of inflicting upon the enemy as much damage as possible with as little to his own side.

Well, in the afternoon of the 8th, under cover of infantry fire, our advance began; the firing Company F to the west, Troop L in front to the north, having Vickers-Maxims at 75 yards from the fort; Company C to the north of the covered subway leading from the fort to the lake, and Company G south-east of the fort.

A number of obstacles in the shape of deep and treacherous pits and a maze of pointed stakes were encountered on approaching the big trench.

Then there remained to cross the chief obstacle of all, the big trench 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep. A glance at the excellent plan of the fort, drawn by Lieutenant Peek, will show how marvellous were the defences of this place.

A bridge of bamboos was hastily made by the engineer, Lieut. Peek, and as it could not be made of sufficient strength for its great length, a lot of brush and branches of trees were thrown into the bottom of the trench to minimise the fall of those who in the assault might be precipitated into it. The mortars from a height 1,500 yards off in the meanwhile kept up a well-aimed fire, as did also the Maxims at 75 yards. Detachments of Company M and Troop A now carried the bridge down and succeeded in throwing it across.

Serjeant G. I. Marik of Troop A was the first to run across, then Corporal Ludke and Serjeant Samuel Hafer ; Lieutenant George C. Shaw with Company C quickly followed ; but alas ! the bridge gave way and several men tumbled down into the deep trench. As can be seen in the illustration—taken at that moment—one portion of the bridge stuck some way down the tunnel, and by means of this the plucky Americans rushed and climbed like cats up the steep wall.

Meanwhile, the besieged, with their *campilans*, dashed out from covered trenches and squeezed through loopholes. Serjeant Hafer had one arm cut off clean by a sword cut, and the other smashed by an American bullet. Serjeant Marik was severely wounded in the ankle by slug, and

Lieutenant Shaw received a slight wound ; but many narrow escapes occurred. One, which is represented in the illustration, happened when the storming party entered the fort ; the fighting Chaplain, C. Damon Rice, was among the first to enter, and was looking around for snapshots with his camera when, from a covered passage, the fanatical Panandungan leapt out waving a *kris*. We shouted to the Chaplain to look out, just as the Mahommedan was about to slash him in the back—a blow which, by a miracle, the Chaplain managed to avoid. I was fortunate in taking a snapshot of the man in the act of striking the snapshotter.

A little further plucky Dr. Patterson was kneeling, bandaging the terrible wounds of Serjeant Hafer, when the Panandungan raised his vicious blade to strike at him ; but Dr. Patterson—a powerful man—struck him such a violent blow in the chest that the fanatic was next seen flying down into the deep trench. Before he had time to reach the bottom he had been pierced by innumerable Krag bullets.

Private Cosser of Company C had a close shave, too. He was looking down into the trench when two Malanaos sprung up from behind out of a covered underground passage and slashed at him furiously. One man he knocked down into the trench with the butt of his rifle ; the other he shot dead ; but he himself received six wounds. In the meantime, from the only aperture in the shell-proof roof soldiers were attempting to shoot those who still remained



27TH INFANTRY, U.S.A., ASSAULTING FORT BACOLOD.  
(Malanao Chief attempting to kill Chaplain Rice shown on extreme right.)



inside. It was impossible to go inside without being cut to pieces ; and as, even then, they would not surrender, a lot of grass and wood were quickly conveyed across and lighted and thrown inside—other fuel being poured upon it with due speed.

Amid hurrahs the fort was now ablaze and we retired across the trench to await events. The powder magazine blew up and with it went the solid roof of the fort, the flames shot up and a tall gloomy black column of smoke.

That was the end of impregnable Bacolod !

When we entered again shortly after, in the smouldering fire were some 30 charred bodies, and old *lantacas* swung upon wires close to the loopholes ; others lying flat at rest on a bed of ashes—12 guns in all, and some large Spanish cannon. The construction of the fort inside the big trench was most interesting.

Angular at three corners but rounded on the fourth, it had a battlement of earth and stone between strong facings and revetments of bamboo, inside and out. This wall, 15 feet wide at base, 10 at summit, which supported a substantial shell-proof roof made of bamboo and mud, had its main entrance to the east duly protected by a traverse. Outwardly it was 15 feet high on the north side, but only about six on the southern. The well of the fort was about 50 feet square. Two diagonal tower-bastions, with inner and outer palisades of bamboo, were evidently constructed to command and protect the northern and southern ditches of escape.



Now, one question presented itself at once to the observer—the question how these gigantic trenches were made ; and the mystery was heightened by the fact that not an ounce of earth removed from them had been thrown over. Personally, I believe that advantage had been taken of earthquake cracks—earthquakes are extremely common in these regions—and that the natives had merely enlarged and completed the work done partly by nature. On the west side this seemed very apparent. Furthermore, they had also evidently caused the torrential rains to wash away the surplus earth from the trenches into the lake. But the work was astounding, all the same.

Besides the north and south trench—the northern one, 14 feet wide, 25 deep, and 1,800 feet long, leading up into the hills ; the southern, 30 feet wide and 35 deep, leading to the lake—there was another covered passage to the east, also leading to the lake. This, in days of peace, was connected with the fort by a foot-bridge and by a kind of ingenious double slide—long polished bamboos at an angle, with a sort of trapeze arrangement—on which the natives could slide down from one side to the other.

Having captured this, the strongest Mahomedan fort in Mindanao, there yet remained some minor forts to capture : one called Calahui, three miles distant, being also considered of great strength.

On the 9th we destroyed the cannon and *lantacas* captured in the fort. On the larger ones

the superstitious natives had for luck fastened astride animals, such as small goats, the carbonised skeletons of which were still tied with wires to the pieces of ordnance.

We then left camp and travelled north-east down a valley and up the mountain slopes on the other side—very hot work in the middle of the day. Calahui fort displayed war-flags in its turn, and some shots were fired at us during the advance. The same tactics were employed—the enemy being shelled with mortar fire at 1,500 yards, and Vickers-Maxims being used at closer ranges. During the night the firing line and the Maxims fired at intervals of half-an-hour upon the fort, the well directed shells often penetrating through the loopholes and smashing the bamboo palisades.

The fort, not unlike Bacolod, stood on the lake-end of a peninsula-ridge, with precipitous slopes to the water on the east and south, while on the west was a big trench connected with the lake. Surmounted by an immense bird of carved wood, a red flag with a blue border flew in the centre of the fort.

Having bombarded the place for some twenty hours, we perceived on the 10th an American flag waving from a tall bamboo on the hill-side to the east, and after a long time, seeing that it was not fired upon, a child was eventually sent forward carrying the Stars and Stripes, while a number of Malanaos followed, cautiously at first, and then gaily down the incline of the hill. They came into the American camp, the leading

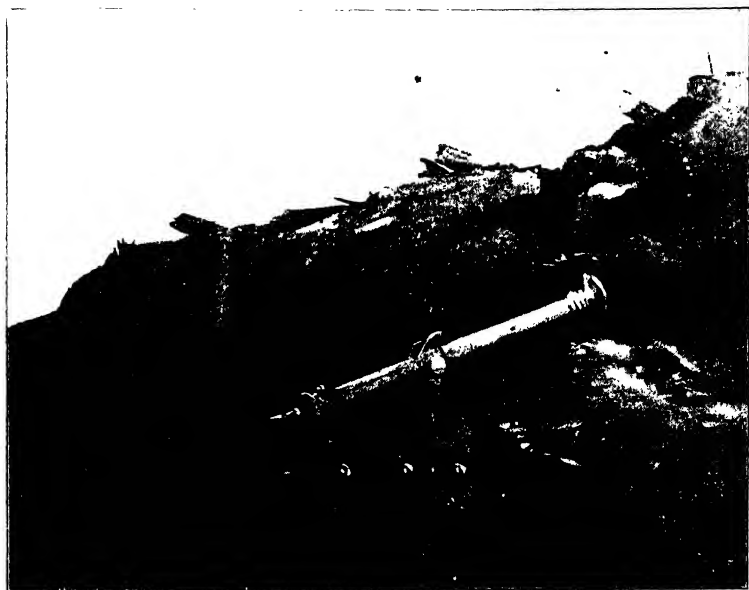
men displaying umbrellas that were white and checked, or in white and red sections.

Captain Pershing and I went to them. They seemed cheeky and boisterous, and asked the Americans to cease firing on the fort. The people inside, they said, wished to be friends with the Americans. Then they said there was no one inside the fort. All had gone. In fact, each time that a shell burst into the fort I saw the Datto wink to his companions, evidently in ironical amusement.

Captain Pershing rightly suspected treachery. Another lot of natives, also preceded by the Stars and Stripes, carried by a child, came into camp and said the fort was empty. The Datto undertook to lead us into the fort.

Dr. Patterson, myself, Leon the interpreter, and Lieutenant Gracie with Company M Infantry, went to the fort, preceded by the gay procession of natives, and we came to the immense ditch, 30 feet wide and 45 feet deep—the foot-bridge having been destroyed. This fort, having water on two sides of it, it would have been impossible with the means at hand to surround it. The Malanaos were held as hostages while we went into the fort. The natives laid two bamboos across the ditch, and upon these one had to balance oneself, a hand-rail made by a third being held by one man at each end. The illustration of the Datto preceding us into the fort may give a better idea of the situation than a description.

Having got inside and found no one, Pershing



A "LANTACA" IN THE CAPTURED FORT OF BACOLOD



MALANAO CHIEF SURRENDERING THE FORT OF CALAHUI.



released the hostages under oath of allegiance, which they took in a quaint manner. A piece of *bejuco* was held by Pershing and by each Datto, who, prompted by the interpreter, repeated the formal oath. This done, the *bejuco*, while held in tension by the two parties, was cut with a sword, and this form of oath was quite as binding as one upon the Koran.

Ampuan, one of the chiefs, told us that 23 people had been killed in this fort and the bodies taken away during the night, and many were wounded who had escaped, both from Bacolod and Calahui, and found refuge on the islands of the lake.

Among the leading chiefs killed at Bacolod were the Panandungan and the following Rajamudas : Diumbra, Sampurnan, and Dalumancup; and Dattos Macasara, Mara, Magurumba, Cabugatau, and Sansayu—the two latter belonging to Maciu. Sixty-nine sacopes or soldiers also fell.

The interior of this fort, too, was quite interesting, though not quite so perfect for defensive purposes as Bacolod. It had a powerfully built wall in tiers on its north side, strengthened with palisades and forming a shelter, roofed with bamboo and mud. Bamboo, so elastic and fibrous, is a splendid material to serve as a protection against shell-fire. All the small arms had been taken away by the enemy, but a large cannon remained suspended on belts of wire and chain, and a number of drums, cooking-pots, water-jugs, bags of grain, red circular pillows, brass tea-pots, lamps, shields, and two smaller *lantacas* were also

suspended in braces from the ceiling. A few scared chickens and a little green parrot were all the living things we found inside. A number of flags, red, with white and black borders, were heaped upon the ground, and it was to be hoped that these flags of war had waved for the last time over these forts.

Outside the wall on the north and the palisade padded with earth on the west were rifle trenches and on the north side, where the position was commanded by the higher hills behind, a parapet. Rifle pits were also to be found, and a 6 feet deep snare, which the natives, in their hurry to depart, had not finished roofing.

A very sad affair occurred. The escort of a pack train was "jumped" by Malanaos, who had hidden behind rocks, and three American soldiers were terribly cut up with *campilans*. Some had their arms cut clean off and further amputation was necessitated. Coporal Reid, who was terribly wounded all over, died a few minutes after being carried into camp by his companions. Lieutenant Mangum, who was also attacked and slightly wounded in the fingers and leg, had a miraculous escape. A Malanao with his drawn *kris* attacked him, and the American officer fired four times with his 38 Colt, but his cartridges did not explode. The fifth shot went off and hit the fanatic in the loin-cloth, in the ample folds of which it remained embedded without doing further damage. In attempting to avoid a blow from the *kris*, Mangum tripped over a rock and fell, his adversary jumping upon him. Holding



HOW WE ENTERED THE FORT OF CALAHUI.  
(Bridge of two bamboos over trench forty-five feet deep.)





the sharp sword with his gloved hand Mangum hit the Mohammedan in the temples with the butt of his revolver, and eventually the man was shot.

Personally, I have no belief in revolvers at any time, even the best of them ; but possibly a revolver of a larger calibre, 44 or 45 at least, with reliable ammunition—an impossibility in damp tropical climates—might prove serviceable. Altogether in these fights the Americans only had one man killed and 14 wounded—a very small loss considering the difficult work accomplished. Unhappily, cholera killed more people than bullets or other weapons of the enemy.

Uncle Sam's soldiers seem to entertain a love for ham and for a red liquid with mysterious seeds in it called "canned tomatoes"—as deadly a diet, I think, as human beings can devise for a tropical climate. When to this is added water boiled in the cylinders that are used to pack all sorts of articles when on the move, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that everybody suffered from dysentery, stomach troubles, fever, or skin troubles of some sort or other.

The officers, too—and I admired them for it—fed, without murmur, no better, in fact, worse than the soldiers ; and, personally, I lived many a day—and, mind you, quite happy on it—on hard tack alone, rather than eat food which, excellent as it would be for a colder climate—the quality being good and the quantity plentiful—I knew would undermine even my constitution. The result was that during the

campaign few could boast of the excellent health which I enjoyed.

I am not making these remarks in a disparaging way, but having some experience of how to feed myself and my men on the march, I think that a change in the diet of the American soldier in the Philippines would be very beneficial to his health, and would put a stop to many a complaint and to deaths which are now attributed to harmless and even excellent water.

## CHAPTER VII

A triumphant march—The Malanaos—A royal maid—From Malabang to Iligan overland for the first time.

WITH the surrender of Calahui the victory over the Malanaos of the western shore of the lake was practically completed. But the Americans continued their march to the most northern part of the lake. The country we traversed was very beautiful, and most of it under cultivation in neatly kept fields. The trail we followed was extremely bad for horses, and we had to go along ravines so steep that a couple of mules slid down and were lost. The hospital-assistant's horse also rolled down among rocks from a height of over 50 feet, but was uninjured. He however, got stuck so fast among the boulders that great difficulty was experienced in extricating him. He was brought up bodily to the trail, pretending to be dead until he was made to stand upon his legs, when, by way of thanks, he kicked in every direction, scattering his sweating helpers. The last ravine before reaching the summit of the ridge, on which was another fort with the

usual growth of bamboo, proved the worst, and we had to halt for two hours until the sappers had cut a passable trail for the horses and mules.

The country which disclosed itself before us was undulating, thickly wooded in the flat zone by the lake, but quite open and cultivated on the mountain slopes. We came upon quite a number of *rancherías*, neat houses with tidy gabled *cogon* roofs made upon bamboo frames and with walls of split bamboo. These houses had peculiar windows—elongated horizontally—regular slits. They are made thus in order to allow the free use of spears upon attacking enemies, and also as a means of seclusion for their women.

Really, as we went along, it was amazing to observe the extraordinary industry of these barbarians. Upon ravines so steep that human foot could hardly hold, one found, on the top, a neat look-out house perched on stilts. From these, brother Malanao keeps one eye on his crops and the other on approaching foes from neighbouring tribes. Any number of these eyries can be seen, one on nearly every ridge. Undoubtedly, they are also used as signalling towers from one tribe to another—of the art of signalling the Malanaos are masters.

The actual dwellings are almost invariably to be found on the lower undulations, and are screened by tufts of bamboo and by a few palms, the whole inside a strong fence.

On a hill we passed a strong fort with a stone wall, which we destroyed. Westward, we had a

high flat-topped peak ; whereas eastward three wooded peninsulas stretched out into the lake. The country seemed to be getting more level towards the northern part of the lake, and on a clear day a view of the entire sheet of water (some 450 square miles), with its great chain of distant mountains to the south and a thickly-wooded chain of hills nearer the lake shore, can be obtained from a high point. As we scan the horizon, several high ridges, the Ganassi peaks, on the south-south-west, stand prominent, amid a lot of cultivated valleys and ridges through which we have marched.

To the north-east the country seems less interesting, lower, and not rugged. One and a half miles from Calahui two flat valleys open up, divided by a conical grassy hill ; and further off another almost semispherical hill, of bright-red earth with squares of green vegetation, resembles a huge ornamented tea-cake. It forms a head-land. The mountain range to the north is free from trees up to some 800 feet above the lake level, but has a dense growth of what seems to be a species of pine above that height.

From Calahui the country was undulating at the foot of the moderately high mountain range to our north. A magnificent valley, beautifully fertile and nicely cultivated, was then disclosed—nearly each field possessing curious “rattles” of large bamboos with loose cross sticks, which, when swinging in the wind, caused a noise to scare birds away.

Hundreds of Malanaos, with their spears and

*kris*, greeted the Americans with their "*mapia*" (good), and offered their friendship. We next came to a bit of nasty trail, very rocky and slippery ; then to another fort with a growth of bamboos. Further groups of natives stooped to the ground in submission, and offered eggs and cocoanuts to the soldiers ; while others excitedly sounded gongs apparently to greet us, but probably also to signal the neighbouring tribe that we were approaching and friendly.

The edge of the lake was, as we have seen, very irregular in its south-west portion—and had some small peninsulas, the one in front of Buncurung stretching out in a north-east-east direction with an islet at its end. On this peninsula was the domain of the Sultan of Oato.

On April 11th we camped at Malaig upon the lake shore, not far from Oato's place. We had quite an interesting time at Malaig, when Datto Amai-Buncurung and his pretty daughter received us in their beautiful house, which was of enormous size, with huge beams and panels of carved wood. Ornamented pillars supported the house, and several carved wood wings projected at the ends.

The pretty royal maid thrust a frail little arm from the rectangular slits of windows, and fondly grasped the sunburnt hand of her adopted father, Captain Pershing. The American commander is the "adopted father" of all the friendly chiefs' sons and daughters. We strained our eyes to get a glimpse, through the narrow window, of the face of the person to whom the lovely hand belonged, and oh ! she was pretty, when she

kept her mouth closed! That is, mind you, according to canons of local beauty only. Her eyes were as far apart as the formation of a human skull could possibly permit—a little further and they would have been situated like those of a bird; the flatness of her nose, which hardly deserved the name of a nose, was fully compensated by the prominence of her lips. But what awful teeth—fired and blackened—a miniature coal-cellar! She seemed pale and sad, and her luxuriant hair hung in locks over her face. She apologised for her *déshabille*.

“Come in,” said she, in a thread of soft, trembling voice. “I am upset because two relations have just died of cholera in here; but you do not mind that? They have only a moment ago been buried.”

We went in—Lord, what a terrible odour!—and were graciously received, the princess, the Datto, and his followers professing intense thankfulness for the friendly behaviour of the troops towards their tribe. I asked to photograph her, but she wished to dress up first, so the operation was fixed for the following day. She sat in a bundle upon a mattress under a canopy—there were two canopies—and Amai-Buncurung sat by her side.

In the evening Captain Pershing had a reception of several chiefs who had come into our camp—a bright assemblage of strange types, dressed in all sorts of colours, yellow and red being predominant. The vicious homicidal weapons which they carried contrasted oddly with the ludicrous coloured sunshades which



they spread over their heads. These fellows, dozens of them, sat cross-legged, Turkish-fashion, closely packed round Captain Pershing, who likewise sat—in a most jovial manner—native fashion upon the ground.

Many of the natives possessed antiquated English military rifles marked with "V.R." and the royal crown, and even the children held a long sword vertically in the right hand, while with the left they supported the scabbard. The sheath of these swords is in two sections, held together by small strings, and falls apart on striking a blow.

The facial features of these Malanaos could be divided into two distinct types, one denoting strong Papuan influence, and showing cheek-bones not unduly prominent, but a great development and breadth of lower jaw, tapering into a prominent chin. The eyes, of a rich deep brown, were quick, shifty, cruel, and bloodshot, and the nose, of the absolutely Papuan type, extremely broad, curved, and flattened under. The skin was blackish, coffee-coloured, and in some instances very black.

The other type was distinctly Malay, with slanting eyes and high cheek-bones, yellow skin, and well-rounded lobes to the ears. Persons of this type had straight black hair and no moustache or beard, whereas the other type possessed both a slight moustache and beard.

The ladies of Lake Lanao were, like the princess, mostly noticeable for their prominent lips and blackened teeth, as well as for large eyes with

heavy eyelids and long eyelashes. They tied the hair into a graceful top-knot, and left a curly pendant lock on the neck. Their arms and legs, generally bare, were beautifully formed and graceful, with much muscular power, the knee in particular being chiselled with anatomical perfection, and therefore beautiful. The fingers were long and highly webbed, and the long nails were stained red.

The Malaig settlement was very large, and possessed a mosque, an open pagoda-like structure with a 2 feet high baluster on three sides and a stone wall to the east. A huge wooden bottle-shaped drum, with skin stretched upon the larger end, was used to call the faithful to prayer.

From Malaig the trail was good over an undulating grassy plateau, well cultivated in many portions, and with numerous *rancherias*. This was the first time that white men had succeeded in going round Lake Lanao from south to north.

Marahui was situated in a nice undulating valley. The Spaniards had built commodious *camarines* here, a pavilion for officers, offices, and hospital ; also a kiosk on the beach ; but now only two corrugated iron buildings were to be seen.

A great many Malanaos came to greet Captain Pershing, among whom was Hambul the Sultan, a tall, intelligent, middle-aged fellow of Malay features. He wore a huge circular bamboo hat with a silver ornament in the centre.

The Malanaos divide themselves into three principal tribes. In the northern part from

Bacayauan to Romain they call themselves Bayabus. In the Southern section of Lake Lanao, including Ganassi, as far as Maciu, is the Onayan tribe. The rest are called Maciu. The Macius claim to be the most ancient of the Lanao tribes, and to have existed before Mahomedan influence spread in this region ; and the Sultan is very proud of his remote ancestry. The Macius say that they first settled at Oato on the west coast, and a pretty legend they tell of how the first Maciu man who came to the lake found his wife in the mist rising over the picturesque waterfall on the Agus River (the north outlet of Lake Lanao).

All these Lanao tribes are most industrious, and raise quantities of maize, coffee, mangoes, bananas, cacao, rice. Cocoanuts do not flourish on the lake, probably because of the altitude. Cattle and carabaos are imported from Baldung and Barrira.

There is a good trail joining the Lake to Parang-Parang, and east of the Butig mountains a good deal of raiding takes place. The men go on annual foraging expeditions, a life of adventure being necessary to their existence. They eat carabao and cattle, and are most improvident. At weddings they will eat their last carabao which they need for their farming.

They have quaint war dances and exercises with spears and swords, and suggestive love dances to the accompaniment of gongs or the *gabban*. They indulge in horse-races—of which they are very fond—the same horse running

numerous races until he is beaten. They ride upon most uncomfortable saddles with stirrups resembling the Sulus', held between the big toe and the next.

The Lanao region is overrun with Panditas, wise men, and medicine-men, officials, and *sayids* or priests, who are the chief instigators of trouble. A "pandapatan" is a military genius who lays out forts and places for defence; a "sangupan" is the head or chief adviser of a tribe. The social classes are rulers, *sacopes*, or fighting men, and slaves. The latter are treated with great consideration, and are absolutely part of the family.

A pretty custom exists. The children call their father "elder brother"—*caca*, for instance, Caki<sup>1</sup> Diran, name of a Datto near Ganassi—and in case of the ruling classes the father does not go by his own name but is known as So-and-so's father, viz. Ama-ni-Manibilan (*Ama*, father; *ni*, of). The words, *Ama-ni*, are frequently contracted into *Ami* or *Amai*.

Polygamy by purchase is practised.

The graves are frequently built in two chambers, the second lower than the first, and the two joined by a connecting channel. The body is deposited in the lower chamber and the channel blocked with stones, while the upper chamber is filled with earth—a similar process to that typical of Beluchistan. In swampy places, however, as we have seen, the bodies are encased in tombs above ground.

<sup>1</sup> *Caki* a corruption of *caca*.

All members of a tribe willingly give a helping hand in tribal defence, such as the construction of forts and trenches, and all able-bodied men may be said to be soldiers.

Individually the Malanaos are capricious, as the peculiar sheen on their shifty eyes denotes. They possess hands with long fingers, and feet with abnormally long toes which they use as fingers. You constantly see them picking up things between their toes and passing them up to the hand to avoid the trouble of stooping.

They are superstitious—sickness, according to them, being the result of evil spirits entering one's body. Unlike the Christians, who accused Americans of poisoning wells, the Malanaos attributed the comparative freedom from cholera they had enjoyed while it was raging along the coast to the constant firing of the outposts at Camp Vicars, which had scared away the evil spirits of cholera.

Lieut. C. Deems (25th Battery) was telling me some interesting legends he had collected on Lake Lanao. The Malanaos, except the Macius, claim descent from priests from Mecca, and they tell of various miracles performed by their ancestors against mythical enemies. They say that a long, long time ago four men came from *Mukka* (Mecca) and landed in their *vintas* on the shores of Mindanao, near the Rio Grande. They were *sarip* or *sherifs* (priests). They had no food and they set themselves to build fish traps of bamboo stakes far out in the water. In splitting one large piece they were surprised to find an egg within. With prayers of grateful thanks

they left the egg covered with sand upon the beach while they went on with their work. On their return they found the egg had developed into a beautiful girl, who loved them all and bore them many children. These were the ancestors of the Malanao people.

Another version of the same story is told by those who do not approve of polyandry as practised by that mysterious young lady. Long, long ago in a distant country, far away from Lanao (the term used in the Malanao region for Lake), lived a man called Radindapatera. His settlement was called Mbaran. Under the water of the Lake lived a woman, Caribang, who was as fair as the moon. She was the mistress and the very soul of the Lake. The Lake was also inhabited by *bul-buls*, wicked devils, who, however, kept away from good Caribang. Although these *bul-buls* have no wings and only long claws, they can hover about the air at night to look for dead men. When they do find one, and no one is watching, they tear the bowels open, eat the entrails and, to avoid detection, fill the vacuum with bananas, and by some surgical method of their own, close up the skin again so as to leave no trace of their evil deed. The Sultan of these *bul-buls*, Omakan, naturally hated good Radindapatera, and a fight ensued on the Lake, where they fought desperately for an entire moon (month). Rajah Suliman, Radindapatera's brother, was killed by Omakan. The latter's sword broke in the fight, but, he being an adept at magic, each time the blade snapped it became two fresh blades.

Alone and grieved, Radindapatera sat out that night, mourning the loss and cooking his dinner. His grief was so great that when he made his fire and put his pot of rice on to boil, he set his vessel on two stones (instead of three), where it was not steady. Seeing that the pot was about to fall over, he placed his knee under it for a third support, and burnt it badly, at the same time allowing the pot to fall over. While lamenting his misfortune he heard a voice among the tree branches above his head. A *bul-bul* was there laughing at him.

"Radindapatera," he called out, "your grief makes a fool of you ; have you no longer sense enough to balance a pot on three stones ? "

"I do not know who killed my brother."

"Omakan," replied the voice in the tree.

"Where is Omakan now ? "

"On the other side of the Lake."

Radindapatera sought Omakan and killed him, after which, so as to get away from the troublesome *bul-buls*, he proceeded to Bgunga where Caribang lived. She loved him, and died in giving birth to a child, a little girl ; but the child lived.

During this period of misfortune a *vinta* landed on the Magindanao coast with four men who came from Mukka. They separated and taught the people the Allah alatala. One stayed in the Magindanao valley ; three went to the Lake (Lanao), one settling at Maciu, one at Romain, the third at Ganassi ; where they preached the Koran.

One of them—the Sarip Labunchuan—

eventually married Caribang's daughter and fought the people of Mbaran who would not accept the Mahommedan faith. The *Sarip* chanted to these rebels: "*Ilay lay y la la*," and they all fell on the ground dead, while their settlement burst into flames and was destroyed.

The *sherif* of Magindanao also went up to the Lake in order to fight those who would not accept the Koran, and they say that the aborigines who never became true believers left that region (Mbaran) and migrated to the forest of the mountains, where they live to this day in trees. Neither they nor the Spaniards who came to their help, they claim, ever beat the "true believers" of the Lake—a true boast which, however, they cannot apply to their conquerors the Americans.

## MALANAOS.

HEAD.	<i>Onayan</i> ( <i>Ganassi</i> ).	<i>Bayabus</i> .
	Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'217	0'225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium . . . . .	0'183	0'190
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'145	0'123
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'060	0'065
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'135	0'127
Nasal height . . . . .	0'060	0'050
Nasal breadth (nostrils) . . . . .	0'050	0'045
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'035	0'035
Distance between eyes . . . . .	0'035	0'032
Length of ear . . . . .	0'055	0'065
Length of upper lip . . . . .	0'020	0'025
Length of lower lip and chin . . . . .	0'040	0'040
HAND,		
Hand . . . . .	0'170	0'185
Fingers . . . . .	0'110	0'110
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'110

At Marahui we struck the military road to Iligan (north coast), 15 feet wide, but overgrown with grass. Leaving the lake, we descended in a zigzag from the hill, 200 feet high,



into another beautiful and fertile valley with plentiful grass and banana trees, and a pleasant march took us to Pantar upon the Agus River.

Pershing's march through this country, from Calahui, had taken the shape of a triumphant procession rather than of a warlike expedition. The minor chiefs, recognising the superiority of the Americans, met us in force upon the trail, with home-made American flags or white flags of peace. They all bowed and professed their allegiance to the United States, and they were greatly surprised by the honesty of the Americans in paying ready cash for whatever they got. Necessarily, the passage of a large force with animals through a country involves a certain amount of damage to crops, but an indemnity was promptly paid for whatever mischief was done.

The Spaniards had made a military road from Iligan to Marahui and had protected it by a number of blockhouses. At Pantar a magnificent iron suspension bridge, 125 feet long, had been completed in 1895—a really astounding work in the centre of a savage island,—of which only the high sustaining stone pillars now remain. The gurgling river of beautiful clear water had now to be crossed in a canoe, every atom of iron from the bridge having been used by the Malanaos to make weapons and ammunition for their *lantacas* and guns.

On the other side of the stream we saw American soldiers, a large camp being established at this point; but whereas the inimical Malanaos had greeted the victorious expedition in a

hospitable manner, not as much as "How are you?" was shouted across the stream by the brother Americans. The first greeting we received was an intimation that none of us must on any account cross over, as we had cholera among us. Next, that none of the soldiers on our side of the stream must wash in the infected river, whereas those on the other bank were allowed to splash gaily and daily in the refreshing stream. Eventually these conflicting and amusing orders were altered into a permission for the soldiers to wash feet and hands—under no consideration the face—and officers from our camp were several times entertained very hospitably by officers on the other side.

I was also permitted to continue the journey across the island to Iligan—the first time it had been made entirely over land from Malabang—and I am under a great obligation to the Commanding Officer at Pantar for much kindness and for furnishing me with horses. Accompanied by Captain McNair, Captain Kirkpatrick, and Lieutenant Peek, I went down by the new and excellent American military road, among gigantic trees. There were six camps to protect the road—Pantar, Tiradores, Mumungan, Camp 2 near the river, and the new post of Nunukan. At the larger camps were stationed four companies of infantry; in the smaller only two. At Pantar was an additional troop of cavalry.

None the worse for the genial hospitality shown us at every camp, we reached Iligan safely.

## CHAPTER VIII

Iligan—A boa constrictor under one's bedroom—The old Spanish trail—Cholera—Parang-Parang.

THERE is very little worth noticing at Iligan, a small community in the south-east portion of Iligan Bay in the province of Misamis. The plain is fertile with a fine river, the northern outlet of Lake Lanao flowing through it. On this river there are picturesque falls of considerable height. Several villages and settlements are to be found along the shores of the bay, and in what was formerly the Spanish town a tumbling-down fort is to be found on the right bank of the stream, as well as an abundance of drinking-saloons. Extensive cocoanut groves line the shore, and among them are Filipino houses—more or less humble—the lower portions of which are walled up and used as shops. There is no good harbour at Iligan, but only the large bay much open to the north. Ships prefer to anchor about one mile north of the Spanish town, where there is a portion of a high but now broken-down pier.

The evening was spent in being entertained by the hospitable American officers, and on returning home to the quarters of Colonel Williams, where I slept, I was surprised to see the sentry, Krag rifle at his shoulder, behaving in a strange fashion as if stalking something.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"A boa constrictor, some 20 feet long, has got under the house, and I am trying to kill it. I heard a devil of a row in the chicken-coop. . . . He ate three chickens to-night, and escaped as I came up with a light. He lives under the house. . . . He is as big round as my leg. I'll get him!"

Notwithstanding the unusual kind of pet stored away in the basement, I had a good night's rest on a comfortable bed, and early the next morning, in the company of my American friends, started by a different route on our way across the island to Malabang.

After crossing the river, south of Iligan, we abandoned the American road and took the old Spanish trail back to Lake Lanao, where we were to rejoin the military expedition. For some distance this trail went through flat wooded country, then it rose at a steep gradient until some 200 feet above sea-level, when it again became easy along the mountain side with deep precipices beneath. Here and there trees had fallen across the trail, but otherwise it was still good everywhere.

About half-way between Iligan and Pantar the remains of a Spanish signal station could be seen,

and from this point began a gradual descent for some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, partly through forest, then across grassy undulating country where one strikes, first a good broad trail, and then the new American road which joins in at Camp Tiradores. This American road is no less than 22 feet wide—too broad, I think, for its purpose, as the expense and trouble of keeping it in good repair and free from grass will be very great. At the time of my visit the road was completed to the foot of the Marahui hill range, which separates the Pantar plateau from the third and higher table-land on which Lake Lanao lies.

We caught up the Pershing expedition at Marahui. Unluckily, cholera had developed badly in the American camp, and some 14 cases occurred, of whom 8 died. A packer had to be left behind at Pantar : others were taken ill at Marahui. Lieutenant Peek of the Engineers, who had started in a boat to make a survey of the west coast, had the unpleasant experience of having some of the crew attacked by the disease and was unable to continue his voyage.

These lake boats were interesting ; they were 40 feet long, entirely scooped out of a single block of wood, had high ornamented backs, and flat circular paddle-ends tied to a handle. These handles while rowing were inserted in sections of large bamboos that had holes cut into them, and were fixed on the sides of the boat. The upper bamboo structure at the side of the boat was held together by vertical wedges. The boats had a quadrangular sail and 16 paddles.

The land near Marahui was low and swampy.

We returned practically by the same trail as far as Calahui, where we camped. During the night we were shot at, and our outposts were continually firing.

On April 16th we took a lower trail, of intense interest, along a succession of *rancherías* and settlements. Enormous houses decorated with handsome wood carvings were protected all round by strong stone walls. Numerous graves were to be seen near the houses. We went through a regular avenue of them, the body being in all cases buried above ground within a rectangular wall two to three feet high, filled in with earth, and having an upright stone in the centre. Some graves, I noticed, were two-tiered, and the newer ones had the usual decorations of white sunshades and banners. There were but few and weakly cocoanuts by the water's edge, but innumerable and flourishing were the banana palms.

We then passed a large village, where most of the houses were spacious and handsome, with elaborately wood-carved walls. The gable roofs were at a steep angle—possibly built so because of the excessive rainfall in the lake region—and, moreover, were lined with a layer of reversed sections of bamboos close together, which acted as channels to drain the moisture absorbed by the thatch of *cogon* grass. The difficulty of keeping the thatch on at such a steep gradient was overcome by long and heavy bamboos that rested on the ground, crossed the

roof at intervals, and were tied where they intersected on the apex of the roof. The pile supports of the house were not thrust into the ground, as in most native houses of the Archipelago, but were huge conical pillars of wood merely resting upon the ground, the horizontal cross beams on which the structures rested being inserted in grooves at the upper end of these heavy cones. The insufficiency of these foundations was evinced by many houses which had been blown by the wind to most dangerous angles, and were propped up to prevent entire collapse.

We came across many rice-fields and more flourishing houses as we went along, some within very strong fortifications. Another double-roofed mosque had been erected upon the lake, and many were the stone piers used by the natives for landing from their *vintas*. It was interesting to notice how these warlike people had fortified that region, each ridge being protected by one or more forts with a screening growth of bamboo as well as a similar screen to cover an escape from one fort to the next.

On our arrival at Camp Vicars an amusing incident occurred. Owing to cholera regulations the victorious force, being infected, was asked to remain in quarantine outside its own camp; but as we were the more numerous and more in need of comfort than those few who had been left in charge of the camp, they, who were healthy, were requested to move into quarantine quarters, which they gladly did, upon a distant hill, while

we triumphantly returned to the comfortable tents of Camp Vicars.

Another expedition, which completed the entire circuit of the lake, left Camp Vicars on May 2nd, and fought severe battles both at the Pitacus fort and the Taraca fort on the east coast of Lanao. In the Pitacus fort 100 Malanaos were killed.

The Americans—the fighting 27th Infantry and 15th Cavalry, under Captain Pershing—showed immense skill and pluck in assaulting the forts, and many deeds of bravery were recorded on the part of officers and men. Perhaps the most daring was that of Lieut. G. C. Shaw, who, at the attack of the fort, held his position alone on the top of the parapet, while his men were killed and wounded at his side. This brave young officer distinguished himself greatly on the first expedition, and was recommended for gallantry and meritorious service. His coolness, pluck, and modesty were really remarkable.

As for the leader of these expeditions, to whose tact, consideration, patience, and strategic skill sufficient praise cannot be given, it is to him that Uncle Sam owes entirely the pacification of the Lanao Mahommedans; and surely, if there is one man who truly deserves to be made a Brigadier-General, it is this gallant officer, Captain Pershing, who, through skill alone and without flourish of trumpets, was able to accomplish such a difficult and important task, with so small a loss on the American side.

I returned to the coast, the entire journey from



south to north coast and back—about 170 miles—having proved of such interest that I further contemplated describing an enormous loop in the interior of Mindanao through unexplored territory, first crossing from the west to the east coasts, and then from there up to the north coast.

On this journey I intended to go alone. The American General, who deemed the expedition a very risky one, most kindly offered a large escort, but I preferred a humbler way of travelling by which I could see the natives more at their ease. A large armed escort usually produces panic or a warlike attitude, which are not conducive to getting an accurate idea of the normal ways and manners of the people. For the protection of my camp at night, my instruments, notes, and photographs, I accepted an escort of four native scouts.

From Malabang to Parang-Parang along the coast there was nothing of thrilling interest, but Parang-Parang itself was a useful place, as it occupied a strategic position on the river Pulangui and the Bay of Illana. This region was subject to frequent earthquakes, sometimes destructive. The anchorage was objectionable, being of great depth, and open to south-west winds, which, during south-west monsoons, made it impossible to hold vessels at anchor or to embark.

The Spaniards had a small naval station at Pollock on the south of the bay of Pujaga, just across from Parang, a well-protected spot, affording a small but excellent anchorage. There was a small dry dock, a stone pier with coal

depot, and a machine shed in course of construction.

Parang-Parang was nicely situated on a hillside, and possessed a healthy climate and plenty of good water. Were its anchorage better it would be a suitable location for a good sized city. The Spaniards had constructed a stone and brick fort, barracks, and a handsome church.

I rode over with my friend, Mr. Helm, first to Buluan, a small village which was so named because a gold nugget was found there. All the inhabitants had died of cholera. Then we proceeded on a nice road made by Lieut. E. D. Peek down to the river Niangan, nicely bridged over. Traces of coal could be detected, and there was a strong odour of bitumen in places where the road had been cut through. The road rose to a considerable height, the country being undulating and almost free from trees. It seemed to have undergone several comparatively recent volcanic convulsions.

One came then to some charming lotus ponds—as pretty as, if not prettier than, the famous lotus ponds of the Pekin Imperial City. These lakes—a series of them—were quite deep, all covered with lotuses whose large circular leaves floated upon the water, moving gently as they were caressed by the wind. They formed a fascinating foreground to the impressive Butig range and Luling Mountains behind.

The construction of this road from Parang to Cottabato (14 miles) was a sensible step, as it would be easy for the natives to block the

entrance channel of the Rio Grande, and then there would be a difficulty in reaching the place owing to the mangrove swamps; so that to establish this reserve land communication for troops and supplies was a capital idea.

Only boats of 10 feet draught at the most can get up as far as Cottabato at high tide. The larger estuary is everywhere as much as 250 yards wide, and about 350 yards at the mouth. The deepest water is found along the left (south) bank of the river. A channel, half a mile shorter, exists, but is only navigable at high tide.

All these old Spanish settlements resemble one another—on a larger or smaller scale—very closely. Cottabato receives its name from a fort which stood upon a hill a short way from the city. A number of large whitewashed houses line the river-front, the church and houses being perforated by Remington bullets from insurgents. The trade is almost entirely carried on by a great many Chinese, who have established themselves here, and through whose hands the products from the interior, such as gutta-percha and various kinds of resin, sea-slug, etc., pass for export.

## CHAPTER IX

### The Tirurays.

I WAS principally interested here in a curious tribe of people, the Tirurays, who are found all along the west coast of Mindanao, their country—if a few scattered families are excepted along the coast further north—being comprised within a line slightly curved from the Tran River to Taviran (Rio Grande). The Tran River forms the boundary between the Tiruray and Manobo countries. The Tran River has its sources on Mount Talian and forms a delta near the coast, the southern arm being called Tran Massilah, or Great Tran, the other Tran Pah di du (Small Tran). On the same mountain are the springs of the Talian and Tibuan Rivers, one flowing into the Rio Grande, the other into the sea.

The Tiruray country is fairly wooded, mountainous with two well-defined ranges, one along the coast, the other on the south-east side extending all the way to Macar. Mount Talian is found in this range. The intervening country is broken, with no open valleys of any size

except one on the Matabal River. The Tibuan, Matabal, and Malabacao Rivers with many brooks and streams water this country well. There are but few trails except paths from house to house.

The Tirurays call themselves Dulangan, and also Manobos, Manobo being the name given them by the Mahommedan tribes.

The entire population of the Tiruray country is estimated to be between 2,900 and 3,000, and is subdivided into *cafeduans* or tribes, the principal one under Amaneacul, just south of the Tibuan River, consisting of 80 families ; another tribe whose chief is Melenoyao, and whose territories lie behind Riza Bay, of 66 families ; Endungan's tribe at Cusiang, of 80 families. Altogether there are some 38 *cafeduans*, numbering 862 families.

The Tirurays have a skin of a rich yellow, clean, and well polished, and large, slanting, prominent eyes with a peculiar lustre in them. The iris is extremely well-defined all around, no discoloration being noticeable. The eyelashes are long and fine. The eyebrows are thin, quite thread-like—like a pencil mark, and the nose extremely low at the ridge with tiny nostrils ; whereas the lips are broad, prominent, and voluptuous. The women often redden them. The men occasionally show a slight moustache and beard. Both men and women are fully developed while quite young, and they possess a fairly acute sight and hearing.

The men's hair is either long and tied up in a

kerchief, or else cut short ; and they do not wear any ornaments, except occasional brass bells on the wrist.

The women wear the hair drawn up high on the head where it is tied into a knot, with a short fringe plastered upon the forehead.

The ears are often perforated in seven holes, kept open by inserting small pieces of wire. Were they not artificially elongated they would in their natural condition be daintily formed.

When dressed up, the girls are not unattractive, with nice oval faces and small round chins. They are well-constructed anatomically, quite statuesque on a small scale, with arms of extreme grace and pretty long hands with numerous lines marked deep upon the palm. Their breasts are rather under-developed, of firm conical shape. The fingers are supple, and the thumb-nail ornamented with dots. The feet are long and of a good shape, with short toes and a graceful instep. They walk with their feet perfectly straight.

They wear around their legs the *Hmut tawi*, a kind of *sirong*, made from fabrics that are red, blue, or striped, and are imported, for these people do not weave themselves ; the upper garment is a *caggal*, or short tight coat hardly reaching to the lower garment. The *ommut* is draped on the right shoulder and reaches down to the feet. Extraordinary belts of brass wire twisted spirally in twelve or fifteen turns, which they claim they manufacture themselves, are generally worn, as well as numerous bracelets

wound tight around to follow the lines of the arm. These bracelets also are made of a brass coil with small bells at the lower end, and are frequently ornamented with incisions and angle patterns. Occasionally rings of white shell are worn on the left hand only. Large and heavy brass anklets are displayed on the legs.

The most typical feminine ornament is the elaborate neck decoration made of strings of glass beads and shells, which support a small case for *tarrau*, and are suspended from one ear to the other under the chin. The earrings match this ornament, and are formed of a small upper triangle from which hang very long strings of beads and shells.

The men always wear short pants and sometimes a jacket. They all chew betel-nut and file their teeth—to such a degree that sets of artificial teeth have to be manufactured of brass or silver or wood. Anything more terribly ghastly than these artificial sets, made by the local blacksmith and dentist, it is difficult to imagine; while the operation of fitting them gives one the creeps. When hopelessly broken the teeth are filed level down to the gum and two holes drilled with a nail or the point of a knife in the two end teeth. The new set having been made with sharply pointed imitation teeth, is inserted by two corresponding wedges into the holes of the original teeth, where it remains more or less firmly, according to the delicacy with which the work has been accomplished by the blacksmith. On my examining a young lady, she removed the set

and placed it on my hand ; she was willing to part with it for a 50-cent coin, but nothing in the world would induce me to possess such a terrible remembrance.

Their weapons are interesting, their harpoons, which have a detachable brass hook, or barbed spear heads, double and quadruple, fastened to a long double cord, being well made, and their conical snares for fish being particularly ingenious. These are made of split bamboo about one metre long, and have three palm rods inside with spikes turned downwards. The fish, once inside, cannot come out again. The cylindrical traps have a door held in tension by a bamboo, which, when the bait is touched, is released. Their bows are of palm wood with a bamboo string. Their arrows, 50 cm. in length, have double barbed heads, and have a pith attachment to make them fit the tube of the blowpipes (m. 1.40 long), which are ornamented with cross-lines and some black varnish.

A nine-stringed bamboo cylinder—the strings being the fibre of the bamboo itself—is to be found, as well as six-holed flutes. The drums consist either of a large section of hard black wood, carved into a semi-oval, or else of a cylinder of bamboo with skin stretched at one end only and with a hole in the centre to prevent splitting. Their drum-sticks of soft wood are gaily ornamented with grooves, rings, triangles, and semicircles, as well as with dots stained red. The jew's-harp, identical with that used by the



Tagbanouas, is kept, when not in use, in a neat case.

The women's dances consist of slow and most graceful contortions, the hand revolving in a circle, but the fingers being held quite straight. The feet are tapped on the ground to keep time with the music, and the head bent charmingly to right or left with a most passive, doleful expression upon the face.

Lieut. G. S. Turner, of the 10th Infantry, was the first white man to travel extensively in the Tiruray country, and he very kindly gave me some interesting data about these people, which, supplemented by my own, will, I think, give a fair idea of these picturesque and timid folks.

Their houses, always situated on a hill-side or steep and difficult slope, are perched up on piles 15 feet high, and access to them is obtained by pole-ladders with notches cut into them. At night these ladders are drawn up. The roofs are thatched with *nipa* or *cogon*, but the sides are left open. The *cafeduan*, or chieftain's house, occupies the central hillock or commanding point of the settlement, and from his house signals of meeting or alarm are given to the tribe with an *agun* or a drum. Their houses are generally found a long way from the water. Bamboo cylinders are used to convey water to the houses for drinking purposes.

The Tirurays are not industrious, not brave, and not cowardly ; not strong-willed, not ideally moral, not given to fighting, and not cruel. They are fairly honest, easily influenced and led, and do

not cling tenaciously to their ancestral customs and mode of life, as their Mahommedan neighbours, for instance, do. They are jolly and fond of travelling, but when depressed immediately threaten suicide—which threats, however, they seldom carry out. They are superstitious to a degree, good-natured and generous, extremely loving to their women and children.

Physically and mentally they are inferior to the Malanaos, Magindanaos, and even to the Manobos proper ; and, physically, this tribe appeared to me on examination a cross between some aboriginal tribe and Manobos, with some later infusion of the Mahommedan tribes.

Their language greatly resembles that spoken by the Manobos, and many words are identical, although in conversation members of the two tribes have a difficulty in understanding one another. Many Magindanao words are also noticeable in their tongue, which is soft and graceful, with the *r* rolled as in French. A glossary of Tiruray words is to be found in the Appendix.

What little agriculture they do is seen on hill-slopes where the crops are planted among charred tree-stumps, the ashes of the burnt forest being used as a fertiliser. Large areas of country have been denuded of trees, as the Tiruray seldom plants in the same place more than a couple of years in succession. In the interior, fields are owned by the tribe as a community, but nearer civilisation individual enterprise is frequent.

Their crops consist largely of *camotes* ; and of

rice, maize, onions, pumpkins, *papayas*, and tobacco in small quantity ; but wild roots are also considerably used for food, the *crut*, the root of a shrub, being quite intoxicating when eaten raw.

The Tirurays do a little trading in gutta-percha, honey, baskets, and mats, which they barter with the Chinese and Manobos for *sirongs*, beads, brass rings, brass wire, shirts, knives, spears, and earthenware pots, gongs, and trinkets, which form all the riches they possess.

The arms principally used by them are bows and arrows, blow-guns, spears, occasionally a *kris*, and small *bolos* enclosed in sheaths of twisted fibre. Traps and snares are ingeniously made for fish and game.

The women do most of the planting with sharply-pointed sticks, but the men assist in clearing the land.

The Tirurays say that in 1897 or 1898 a great famine, pestilence, and drought killed a great many of their people.

The government of each tribe is patriarchal, assisted by a council of the elders. Slavery and fines are the chief punishments.

The title of *cafeduan* is inherited by the nearest male relative of the last chief.

Constant intermarriage among relations of the same tribe has greatly conduced to the weakening and degeneration of these people—all the members of one tribe being related to one another. This evil is recognised by the natives themselves, who now intermarry with neighbouring Tiruray tribes. Those who marry Mahommedans or Filipinos

are, nevertheless, compelled to abandon the tribe in disgrace and never return.

Marriages are secretly arranged by parents at the initiative of the young man's father, and if the young man or girl get to know of it they pretend to commit suicide. At the festival given when the announcement is publicly made, the youth attempts to run away and has to be captured and bound. A dowry or purchase money must be paid to the bride's father before the rejoicings, which last two or three days, take place. The wedding itself is short and simple, without elaborate rites, or priests, or pomp, beyond the tearing off of the *emut* which conceals the girl's face, after which the ungallant youth, imitating the song of the *uya-uya* bird, again runs away.

The *Sifetungor* ceremony is performed by the mother of the bride, who chews some betel-nut and lime and then passes it to her daughter to continue the process. On taking it out after mastication she in her turn places it inside the mouth of the groom-elect, and with a mutual touch upon the head of bride and groom the ceremony is concluded. This chewing mixture, marking an epoch in their lives, is stored away and kept till death.

A girl may live with her lover before marriage without shame, but faithfulness is required after marriage. Certain rights are exercised by old men before the marriage of a girl who has reached the age of puberty.

A few *Billian* (a corruption of *Balian*) are

found in the Tiruray country, and are something between priests and medicine men, using plants and herbs, and having but little influence, although they claim to be mediums between a deity and human beings. As they profess to entertain their deity constantly to meals, credulous people provide food for these *Billian*, as they call them, and their exalted guests.

The *Billian* sing and dance to God. They take off all their clothes for this purpose, except a loin-cloth, and flap their arms against the body, as in the *chap* dance of Beluchistan.<sup>1</sup> When in a trance they predict the future and coming events, but the natives regard them more or less as humbugs.

Here, as among the Indonesian tribes of the east coast (Gulf of Davao) and central Mindanao, one finds small altars or shrines to the spirits and their deity.

Their beliefs are not unlike those of our friends the Tagbanouas of Palawan. All expect eventually to reach heaven, hell being reserved entirely, according to them, for non-Tirurays in general, and for their special enemies the Mahommedans in particular. They have traditions of extra good folks, who are revered almost like saints, but not exalted to divinity.

A curious legend, evidently suggested by Spanish Christianity, is related by them. A man, Laguay-Leugcuos, who came from heaven, lived on earth a long time ago and married a

<sup>1</sup> See *Across Coveted Lands*, by the same Author, vol. ii. p. 306.

virgin, Metiatel, from whom without intercourse a son, Matilegu Ferrendam, was born. Another tradition says that this son was not born from the virgin but mysteriously grew out of a jewel. The *Billians* say that Laguay-Leugcuos has a body, can talk, and is not a great God, the great God never coming to earth and having nothing to do with people.

A novel and practical method in the way of prayers is employed. No regular prayers are offered to their deity, nor sacrifices or ceremonies, but all prayers are addressed to devils and evil spirits in order to pacify them. Individuals carry upon their persons innumerable charms, such as bits of wood, chicken-bones, bark, or a leaf, for self-protection, increase of beauty, success in inflicting harm upon enemies, telling the future, etc.

The same superstitions exist here as among the Tagbanouas, and indeed among all the pagan tribes of Mindanao, applied to sounds—the song of birds, the cry of a lizard, etc.—being good or bad omens. Upon the song of a pigeon called *limugan* is dependent the undertaking of a journey, for instance. If the bird sings behind a native he will proceed, but if in front he will discontinue his journey.

Polygamy is practised according to people's means, but it is seldom that a man can afford more than one wife.

Slavery for debt is recognised, and it generally falls upon the children of the debtor after his death to pay the penalty.

The men hunt deer and wild hogs with dogs, when spears are used, or trap them in snares.

The Tiruray of the interior lights the fire in a primitive fashion, either by revolving a bamboo at great speed upon a piece of wood, with a string and bow, like a drill ; by means of a flint and steel ; or with a piece of dried bamboo split in half diagonally and another piece sharpened like a table-knife. Some fine dry wood-shavings are placed in the hollow of the bamboo while the quick friction of the sharp blade produces sufficient heat to ignite them. Torches of resin are used for lighting up their houses and while marching at night.

The only curious point about their burials is that they place food by the side of the body in the grave, so that the dead may not starve on the journey to heaven !

The Talian Tirurays (about 200) differ slightly in language, customs, and manners, possibly because of their contact with Mahommedans. They do not intermarry with larger tribes and have but very little intercourse with them.

Cafeduan Bruno is the chieftain of 60 families of the more civilised Tirurays. He claims to be a Christian. This tribe have a secret of making special mats which cannot be imitated by any other tribe.

	<i>Tiruray.</i>		<i>Rio Grande</i>
	Men.	Women.	<i>Mahommedans</i> ( <i>Piang's Tribe</i> )
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'540	1'463	1'459
Span . . . . .	1'712	1'501	1'656
Hand . . . . .	0'181	0'160	0'188
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'102	0'095	0'109
Thumb . . . . .	0'113	0'107	0'109

## HEAD.

Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'240	0'218	0'218
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'192	0'174	0'167
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'128	0'153	0'124
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'075	0'065	0'066
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'130	0'122	0'124
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . . . .	0'117	0'114	0'116
Nasal height . . . . .	0'053	0'055	0'053
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'043	0'033	0'037
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'034	0'034	0'034
Distance between the eyes . . . . .	0'033	0'033	0'029
Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'057	0'051	0'046
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'024	0'021	0'022
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'042	0'033	0'048
Length of ear . . . . .	0'062	0'059	0'057

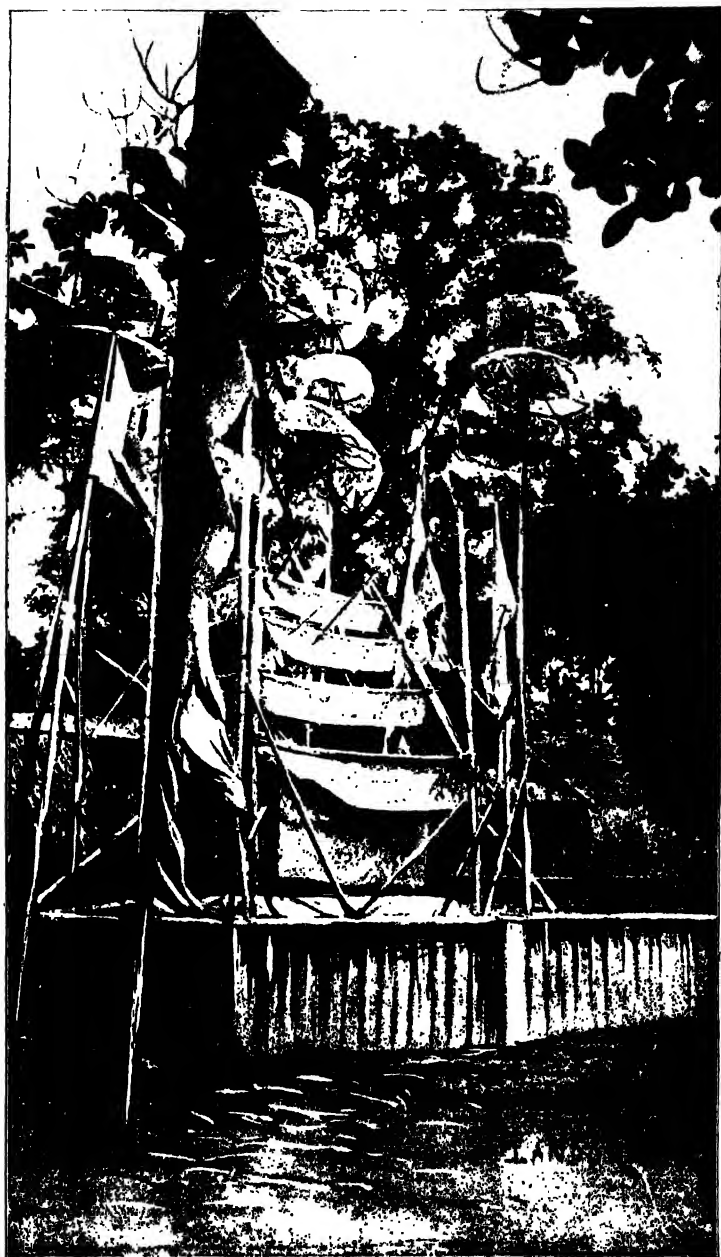


## CHAPTER X

On the Rio Grande—Datto Piang—The innermost Spanish fort in Mindanao—In the Liguasan lagoon.

SOME short distance up the north arm of the Rio Grande is a native market. No less than three Dattos claim one peso each a day from every Chinese trader who wishes to have a stall under the market shed. Three times a week on market days the assemblage is picturesque, men in enormous hats with *campilans*, spears, *bolos*, and long grass-cutting knives; women cooking dried fish between two bamboos, pots of rice, clams, large and small, and selling earthen jars of salt from evaporated sea-water.

Near this place was the recently made grave of Datto Uto, a heavy timber case about 36 feet square, which was to be cemented all over and filled in with earth, with a central ridge of cement raised like a tumulus, and a head pillar to the west. A silver teapot, a glass, a cocoanut bowl, and a *kundi* with water were changed every seven days. Above the tomb was a scaffolding of bamboo with canopies of diminishing sizes, the



DATTO UTO'S TOMB.



sides of which were ornamented with indentations. At the four corners stood four sunshades, one above the other upon a common stick, and five at diagonal corners. Triangular banners, red, white, and yellow in stripes, were also at the corners of the grave.

We next visited the Datto's huge house, now inhabited by the Princessa, his widow—a very conceited woman, who, judged by her manner with officers, evidently had some grievance against the Americans.

We waited an interminable time while, through the gauze mosquito-net of her canopy, we could perceive her making her toilette, helped by her slaves, and taking her time to chew *buyo*, and smoke cigarettes—while her slaves were polishing the silver *buyo* boxes which are ever produced when strangers call.

At last she appeared, with an assumed air of boredom, yawning herself almost to extinction. She sat on a high stool, with a row of slaves in white behind her, and seldom condescended to reply to any questions. I thought I would employ my visit in looking round the house, rather than waste attention on so superior a person. Perhaps the Princessa was not well and was still grieving for the loss of her husband. She was all in white and devoted her time to shoving *buyo* into her mouth with the blade of a knife. She had gold rings, one with brilliant white and green stones, on her first and third fingers of both hands, and before her upon a tray were valuable boxes of silver—for her toilette.

Her house was a regular armoury ; there were huge *lantacas* tied to each column, and a rack with some seventy antiquated rifles and double-barrel guns. Outside, under a shed, the larger artillery was displayed—quite a considerable number of *lantacas*.

On May 2nd, I started on my expedition across Mindanao from west to east, Colonel Noble, the Commanding Officer, most kindly sending a launch to convey me as far as the river was navigable—that is to say, one day's journey to Datto Piang's stronghold, up the Rio Grande.

As early as 5.30 a.m. we steamed up the river, one of the largest in Mindanao, and at Kinbangan we passed the old Spanish block-house and a large house ; there was a powerful Moro chief here. At the junction of the tributary, Libungan, a small fort was also to be found and a market. Pulanhya Masrah was the native name of the Rio Grande. As we went up the north arm, which became very winding as we advanced, there were tufts of bamboo and banana palms along the bank, as well as numerous fish-traps in the water. The country around was low, grassy, flat, and sloppy, with slimy banks of black mud. Every now and then we passed a small *rancheria*. In one of the sharp bends of the stream at Pagalungan the Spanish gunboat "Constancia" was ambushed by the natives, and although some 300 of these were killed many of the crew were murdered. A small monument has been erected here in memory of the Spaniards who fell.

The Rio Grande swarmed with crocodiles, and it was rather interesting to notice the places along the banks where the natives came for water, or to bathe, and where for safety they had made strong palisades of bamboo in the water.

At Calo Calo, where the river turns sharply north-north-west, the natives have cut a canal of some five or six hundred yards, which shortens the journey by some 5 miles of river navigation.

At Tumbao, where the north and south arms separated from the main body of the Rio Grande, was a small stone fort protected by a stockade and two watch towers, now in a tumbling-down condition. The Mahommedans were under the Sultan Bagunbayan, who had a settlement of about twenty houses. We went down the southern arm among numerous flat islets, and between banks lined on both sides with thick groves of bananas, some cocoanuts, and mangoes.

As we neared Taviran a quaint two-storied house was to be seen, the upper storey of which was built on the top of a mango tree; and, further, we came to the Spanish fort with large wooden buildings within its low wall—some 10 feet high. Saturday, the day we were there, was market-day, and the place looked very lively, dozens of boats being moored to the bank. This fort had a drawbridge over a moat, and overlooked the river from one large bastion in the south-west corner. This fort was occupied by American soldiers, to whom we had brought commissariat stores.

We turned back east on our way up stream.

Floating baths and landing-places combined, made of two or more huge logs a foot or so apart, with bamboo and *nipa* screens all round, existed at each *rancheria* all along, and were made fast to the shore by means of long vines and ropes.

We went through clouds of grasshoppers, and the fields of Indian corn on either side seemed thoroughly eaten up by these brutes. We saw crocodiles floating unconcerned across the stream. We got stuck in the mud once or twice, and on nearing Datto Piang's place, where the stream has a bar, we had to leave the launch and proceed by canoe, as the stream was getting too shallow.

Now, Datto Piang, a Chinese *mestizo*, was a most interesting character, and certainly the most powerful chief in Mindanao. When we entered the stockade within which is his palace, we found him surrounded by a crowd of slaves and natives, arguing, presumably, over State affairs. He was busy making a *kris* blade, at which he was filing away with all his might. He wiped his dirty hands upon his trousers, after which he shook hands with us in a cordial manner.

I had been told that I should have great trouble in getting this fellow to supply me with men, and that I should find both him and his subjects very treacherous and slippery ; but Piang and I got on very well from the beginning—especially when he heard I was an Englishman. He had heard Englishmen were like Chinese and never broke their word.

His priest and chief adviser, Sherif Afdul, from Bokhara, and I were able to converse in the Pahari (Hindustani) language, which we both understood—a very fortunate circumstance—which won my battle easily. Piang, whose reluctance to furnish men, except under compulsion, is proverbial, sent a slave into his house who presently returned with a handsome *kris*.

“I give you this sword,” said Piang, “because you are my friend. You have only to ask what you wish and I will do it for you. I also want to give you a brass cannon. . . .”

I interrupted my generous host, because to travel across country through dense forests without trails, carrying brass cannons and such other articles is no joke. I took the sword with many thanks, and persuaded him to send the piece of ordnance down to the coast where my American friends would ship it for me. I requested him to give me his best twelve men, whom I would pay well, feed, and reward, but I must have no trouble with them. He promised all, and he kept his word. It was agreed that I should start east the next morning.

Datto Piang, the Sherif, and I had been sitting on a billiard slate sipping coffee.

“I want you to see my house, my *lantacas*, and my boat—come,” said Piang, leading me out from under the shed where we had been.

His house was strangely impressive, with handsome brass guns mounted on the verandah, and numerous pretty faces of girls lining the balusters, while in the courtyard were huge iron



Spanish cannon. The white walls, with green and red ornamentations, were quite attractive and gay in the brilliant sun.

In the crowd of men and women which surrounded us I was astounded to find how many were blind of one or both eyes, and how many had complaints of the eyes. Most of these were due, I think, to after-effects of the worst of venereal diseases.

Under a shelter Piang's gala boat, 70 feet long, scooped out of a single tree of enormous size, rested upon supports. It was ornamented with handsome decorations, had a frieze of green, white, and red along the edge, and a covered superstructure of festive appearance. It took 70 paddles in couples to propel this boat, which was used only at State ceremonies.

Piang's place lies at the junction of the Bakat River and the Rio Grande on the south bank of the larger stream, and two Spanish rectangular blockhouses are to be seen at this point, one three-tiered with a wing and a bastion. A number of native houses lie near them. Kuturanga or Kudarangan is the name for the fort to the north, and Bakat the one on the south bank of the Rio Grande.

We walked from this spot to Reina Regente, the last of the line of Spanish forts in the interior of Central Mindanao. It lies on the Tinunkup hills, with an extensive plain to the west, with many Mahommedan habitations, the chief characteristic of which is that the walls are made of entire sections of bamboos superposed hori-

zontally, instead of vertically, as is usual. The peak of Kocion was visible due west beyond Tamontaca, and a long range with high mountains extended towards the north-west. To the east also were mountains with high peaks. Between Bakat and Reina Regente we had come through some marvellous plantations of bananas.

The fort of Reina Regente is one of the handsomest (not the largest) I saw in the Philippines, and has double loop-holed walls, diagonal towers, really comfortable airy buildings inside, and a good hospital, and *polverina* (ammunition house). The fort is beautifully drained, has fine baths for officers and men, and a big covered cistern, 14 feet deep by 9 square. The fort is commanded by a hill to the south, and could not stand against artillery, but is excellent against attacks of the Mahommedan tribes. A high block-house existed on that hill in Spanish days. On the north an avenue leads to the river only 150 yards off.

The Spaniards kept 1,000 men (Disciplinarios) here, but the Americans managed to do just as well with only 18 Filipino Scouts under the able leadership of Lieut. B. Stark, who was in command.

It was from Lieut. Stark's company that the four scouts who were to accompany me were drawn, and I was greatly indebted to that officer for selecting four men who were a credit not only to their officer, but, indeed, to the American Army. So that, in one afternoon,

notwithstanding all the trouble predicted, I had been able to get together my entire expedition, and by next morning was able to take my departure.

Lieut. Cooper, of the 10th Infantry, volunteered to accompany my expedition only as far as Davao, and I was very happy indeed to have with me such an agreeable, thoughtful companion, a splendid traveller, and a most sensible and polished gentleman. He was a West Point man, and that is indeed an ample recommendation for anybody. I fear that on many occasions he must have found my kind of travelling rather rough, but he bore it throughout like a man.

We left Reina Regente at 11 o'clock a.m. on May 3rd in canoes, and travelled up the streams in a general south-east direction, the river here being 120 yards wide with high banks. Houses were scattered about all along, and on the bank to our left lay the Binandan *rancheria*, some 8 houses, with a cluster of cocoanuts. A lot of lotus leaves floated gracefully upon the water, and carabaos basked joyfully in the refreshing stream.

My carriers were Mahommedans, and I had employed as their head-man a fellow called Bilanan, a creature of wonderful resource and remarkable acuteness, who spoke some Spanish. He pointed out to me curious parallel holes in the river-banks made by a kind of swallow, locally called *pilica*, the nests of which are named *pasciu-papano*.

We landed at Pudedoplanghi, a blacksmith's shop, to inspect the works, such as have been described elsewhere, the ingenious double bellows and curious heavy hammers lashed with *bejuco*.

On nearing the Liguasan lagoon, the country became more undulating and well-wooded down to the water's edge. Near the Tinulusan *rancheria* (on our right) was again a stretch of cultivated country and more floating landing-places, and here and there groups of natives getting out of their canoes. These fellows did a deal of bartering and trading at *rancherias*.

Overhead large brown hawks with white heads and necks circled around, and every now and then a young crocodile showed its head out of the water. We were now in a region of luxuriant cane, called *kiogao*, and had come to the island of Kabaksalan between the east and south-east branches of the Rio Grande. We followed the south-east arm, the larger, 40 to 50 yards wide.

We landed on Kabaksalan to get wood for fuel, and to inspect, in a most picturesque spot under the shade of gigantic trees, the ancient grave of a revered sultan—a circular tomb of coral stone (3 feet high). They say that every Friday morning Panditas and natives come here on a pilgrimage to pay their salaams. This Datto, Bilanan told me, died before the occupation of Cottabato by the Spaniards, which was as much historical detail as I could get out of my informant.

The Rio Grande, which had so far flowed

westward, here made a wide circle in a northerly direction at the entrance of the Liguasan lagoon. We entered the stream, Butiran, 20 feet wide, which took us in a south-east direction.

My men paddled the canoes with short paddles, to which they gave a semi-circular motion, banging its handle at each stroke upon the bamboo air-chambers, and then abruptly raising the paddles from the water. These air-chambers, which are not outriggers, consist of three bamboos fastened on each side of the boat. We wended our way among *cayopo*, a lotus plant which has fluted leaves of light green colour, a flower tulip-shaped, velvet-like, and fatty to the touch, and feathery roots. Two-thirds of the stream's surface were covered with this and with other water plants, such as water-vines, with red stems and triangular leaves, called locally *cancon*.

On arriving at the junction of the Tapoc stream with the Talido, we got our first glimpse of Mt. Apo at 138° south-east.

The Liguasan lagoon was no lagoon at all when I was there, owing to the great drought. There were channels here and there with some water in them, but most of the bed of the lagoon was now high and dry, smothered in reeds and grass. We went down the Talido (south) 10 yards wide. Ducks rose in thousands as we went on, and we saw a weird specie of black crane with an abnormally long neck. This bird does not float upon the water, but is a sort of submarine traveller, leaving only the head out of

the water. When first I saw one of these fellows, it looked just like a water-snake, as the body could not be perceived at all.

The vegetation in the water somewhat impeded our progress, for not only were lotuses plentiful, but reeds (*tanagobo*), through which we had to break our way, grew in abundance, and also another long-stemmed plant with many dark-green ribbed leaves—the *gabi gabi*. Then there was plenty of *lusai*, a feathery sort of moss, and the *butira*, with large circular leaves floating on the water. The *silal* (*huri*, Spanish), a tape-like, light yellow leaf, so fibrous that it is almost untearable, is twisted by the natives into rope. Plenty of *guaya* (crocodiles) seemed to be about.

At sunset we landed to cook our dinner. While doing so we heard screams and wild yells. My men got very excited, and, leaving their food, rushed away. After a few minutes they returned with some ducks which they had caught with their hands, so plentiful were these birds. They had joined a lot of Mahommedans who, running and screaming through the high reeds, scared the ducks and compelled them to fly, when they were captured by the quick natives.

The red flames of our fires, and others all around the horizon belonging to native travellers and sportsmen ; the wild vegetation, and the blue moonlight shining with peaceful tints upon the lotuses, produced quite a poetic effect—had there not been millions of mosquitoes—and what mosquitoes !

We continued our journey by moonlight along the narrow tortuous channel of the dried lake till ten o'clock, when we halted. We thought we might get some rest—but sleep was an impossibility, for we were stung all over by mosquitoes.

## CHAPTER XI

The Pawas and the Liguasan lagoon—Floating islands—A river of dead snails—The craving for lime and betel-nut explained.

IN one spot as we went on the *cayopo* bulbs were so thick upon the surface of the water that for a distance of some 150 yards we had the greatest difficulty in getting through. According to the natives the *cayopo* produces no actual flower, but there is in these lagoons another kind of lotus—not unlike the Chinese, which has large leaves (eight to twenty inches in diameter), with ribs radiating from the centre, and forming a kind of cone from the stem. The flower of this, when open, is ten inches in diameter, and is called *tawa* by the natives. The seeds are contained in a conical-shaped receptacle and preserved in a soft white tissue, but the head of each seed shows through a ring-shaped aperture of the envelope. The white part is cooked and eaten by the natives.

There was a great variety of grass upon the muddy banks, such as *panosun*, and *nesse*, a grass



with long pointed leaves as sharp as razors. Then *saghighat*, a kind of convolvulus, was found. My men told me that the portion of marshy land subject to inundation before entering the lagoon proper on the north-west side was called by them *Parwas*.

At four a.m.—after having been unable to sleep as long as two minutes owing to the fierce mosquitoes—we started again, through a very narrow channel, so narrow that the boats had to be lifted out of the water on several occasions, especially in going round sharp corners. The water was running, but was filthily dirty, a deep layer of guano floating upon it, as well as a vast accumulation of putrid vegetation.

There were millions of ducks, geese, and black cranes, and a giant species of grey pelican with an enormous beak. Other varieties of lotuses were now visible, the *butil*, not a pinkish-violet, but white with indented circular leaves. The *balash* was another aquatic plant.

Through intricate channels we eventually emerged into more open water, a fine and most poetic lake with floating islands upon it. The principal island is called Bang—a most extraordinary place, one-third of a mile in diameter, with people living upon it and with houses, trees, and agriculture. This island shifts its position to the south-west side of the lake during the north-east monsoon, and moves over to the north-east side during the south-west winds, and when the monsoons are about to change, and the winds are capricious it is all the time on the

move upon the surface of the lake. When you walk upon it you have to walk pretty lightly and be careful where you put your feet, or you go right through the island into the water below; but otherwise it is an enchanting place.

Several fishermen have houses with nice fields of maize on the island of Bang, and they fly a red flag upon a high mast above their houses as a signal to their friends and traders who would otherwise have some difficulty in finding exactly where the island has gone. They spear fish with a three-barbed harpoon, and also crocodiles, which are plentiful. When I landed the natives had just killed a large one.

Around Bang are numerous other little floating islets, principally made of guano in an advanced state of decomposition, and eventually these, accumulating decayed vegetation, and earth deposited by the wind, will become regular islands. To the south of the island (when I was there) was a most delicious stretch of pink lotuses, to my mind infinitely surpassing in beauty—and most certainly in extent—the Imperial lotus ponds of Pekin. Here, too, we have cormorants and the weird long-necked sub-aqueous black cranes, and ducks sitting on the water in myriads, and wild fowl playing upon the floating islands, picking up what food they can.

The bottom of the lake was composed of decayed vegetation, and was only a few feet below the surface. When the paddles stirred it, its substance rose in dense clouds to the surface, and its stench well above the surface.

The formation of these floating islands seems to arise from the settling of organic matter between the lotus-plants and this, as it accumulates, solidifies in the heat of the sun. The stems of leaves and flowers becoming decomposed at the roots, the leaves gradually accumulate on the surface, and owing to their fibrous qualities interweave and form a kind of natural matting. Centuries of such accumulation, the addition of earth blown by the wind and the abundance of guano, easily explain the formation of these strange islands. Although not common, they are also to be found, I believe, in a similar climate in South America.

The channels got somewhat broader as we approached the Buluan River in the south of the Liguasan. We passed a great many boats laden with crates of Indian corn, fish, betel-nut, and other products on their way to Datto Piang's.

We got stuck again on a deep bed of *cayopos*, and had it not been for a number of natives coming to our assistance, walking on the water—not unlike our Saviour—and pushing us through while others were towing, we should have never got through with our heavily laden canoes.

I must say that my men were most good-humoured and hard-working. They continually drank plenty of the putrid water, and every now and then, when they got overheated in getting the boats on, jumped right into the water—regardless of crocodiles—and swam and played not unlike ducks. Really, these Mahomedan tribes of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago were

absolutely amphibious. They revelled in water. On returning to the boats they took good care to wash their feet well so as not to bring in any mud, and, garbing themselves in a natural head-gear of a lotus leaf, punted or paddled away again to their hearts' content.

Near the mouth of the Buluan river was the *rancheria* of Iganatarik, and on our left another *rancheria*, that of Damagabbian, whose Datto had died. The tall fern (*tahbin*), some 15 feet high, was plentiful along the banks of the Buluan.

The Ettig river, flowing from south to north, entered the Liguasan, but we followed the stream that flowed from south-west to north-east. We then entered a rapid and narrow channel widening further on among tree stumps, islets, and a dense growth of reeds. On the River Pandag, which was a tributary of the Buluan River, lived Datto Mangulamas at his *rancheria*. We passed along a fetid stream, a solid mass of decomposed organic matter with occasional patches of pink lotuses, and crossed another small lagoon, so shallow that my men walked, towing the boats. To the south-east beyond a stretch of lotuses was a grassy plain with wooded mountains in the rear, while to the south-west were two parallel hill-ranges with three double-humped peaks. To the west and south-south-west of this range rose another high mountain range, and to 160° south-south-east lay the volcano of Matutun, a cone of graceful lines.

We entered the Buluan River through a narrow passage, grassy and full of lotuses. The

river was only about 20 yards wide, and here we had a fresh surprise—not at all a pleasant one. The stream was a mass of dead snails in their shells (*su-su*, as the natives call them), which had floated down from Lake Buluan. We had by this time got accustomed to all sorts of smells, but this was the most sickening of all.

We got another glimpse of Apo Mountain at 60° north-east by east, from the mouth of the Buluan. In the first portion of the river we travelled from east to west, between banks four to six feet high, with occasional trees; then we turned to the south-east for a few hundred yards, and then again west, where the bank to our right began to be well-wooded with plentiful bamboos and a luxuriant growth of reeds: whereas on our left we had houses and boats drawn up upon the banks.

The further up we went the thicker became the layer of snails upon the water—so thick was it that the water could not be seen at all, and our canoes in going through made a crackling noise among the shifted shells.

Where the river lay from north-north-east to south-south-west the bank on our right was simply smothered under *lamunayo*, a creeper with heart-shaped leaves. One could plainly see by the corrosion in the banks, and by the construction of the landings that the usual level of the river was six feet higher than at the time of my visit.

There were watch sheds on high posts to scare monkeys away from the fields of Indian corn, and

the houses were half open with a cage-like attachment on the basement behind. Other houses were constructed on the top of trees, the highest branches having been cut on a level so as to form supports on which to build these inaccessible homes. One house on the bank was on piles 18 feet high, and nearly each dwelling had a number of cocks sitting upon its roof.

We had entered the Buluan river at 5.45 P.M., and at seven we had arrived at the Buluan settlement, where we were to abandon our canoes and strike across land. For want of better water we had to do our cooking with the concentrated essence of snails we got from the river, and of all the sickening meals I have ever had in my life of adventure this certainly was the most memorable. Snail tea and snail coffee were enough to make anybody sick, but we had to drink something, as, having been roasted in the sun the whole day, we needed some moisture inside. Still, extract of snails does not sound very appetising, but it was not necessarily unwholesome, and we suffered no ill-effects from it.

During the night the mosquitoes, of all sizes and all tones of buzz, were unbearable. They were in absolute clouds round us, and if you happened to open your mouth you swallowed a few before you knew where you were. Of all ill-bred mosquitoes, these were the champions. They forced apart the little squares of the mosquito-netting and came right in, and they found their way under blankets and wraps with which we had wrapped every inch of skin for

protection. Eventually I made a fire, and, placing upon it wet wood to produce as much smoke as possible, sat above it until morning came. My men had wrapped themselves tight in their *malung* (or *sirong*), a bottomless sack, four feet long and four feet wide, a garment they wind round the waist like a sash, wear on the shoulders like a shawl, and use as a blanket when sleeping.

We had stopped at Datto Maurarato's place on the left of the stream going towards Lake Buluan, but the chief Datto in the neighbourhood was Bayumul, who dwelt on the opposite side of the stream. He came to see me and seemed very irritable. I having given him some presents of looking-glasses, beads, and needles, he became more amenable to reason, and promised to give me the extra carriers I required.

I was very much interested in these Buluans, and solved here—after much unsuccessful reflection for several months—the problem why the Mahommedan tribes of Mindanao and Sulu have such a craving for betel-nut and lime, and why they undergo the painful process of filing their teeth.

In the house of the Datto were many children all suffering from terrible ulcers all over the body and face, caused by the worst of venereal complaints, the existence of which I had noticed in most Mahommedan settlements I had visited on Mindanao ; but while ever noticeable in youngsters it is seldom apparent in the older people, although one rarely finds a Magindanao

who has not been affected by it in a more or less violent way. Bilanan and all my other men told me that every child must have it. They all showed me unmistakable marks of having gone through it, and the many blind people whom one notices everywhere are an ample testimony that it is general. It is hereditary rather than contracted. I have seen children—as in the case of this Datto—of absolutely healthy looking father and mother—outwardly—who were a most pitiful sight, and if ever I noticed any development of it in well-grown people it was to be observed chiefly in women suckling children so affected.

That the use of betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime is so universal, and that the natives have a perfect craving for it, notwithstanding the trouble it involves of carrying a whole outfit to satisfy it, is an ample reason to me for believing that its use is an instinctive requirement of their system rather than a pastime or a vice. Those who use it profess that the abundant salivation produced helps digestion and gives relief to bodily fatigue, and that lime preserves the teeth—which no doubt it does. Others go so far as to say that it excites sexual desires ; but the intense craving for lime is due, I think, to its purifying effects upon the blood ; moreover, when absorbed in such quantities, it is a reconstituent of the bony matter ; while the betel-nut is a refreshing stimulant and a digestive, and so are the *buyo* leaves. It is undoubtedly true that the combination has a preservative effect upon the teeth



when the enamel is filed—which it would not have were the enamel left intact.

Naturally the abuse of *bunga*—or betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime—have ill effects, like all other remedies; consumption is occasionally produced by it and also intestinal troubles, but both these are more frequently noticeable with the Christian Filipinos of other islands, who lead a more or less lazy life, than with the Mahommedan adventurers of Mindanao, who take plenty of exercise to work off those ill-effects of the combination upon their system.

The Buluan Mahommedans are identical with those of the Rio Grande, with the exception that they have never heard of money.

I took a trip to Lake Buluan, which was almost dried up, but many houses were scattered both along the river and on the lake shores. There were mountains to the south-south-east, north-east, south, south-west, north-west.

At the entrance of the lake, on the Buluan, stood the village of Maslabeng consisting of 24 houses, where I was hospitably received into the homes of the people. They had spears and harpoons (the *balala tchebatt*) with detachable double-barbed steel heads, and the usual *mamanan* or lime box, but otherwise there was no sign of great wealth among this tribe. The usual contingent of children, some with long hair, others clean-shaven with long locks behind, *à la* Japanese, crowded round in evident curiosity, or played with the fowls which shared the house, or with hook-tailed cats. On the floor they

displayed rather nice *shapiay* (mats). They raised a good quality of hemp for their own use.

There are some 19 or 20 villages around the lake, the largest, Debotil, containing about 100 houses. Eight of these settlements have been entirely abandoned.

## CHAPTER XII

Among the Bilans of Central Mindanao—A daring savage chief—Difficult marching—The beautiful Calaganes.

IT was pleasant to be marching on foot after having been cramped inside the narrow canoes among tins of corned beef and bags of rice. I arranged to lead with two scouts, the baggage with its carriers to come next, Lieutenant Cooper with two scouts remaining in the rear to prevent straggling.

We made an early start from Buluan, at 4.30 A.M., among the few cocoanuts along the river, then turned northwards along a flat, grassy valley, the grass high above our heads, which made marching heavy and stifling. The country seemed desolate enough as far as population went, only an abandoned hut or two, as at Damassawa, being visible—huts used only when *palai* was grown here. Swarms of *campundi* (*tapudi*) locusts passed us, the sky was black with them, and they left a pungent odour behind. The chivalry of these locusts was great, each male carrying his wife upon his back. My men ate them raw and

alive and said they were good. They seemed crisp enough under the teeth.

Then we went through a long tract with intricate vines, where my men had to use their swords freely to cut a passage.

At the settlement of Buluans called Cancon a considerable clearing had been made and a couple of houses stood on stilts 20 feet high. Then we struck the *rancheria* of Malalla, with some 120 people all told. They had no special points of interest except their stirrups, which slightly varied in pattern from those we had seen before, the big toe actually resting upon a platform 3 inches square with a hollow to fit, instead of the stirrup being held between the toes as is usual.

Alep was our nearest mountain, east-south-east, when we reached the Malalla River. The stream ran in a general direction from east to west. We made a night march after dinner, in fine moonlight, and as we passed several houses of natives there was much excitement, as they had never seen white men before, and did not know whether we were hostile or friendly. An old woman came into my camp and said she wished to see a white man. She looked at us, said we were all right, and, politely asking whether we required anything, returned to her home.

On reaching the river Alep—which had here a general direction of south-east to north-west—we encamped at a Bilan market in the forest among *nonoko* trees of gigantic size, vines and troublesome creepers (*uagheda*), the latter hanging from the highest branches in festoons.

The next day, when I was walking ahead, and after I had gone some little distance, I suddenly came upon a crowd of Bilans who were holding a market on the river bank. On seeing a stranger they jumped for their spears, but I waved my hand to them to show that I carried no weapons and had no hostile intentions, and went right among them. This place was called Damablak, and there were a few huts in the neighbourhood. It was some little time before the rest of our party arrived, and by that time I had already settled down to a friendly meeting with these fellows, the sign language playing an important part in our conversation. They had a language of their own, although some few words resembled Magindanao. They belonged to the Indonesian type. They did not file their teeth, although they blackened them ; they possessed long, wavy, almost curly, hair, tied into a knot behind, and the men had a slight beard and moustache. The eyes had no slant, but were quite horizontal ; the ears with undetached lobes. The children had brown hair, which evidently turned black with age.

They wore the *salual*, or short red breeches like bathing drawers, a *taul*, or short tight coat, and the *otob*, a small turban. They had few ornaments except the *galanta* and the *cuitto*, small brass instruments which they carry about their persons.

The *herpes* skin disease seemed to be common among them, but otherwise they appeared to be of abnormal strength and wiriness, without

superfluous flesh or fat ; suspicious but good-natured, and with a keen sense of humour.

Each man carried a spear with an iron head fastened with a hemp string to a cane shaft 6 to 7 feet long. Some of them had large knives which they had obtained from Mahommedan traders of neighbouring tribes.

They were much delighted with needles, looking-glasses, and beads that I gave them, and became very friendly. Each man carried a *kalfii*, or small *bejuco* basket, slung upon his shoulder, with *buvo*, lime, etc. Mallayan, their chief, was quite intelligent and displayed great surprise at the colour of my skin. What illness had caused my skin to be so white ? Were all the people of "my tribe" really the same colour ?

Lieut. Cooper, who had now come along, inquired of the chief whether he had heard of a "great, great country called America, the greatest country in the world ?" The puzzled chief enumerated the names of all the neighbouring tribes, but . . . .

"Merika," as he repeated like a parrot, frowning in deep thought ; "Merika . . . . Merika . . . . no, there was no such tribe about. He had never, never heard of it !"

"Ask them if they ever heard of Spain," exclaimed Lieut. Cooper, rather put out, as I could not help laughing.

But the name of Spain, too, had never reached the Bilan's ears.

Near their houses on high stilts, over 20 feet high, the Bilans stick into the ground sharply-

pointed bamboo blades, at an angle in order both to injure incautious enemies approaching at night, and also to catch wild hogs which, as they run, often get speared this way.

The Bilan makes the flooring of his home on two, three, four, five different planes, one a few inches above the other. Access to the house is obtained by a long wooden log with notches in it on the landing or lowest platform. Occasionally an outer platform half-way up the high stilts is found, upon which things are placed to dry in the sun.

The *dancalan*, a wooden plate with a handle for chopping meat, is found on this platform, and their fires are made in the large ash trays as used all over the Archipelago. Under the house is a cage for their ponies and pigs, and a most ingenious shoot of split bamboo for dogs to come in and out of the house is invariably to be seen.

On leaving this place we went south-east, then east-south-east, then due east, crossing and recrossing the tortuous and terribly stony river Alep, the general course of which we mostly followed, so as to avoid the thick vegetation on the banks through which progress would have been slow.

A hilly region was before us to the east, with Alep as the highest point. We came to the Dalul river flowing from the north—a much larger stream than the Alep, into which it flows—a mile or so beyond a Bilan market ground, and in these streams we found many conical fish-traps laid by the Bilans. Several natives bolted



BILAN HOUSE (CENTRAL MINDANAO).





into the forest as they saw us approach. The forest on both sides was so thick that cutting our way through it was out of the question, so we had to content ourselves with walking mile after mile in the water—most unpleasant, because the tepid water had formed a slippery growth of moss upon the stony river bed, and one was constantly slipping and jamming one's feet between rocks.

While waiting for the remainder of my party who had lingered a long way behind, Bilanan and I visited some interesting hot springs called Mayanaid, on the left bank of the stream some little way off, then, upon coming to a most beautiful and deep pool of limpid water, we called a halt for lunch, and all indulged in a delicious swim.

It is marvellous how full of resource the natives are. They would make a neat little shelter in a few minutes with bamboos, *bejuco*, and palm-leaves ; they improvised serviceable rain-coats for themselves, and hats and leggings, with similar materials ; made cooking-pots and water-vessels with sections of bamboo. With the leaves of the *bilak*, a fan-palm, which they twisted backwards and then fastened together, they made cups and drinking vessels.

*Yangban* trees of enormous size, with their wing-like roots, were plentiful, so also was the *manuang*, a tall tree whose light green bark was clear of branches up to a great height above the ground. Species of ivy and other creepers were innumerable. We had to undergo considerable

exertion when we proceeded through the trailless Bartan forest, where we had to crawl under fallen trees or climb over them, or balance ourselves on their slippery surface for their whole length—a method of progression much to the taste of my barefooted men, but not quite so easy when one had shoes on.

We came to a deserted and half-destroyed Bilan house, the scene of a fight, judging by the bleached skeletons which lay about strewn upon the ground. I learnt later that my friend, Datto Mallayan, had killed the people of Tuka. I picked up a skull which had a spear-wound and intended to carry it away. My men, superstitious to a degree, refused to carry it, saying that the skull would speak to them during the night and prevent them sleeping, so I carried it myself.

Our course varied from east to south-east, according to the conditions of the country. We crossed large tracts of land, covered with *bomban*, a kind of large reed ; then passed through innumerable ferns 6 to 8 feet high. Twice again we crossed water and met some Bilans, who dashed away at the sight of us. I captured some whom I photographed and measured.

Then we got on a somewhat higher and slightly undulating plateau cleared of all trees and bearing thick *cogon*. Many aged *bag* trees of grey tints were about, and tall *oanatak* trees with deep green clusters of leaves on their summit only. To the north-east and to the south-east we had grass-topped hills, whereas southward,

about two miles off, stood a barren range with a higher and well-wooded chain of mountains behind. From north-west to north was a gap on the horizon line ; otherwise we had hills all round, Alep Mt. being now to our west. We had travelled practically due east towards the pass in the divide, and could see on the hill-sides patches of Bilan cultivation, maize, *camotes*, and rice. We then descended into a stony little streamlet running from north to south—a beautiful thread of deliciously fresh and limpid water. It appeared to us the most delicious water we had ever seen after the filthy extract of snails of the Buluan River.

We halted by the side of a magnificent *langban* tree with immense contorted roots, luxuriant foliage, and branches protruding for some 40 feet over the stream. The enormous weight of the tree was supported on a vault of these roots, forming a regular hollow or cave 20 feet long by 12 feet wide ; a deep pool of water reflected the fantastic curves of this giant and its powerful roots spreading far into the stratum of earth and pebbles that formed the river bank. In the roof of this wooden cave dangled innumerable smaller roots, wavering like snakes in the current of air, and other older roots embraced and held up big suspended rocks, four or five feet in diameter. In examining this place by the light of a torch at night, I found several spears and other Bilan fishing implements.

We had lighted up a big fire and had placed two scouts on guard in case of our camp being

“jumped”—these tribes having a great fondness for night attacks. My men were gaily conversing and cooking, and I was writing up my notes, when we thought we heard peculiar noises about. There was high grass all round, and we could not see very far. We were all either sitting or lying down. Suddenly we heard a rushing noise through the grass, and we thought it was a wild hog or a deer, which are plentiful, but what was our astonishment when a magnificent savage on a restless pony galloped, brandishing a spear, into the middle of our camp. He pulled up defiantly and asked who we were ; declared that this was his country and he was Datto Ghialodin ; were we friends or enemies ?

I took a sketch of him then and there by the red light of our camp fire, for this wild-looking creature was too picturesque for words. His black hair stood straight up in masses with long locks behind ; a short coat and short breeches left exposed most beautiful anatomical detail of arms and legs. The polished skin of his cheek-bones, nose, and forehead shone in the red light like bronze, and on the bony knuckles of the wiry hand in which he held his spear ; while his piercing eyes, apparently steady and unconcerned, took in thoroughly all that went on all round. He rode with short stirrups and a Buluan brass bit.

Now, I could not help admiring the pluck of this fellow, and I wanted him to get off his steed and be entertained like a friend—but he would not hear of dismounting, and kept his spear all the time ready to strike. I kept on



NAVIGATION OF AUTHOR'S CANOES ON A THICK GROWTH OF LOTUS PLANTS.  
(Floating island in background.)



patting the pony and rider, made him presents of red cloth and beads, which delighted him, showed him his face in a looking-glass—which he thought was somebody else's face behind the mirror—offered him mementoes of needles and thread for his wife, and so on, till at last the chief could no longer contain himself for joy and surprise. He burst forth into weird cries which echoed all round in order to call his tribesmen, who, he explained, were hiding all round us in the grass and forest ; but, cry or no cry, his folks did not display the courage of their chief and would not come in.

He was not much of a fellow for talking ; he had never seen or heard of white men ; but he displayed his evident gratitude by a grunt—"hrrr"—each time I gave him a present. All of a sudden, and without warning, he bolted off the way he had come.

The tributary Cosacbato from the north-east here joins the Kima river from the south-east. We proceeded south-east between mountains closing in on both sides. While in a very narrow ravine, on turning round a sharp corner, I found an old Bilan sportsman after monkeys. He was carrying a big, dead ape slung upon his shoulder for food. He was scared out of his life when I suddenly came upon him, but he soon recovered his senses and took the first opportunity of bolting. Other Bilans whom we saw in the distance upon the hill-side to the north-east, where they had their houses, also displayed great running powers when they perceived us.



To the south-west we now had high, grassy hills in great part cleared of trees, most of those existing being *ninul*, *kanit*, and *pagulinen*. We were travelling along the Sinapulan River, which runs from south-west to north-east with a tributary from the north-east, and here again were terrible stones, which made walking continuously in and out of the water difficult. This stream must carry enormous bodies of water during the rainy season, as it drains the entire basin. We went on under huge *kehn*, *lahwan*, and *lahmut* trees, the wood of the last-named much used by Bilans for their canoes.

Then came the steep ascent to the pass of Mantalaugan. One of the scouts, the tallest and strongest-looking, was taken very ill—it is always the case with tall, strong-looking people—and delayed me a good deal.

Having crossed a second ridge some 300 feet above the Sinapulan stream, through picturesque but devilish woods, where we had to scramble over slippery volcanic boulders, and were torn to pieces by thorns, we at last reached the highest point of the watershed, marked by a magnificent *muraui* tree enveloped in a parasitic *nonoko*. We descended to the head waters of the Alep River, along which it was only possible to proceed, and here among much volcanic rock grew beautiful *babian*—fan palms—of immense size.

In the river course we wound our way through a dark forest of *olesse* trees. The river bed at first of pumice-stone was presently of slippery clay saturated with sulphur, and corroded into

stalactites of magnificent copper-green tones. Then came high terraces and waterfalls.

Endless trees had fallen in this region, over which we had to clamber, and occasionally pass where they formed a long bridge, balancing ourselves, from one side of the river to the other. We crossed and recrossed the tortuous Alep River I could not tell how many times. The Cambolin is a tributary of the Alep, a most fascinating stream in rocky terraces covered with green moss—terribly slippery, but pretty to look at. The vegetation was dense on both sides and formed a regular arch over our heads. Frequently the arch was so low that we had to stoop down into the water, body and all, to get through—and, moreover, for some days we had been tramping continually in water, and the skin of our feet had become extremely tender.

A dry river-bed followed, then a bit of thick forest, then an ascending hill-side. We came to a great clearing burnt by Bilans, and saw some of their high houses, raised as much as 30 feet above the ground, to the south of the hill-side beyond. Some twenty Bilans rushed out, spear in hand, when we shouted to call them, and on perceiving that we were not some of themselves they decamped in due haste.

From this point we followed another stream which had high rock terraces of volcanic formation, so rounded, polished, and slippery that we could hardly hold our footing. We had some difficulty in keeping the baggage dry in going down the waterfalls of various heights, and in

order to do so used an improvised ladder that we carried—a long bamboo with notches—for the banks were steep, and we could only proceed where the water flowed. The course of this stream was from north-west to south-east and we had now crossed the watershed. We encamped upon the hard lava for the night, and the vegetation was so luxuriant above us that sun never penetrated here. The moisture was stifling, everything reeking with it. The river further down disappeared for some 200 yards through a subterranean passage under the smooth, rocky volcanic river-bed, made apparently by an extensive flow of lava.

When we had reached the bottom of the hill we abandoned the stream and proceeded through dense forests of *babang anan* trees over 100 feet high, and some *lahmut* trees of immense diameter—8 feet, and as much as 15 feet at the base, including the side-wings. Some of these majestic trees were 150 feet high. We were now in a zone of gigantic trees of great age.

A vine, 120 yards long, had been placed across the river by the Bilans in order that they might find their way across to the other side at night, and also to prevent them from being washed away when the water was high. Then we came to another stream with a bed of large smooth spherical pebbles which turned under one's feet as one trod upon them and jammed one's toes painfully.

We left the zone of gigantic trees and were now in a region of wonderful creepers, the *nagheda* particularly, a regular huge cascade of

prettily-shaped leaves. Low shrubs and plants were plentiful—too many of them—the large-leaved *nopur*, the *langanassi*, and among boulders the *alum*, the red-ribbed leaves of which placed on one's head are said by the natives to cure headache.

We came to the home of Datto Inuk, with its entrance railed off upstairs, and chiefly remarkable for the baskets of all sizes and shapes that it contained. Spears with iron and bamboo heads, bundles of arrows with detachable heads, were stuck in the ceiling. Also some *tampipi*, or working knives, in broad square *bejuco* sheaths, and some shields.

At Latian, Datto Inuk's place, there were about six Bilan houses, all walled round with superposed horizontal bamboos. From this point we struck very grassy open country, and then a region of giant *buri* palm with leaves 7 feet in diameter. We marched eastward and had on the north an extensive mountain mass, including Apo, the great volcano, at 15° north, bearings magnetic. Seen from this point, however, the giant was not so impressive as when observed from the sea.

We passed the old *rancheria* of Salumincon in the middle of an extensive plain. Near this place I caught three Bilan women whom I wished to photograph. They shrieked and yelled and cried in terror when I pointed the camera at them, which they thought was some sort of gun, the two younger, who had collapsed in a heap, taking cover behind the older dame. Eventually,

on being presented with needles and beads, they became bright and jolly, and were quite nice and gentle. They wore heavy circular brass earrings with beads all round and occasional bead pendants, and heavy bead necklaces with a pendant charm like a small brush. Brass rings were coiled round each toe and brass wire bracelets, some with inverted angular ornamentations, covered the arms from the wrist to the elbow. They also wore white shell bracelets and rings of brass and tortoiseshell. A pretty short blue zouave jacket, with red border, ornamentation of beads, and large sleeves ; a short red skirt like a diminutive *sirong*, going no further than the knee, and a red cloth slung over the right shoulder, then under the left arm, the fold used to stow goods and chattels such as brass *buyo* boxes, etc., completed their attire. The hair was worn in a knot behind, where a wooden comb was placed, and a long tuft was left protruding like the tail of a cock.

In crossing another magnificent forest of giant trees, we encountered on the banks of the Bala-tucan River (running from north-west to south-east) a number of Calaganes, an Indonesian tribe of great beauty, somewhat akin to the Bagobos. These people possessed magnificently chiselled features, and supple, well-rounded limbs, combining great muscular strength with grace and elegance of line. Seldom in my travels have I seen more anatomically perfect specimens of humanity than these Calaganes and Bagobos.

The Calaganes had pensive faces, with velvety

brown eyes of great softness, well protected by prominent brow ridges ; ears with undetached lobes, and small, well-shaped noses with refined modelling in them. The hair was undulating, quite wavy, long, and thrown back over the shoulders. They were naked except for the short tight breeches of the Bilans and Bagobos, and wore tight bands of hog's hair under each knee. They always went about with their spears, and were so light on their feet that it was a pleasure to see them walking. They possessed a slight moustache, but no vestige of a beard, and their skin, of a light coffee colour, had a fine polish, and was smooth like bronze. Among these people the discoloration of the upper part of the iris was noticeable on raising their eyelids.

After a long patch of *cogon* grass we again entered a forest of gigantic *caripapa* and *nonoko* trees, some of the latter with solid winged roots spreading for over 33 feet in diameter. Regular wooden ropes of two or three *blagon* vines twisted together hung from the summit of trees ; others formed circles and spirals in the air.

After crossing the Meilah, a tributary of the Balatucan River, I came upon a *nonoko* of immense size with a parasitic growth all round it forming arches under which a man on horseback could easily pass. Only five miles separated us from Santa Cruz upon the coast. In order to provide Lieut. Cooper and my men with comfortable quarters on reaching a Christian spot I walked ahead alone—it being night, and whereas on

our journey of some 200 miles we had received the most charming hospitality and consideration from barbarians and savages, we shall soon see what a Christian reception was like.

A terrible storm was threatening overhead.

## CHAPTER XIII

A Christian reception—The Bagobos—Human sacrifices—  
The Manobos—The Tagacaolos—The Atas.

HAVING struck the military trail from Davao to Macar in South Mindanao, I arrived at Santa Cruz, and, wading across the river, entered the settlement at 9 P.M., and endeavoured to find the Presidente's house. I went into many houses, and eventually a lad accompanied me to that functionary's residence at the very end of the settlement. On presenting my credentials both from the Governor-General and from the Division Commander, the Presidente, who seemed semi-stupefied from drink or some other cause, sent for—I understood—the school-master to read the letters. An American appeared a few moments later in more or less clean pyjamas, who, after perusing my letters, informed me in a very rude manner that I had no business to be in the town, and that I must recross the river and remain on the other side twenty-one days in quarantine before proceeding, to which I naturally replied that I would see him . . . somewhere first !



He further informed me that neither General Davis nor Governor Taft had any authority, as he was in command of the place—he was a mere corporal—and would turn out his soldiers and the local police to drive me and my party back—a challenge which I joyfully accepted.

I immediately started back to meet my men in order to force my way through, and I gave him an intimation to that effect. This man ran after me, asking me to stop and argue, but he seemed so far from possessing anything like civil manners, not to speak of the most rudimentary local geographical knowledge, that I preferred other methods of getting on.

I went back to the river and waited and waited impatiently, but my party, hampered by the sick man, had not come up, and as I heard a great ado in the town I went back alone and unarmed—I generally travel unarmed—to meet what came.

The American soldiers stationed there had been quickly turned out and so had the police, as well as a few American residents and visitors—some fifteen in all. In a body they were hastily coming on, evidently in a great state of excitement. I walked towards them, and when they saw me they rushed up, surrounded me, shoved the muzzles of their rifles in my face and said they would shoot. Well, I could not help laughing. They all spoke a great deal, but really said nothing, and, indeed, I could not make out whether I had fallen into a settlement of lunatics or what.

I cannot say that I used pretty language in my conversation with these gentry. I had been treated with so much deference and kindness by Americans and natives alike all over the Archipelago that I felt this reception all the more.

When they had shouted themselves hoarse and begun quarrelling among themselves, some professing it was a shame to treat a white man in such a way, they climbed down a good deal in their threats, and several offered the use of a house, as well as bread, coffee, or anything we required—offers which I flatly refused with thanks. I would rather have starved than accepted anything from them.

I informed them that, according to my plans, I intended resting two nights and one day at Santa Cruz, as I was discharging my carriers who had to return to their homes on the Rio Grande; that I would give them 36 hours to reflect or despatch a messenger to the Commanding Officer at Davao (whose guest I was asked to be, by the way), after which, if necessary, I would fight my way through.

They at once decided to despatch a horseman to Davao (30 miles off), and I agreed to wait the 36 hours I had intended to devote to this place.

We had come for eight days at the rate of 20 to 30 miles daily—quite good walking over that rough country. Our last march was over 30 miles.

The civilians subsequently showed much consideration, and made many offers of hospitality ;

but under the circumstances, while appreciating their kindness, I was obliged to refuse everything. When my party arrived some two hours later, I made my camp at the stream, where a guard of American soldiers and Filipino police with loaded rifles was placed over us, the American soldiers sincerely apologising for being compelled to obey such . . . —well, I cannot use their prefixes—orders. They were very nice and ready to do anything to oblige us.

The storm which was threatening came—a torrential rain in bucketfuls—and the trail on which we had made our camp became a regular stream. But we were so hardened to anything of the sort, we did not mind. It might wet our clothes, but could not dilute our pride.

The day of rest was spent in paying off my men—a most devoted, faithful, gentle, honest, thoughtful, hardworking, jolly lot of fellows—they are generally described as barbarous fanatics—who seemed very sad at having to go back. They wanted me to take them to my country with me. They declared they would fight for me if necessary.

Then to rearrange our baggage. Renewed offers of hospitality came from the town, but I held firm. The messenger from Davao returned with orders to let me proceed immediately, and I was glad to hear later from the Commanding Officer himself, Col. Day, that the two men who had chiefly been guilty of the offence, which had been neither countenanced nor approved by him, and for which, in fact, he fully apologised, were

punished with both suspension of pay and imprisonment.

A Mr. Gould having most kindly undertaken to convey all our baggage and three of my scouts by boat, Lieutenant Cooper, myself, and one scout proceeded to walk along the coast to Davao. Perhaps this coast and the slopes of Apo Mount are mostly famous for the great number of Indonesian tribes found, although upon the coast itself either Christian Filipinos or Mahommedan tribes of Malay origin occupy many points at the mouths of rivers, where they act as intermediaries in trading with the tribes in the interior who are dependent upon them.

To say definitely how many distinct tribes there are about these mountains and in Central Mindanao would be rash, but I will enumerate a few of the leading ones. The most noteworthy—and the most numerous of all, I think—is the Bagobo tribe, of whom some 10,000 souls are said to inhabit the slopes of Mount Apo, principally south of Davao. They are not unlike the Calaganes in appearance, and are very handsome people, with most expressive faces and voluptuous lips; noble and generous when not civilised; intelligent and hard-working, quick at learning.

They make most elaborate bags ornamented with heavy designs of beads, of considerable artistic merit, and they are fond of brass ornaments, which they manufacture themselves from brass wire. Their tight trouserettes and their short coats are richly trimmed with beads. They tie their luxuriant hair into an artistic

knot behind, and under the knee they wear several strings of beads (the *ticas*).

The lobes of their ears are frequently much deformed—if not torn—by the enormous earrings they wear, either of wood or with circular discs of ivory, for which they pay large sums. A simpler earring—the *taling*—made of cocoanut leaves is frequently worn in default of more luxurious ornaments.

The Bagobos have very powerfully set teeth which they generally file into a point and dye black. The older men have quite a noticeable beard growth, especially on the chin, and moustache, and I saw some who were quite hairy in the centre of the chest, and on the lower portions of arms and legs. Occasional tattooings of lines and dots are visible upon their persons, as well as more elaborate ones of radiating lines, and even rudimentary attempts at animals, upon the breasts.

Many of the people nearer the coast have been Christianised, principally through the tactful efforts of Padre Mateo Gisbert, quite a remarkable character in his way, who has lived along this coast for over twenty-two years. He was the founder of the Sta. Cruz Settlement.

Bagobo men go about with spears, or bow and arrows in their hands, often carrying a pot of honey, and always with a mat basket upon their backs, or a bead sack. They look honestly at you into your eyes when they speak—their eyes having a most peculiar lustre such as is found in cannibal races. It is not improbable that in

remote times these people were given to cannibalism, or at any rate drank human blood during certain ceremonies, and even up to quite lately it is stated that they have indulged—and do indulge—in human sacrifices. They mention Datto Magagum of Talagutun (near Malalag) who was a cannibal.

Personally, I believe that cannibalism is extremely rare nowadays, except among some of the more inaccessible tribes upon the mountain-side. It is out of the question among the coast Bagobos who have learnt better and fear punishment if discovered. The Bagobo when he did go in for human sacrifices combined business with pleasure. The slaves on whom he practised his little fancy are said to have seldom died of a natural death, but they were not killed off wholesale. Oh, no ! It was only when a slave was incurably ill, or when he was unable to work any more, that he was destined to be sacrificed. They performed the sacrifice in the forest either before the planting of rice, or at the death of a beloved parent, or when they wished to scare the spirits of evil or sickness away, or to propitiate the weather.

They believe in two things—the “good” and “bad”—for which they have a good deity and the devil, Mandarangan, the latter responsible for all ailments. It was to this evil spirit that the human sacrifices were devoted, as they think that he cherishes human blood. I was rather loth to believe this at first, but I cross-examined many natives and they all maintained that

sacrifices were made. When practised nowadays—very rarely—the deed is done in some hidden spot, and the greatest secrecy is maintained for fear of punishment.

The Bagobos are well off—principally because they require so little. They are thrifty, and certainly the nicest people on the east coast of the Davao bay.

They possess a language of their own of considerable wealth. One of the chief characteristics is that a Bagobo seldom uses a plural. When he does it is formed by the addition of *mga*, and the adjectives are unaltered for either gender. The articles used are *si*, *yan*, and *y*. The comparative is formed by the addition of the adverb *sun-nud*, and the superlative with *tuo*, whereas the diminutive is made by prefixing *diloc*, little, or *marentac*, small.

The verb *to be* is obtained by adding the particle *go*, whereas the verb *to have* is made by prefixing *doon* to the adjective or noun. In the conjugation of verbs there is but little variation. In the past indicative *den* is added ; *pa* for the future tense ; and *paden* for the subjunctive. The verb is frequently repeated in order to intensify its meaning.

In hearing Bagobos speak it is somewhat difficult to determine exactly certain vowels, the *o* and *u*, for instance, being frequently used one for the other, and also the *e* and *i*, and nearly each tribe has a slightly different way of enunciating the same words.

Closely akin to the Bagobos are several tribes

along the south-east portion of Mindanao—and all these tribes are remarkable for their wonderful endurance and their power to withstand pain.

There are a few Manobos scattered along the south-east coast, but they are to be found in greater numbers on the south-west portion of Mindanao, on the eastern peninsula of the Gulf of Davao, and also at various points in the valley and hills on either side of the Agusan River.

These curious people are very warlike and treacherous, making night attacks upon their enemies with spears of great length. They are probably the most numerous of the non-Mahomedan tribes of Mindanao, their number being estimated at 12,000. There was much union between the various Manobo tribes, although many live very far apart, and as they occupy the most important parts of Mindanao this union was rather unpleasant for the intervening tribes upon whom these people often made raids. The larger number of them is found on the Culaman coast. They do not care for work and prefer preying on neighbours. They build their houses on tree-tops or on stilts of immense height—partly to be out of reach of the spears of enemies, one mode of killing people in these regions being by spearing them through the floor while asleep.

The Manobos are fishermen and hunters, and have curious religious beliefs of their own, in three deities—which they imagine in the form of animals in the forest. One is the protector of whatever crops they grow : the second is a sort



of Diana, who brings them luck or ill-luck in their hunting. The third deity is the evil one, bringing sickness and trouble. Upon altars, quaintly adorned and with curious leaf oramentations—not unlike the *Inaos* of the hairy Ainu of northern Japan, these people make offerings of rice, meat, and wine, in order to make these spirits friendly.

They seldom live more than one year in the same spot, although they cannot be said to be an absolutely nomad race. They have a somewhat fierce expression on their faces, eyes slanting considerably, heavy eyebrows, especially near the nose, and long black eyelashes. The bridge of the nose is raised quite high. Their lips are much developed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower, so much so that in profile its point is the most prominent of the facial angles. Their hands are pretty well formed, the fingers being long, but with unpleasant, cruel, square-tipped ends. Their nails are good. Their legs, curved slightly outward, are very powerfully built, and, like the Bagobos, they wear below the knee the *ticush* band, twisted round a fibre of the *unayan* tree. The Manobos of the Agusan valley vary a little in appearance from other tribes.

Then there are the Tagacaolos, whose features appeared to me more of a negroid type—possibly intermixed with Indonesian tribes, but not purely Indonesian. Their nose is extraordinarily depressed, except a sort of button lobule with nostrils abnormally broad but finely chiselled and not coarse.

Like the Manobos they possessed ears with undetached lobes. Upon their over-lapping, prominent brow-ridges they had luxuriant eyebrows, a rather bulging upper lid to the eye, and very firmly closed lips, the upper lip projecting and curling over the lower—a point which they have in common with the Atas, another tribe inhabiting this region as well as Central Mindanao. These Atas have undoubted Negrito characteristics, as we shall see later. The Tagacaolos have small mouths, well-proportioned skulls, and, unlike Negritos, straight but coarse hair, with a slight moustache and beard on the chin only. Their eyes are absolutely straight horizontally, the iris generally somewhat discoloured in the upper portion. The teeth are filed either into a sharp point, or else in the Magindanao fashion. Their hands, as compared with those of other superior and pure Indonesian tribes, are stumpy and coarse, with short thumbs.

The Tagacaolos have nomadic habits and a gentle disposition, are less superstitious than other tribes, and are absolutely hairless on the face. They shave the hair of the head except a tuft on the top of the skull.

*Caolo* in their language means mountain stream, and it is on these watercourses that they are generally to be found. The Tagacaolos believe in a *Limokun*, who lives in trees and has power to make or prevent people sneezing or moving for hours if he wishes.

Many are to be found scattered along all round the Gulf of Davao, but principally on both sides

of the entrance into the Gulf proper, as well as in the interior, in the country lying between Matutun Volcano and Apo Mount.

The Atas vary considerably, according to the outside influences of neighbouring tribes. Those I found south of Davao had long curly hair, and very little hair upon lips and chin. Their complexion was of a blackish-yellow, the eyes straight, the teeth filed, the eyes of a bluish-brown tint, much discoloured in the upper part of the iris, but very large, with long eyelashes. The arms and legs were very thin, the long fingers square-tipped. But as we shall find other purer and more interesting tribes further north I will return to the description later.

Except some slight trouble in crossing the deep rivers we had a pleasant walk of thirty miles, mostly along the beach, and passed many villages, mostly Filipino and Bagobo. Eventually we arrived at Davao, the entire journey across the island having occupied only nine days, including one day's rest—a record which I think future travellers—there had not been any previous ones on the particular route I followed—will have some difficulty in beating; but I was most fortunate in the men who accompanied me.

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## CHAPTER XIV

Davao—The Samals of the Davao Gulf—The Tagaods and the Mandayas—Their primitive idols—Their lofty homes—The Guiangas—The much tattooed Atas.

ON a previous occasion I had visited Davao, coming along the coast by sea from Zamboanga. The south-west coast of Mindanao was very high and mountainous from Pt. Quidapil to Pt. Bucut, the mountains rising to a height of from 1,500 to 1,700 feet, and forming a table land. They gradually got lower on nearing Pt. Baluluan at the opening of the Sarangani Bay. We got a glimpse here of the high Mt. Matutun (or burning mountain), a volcano of beautiful although irregular lines.

Balut Island and Sarangani Island lie off the most southern point of Mindanao. A small Spanish fort is said to exist on the east side of the smaller island. Balut has a high volcanic peak (3,117 feet) with a long streak of volcanic mud upon it.

The Gulf of Davao is very impressive, Mt. Apo, said to be over 10,130 feet high, rising, as we have already seen, to the north-west part of

it. Personally, I think the height of this mountain has been greatly over-estimated. It has been ascended several times by German, British, and American scientific men, but the height has, I believe, only been measured by unreliable aneroids. The highest peak has two streaks of sulphur upon its cone. It is quite a handsome mountain, but not to be compared in beauty to Mayon in Luzon, for instance.

At sunset, with a golden sky behind, Apo looks very nice towering in beautiful cobalt blue and clearly outlined against the sky. The entire mountain range has so indented a summit that it is like the teeth of a saw. About half-way up on the mountain side, a horizontal line of white mist and smoke is generally to be observed within the immense concave basin formed by neighbouring mountains. This mountain really looks bigger than it is because to the north the country looks so flat that at first sight one might suppose the eastern coast of the Gulf to be separated by a channel from the west, which of course is not the case.

On the east peninsula stretching southward stands a high peak with mountains that are high towards the north and south, but gradually dwindle to nothing towards the northern part of the Gulf, and also at Cape St. Augustin, on the extreme south.

At one time the Americans occupied Matti on the east coast of this peninsula, a desolate place which was left for many months, absolutely cut off from the world, in charge of Lieut. Humber.

Matti has a well-protected bay affording a good anchorage, islands screening the entrance of the harbour ; but the place is at present too isolated to be of any substantial use.

The population of the east coast from Matti to Surigao is principally composed of Visayans and wild Mandayas. The latter spend their time in terrorising the Christians. Hemp, *almacega*, or copal, tobacco, and wax are raised—industries which might be greatly developed ; and a good deal of cattle is kept, as the grazing is good. But this entire portion of the east coast of Mindanao is in a terrible state of abandonment, having no communication with anywhere. The Spaniards kept a small detachment at Matti to protect the few Christians from the Mandayas.

The mode of fighting of these people was ingenious enough. They set houses ablaze by means of a lighted arrow with resin upon it, and when the inmates, unawares, ran out they were treacherously speared.

The east coast is rather precipitous and sparsely populated ; and in Davao itself there is very little of interest. An old Spanish settlement which has gone through many vicissitudes, it is now a sort of tumbling-down place, with luxurious drinking-saloons kept by Armenian money-makers or by Spaniards. One or two serious American traders, I was glad to see, were trying to establish a more permanent and less deadly trade with the neighbouring tribes, and one gentleman—a volunteer captain—seemed to work on very sensible lines, and every success is

to be wished him. The Christian Filipinos were all doing some trading in beads and looking-glasses and other such articles, and were opening up nice shops in the basements of their houses, and it is to be hoped that some day Davao may flourish again as it did some years ago. The land is fertile, there should be no trouble in getting plenty of good labour, and if the *almacega* and gutta-percha trade, as well as the *copra*, wax, and agricultural products were developed, no doubt ample profits could be made here.

Padre Mateo Gisbert had a fine convent and a two-towered church, the latter containing a broken-down organ whose only stop in working order—the *vox angelica*—gave most diabolical squeals when played upon.

I was very hospitably received and treated by Lieutenant Humber, who was now temporarily in command at Davao, and who filled the following posts: Post-adjutant, Commissary, Quartermaster, Recruiting Officer, Engineer, Ordnance, Signal, and Intelligence Officer, Post Treasurer, Summary Court, Provost Judge, Provost Marshal, Commanding Company and Post! I bade here good-bye to my good friend Lieutenant Cooper, who returned to Cottabato, and I proceeded alone on a journey from south to north along the basin of the Agusan River. I left behind the Filipino scout who was ill, and, with the kind permission of Colonel Day, took along the three others to protect my camp and goods.

I partly followed the coast towards the head



of the Gulf, and partly followed what is known as the Lassan trail, and I crossed the Agdao and Lanang Rivers, upon which were small villages, mostly of *mestizos*. Then I passed through Parmican, a Tagaod settlement of some twenty houses, whose people deal in timber and raise *abaca* (hemp). The timber is towed to Davao at high water.

The best woods are the *ghesuh*, hard wood for construction; *magulitum*, a soft wood from high straight trees; *amolauin*, the finest timber for supports or pillars, much used by the natives in house building; *baet*, very hard but rather brittle and liable to split; *lawahan* and *boghis*, two excellent woods for boats; *lanepya* and *doghoan*, which are cut into boards; and many other equally valuable species.

Sasa Point was the nearest point of the Mindanao coast to Samal Island, which, with Talicud Islands, lies in the northern part of the Gulf. On Samal Island an interesting tribe of people called Samals—not to be confounded with the Samals of the Sulu Archipelago—is to be found.

These Samals are very handsome people, of Indonesian origin—not of Malay extraction like the other Samals—and their features are so regular that they might be taken for Spaniards or Southern Italians. Their hair is curly—almost like that of Negritos—they have a fair-sized moustache and a short “imperial.” They have very large eyes, perfectly straight, with long eyelashes, and eyelids drooping at the outer

corners like those of Caucasian races. Their lips are thin and firm, and their ears have detached lobes quite unlike most other tribes I had examined. The forehead was wide, but the back portion of the cranium lacked width. The skull was also abnormally flattened above. The cheek-bones were very high, and the lower jaw-bone much enlarged but tapering into a small chin. The nose was well-formed, the nostrils only slightly expanded, and the bridge of the nose quite raised. The upper lip projected over the lower.

The skin of the Samals is of a darkish brown colour. They file their teeth horizontally, leaving a concave outward surface, and they blacken them. These people seem to have an extraordinary development of chest (some men having breasts almost like women), arms, and legs. Their feet were coarse, with high instep and abnormally developed toes, and their hands suggested a brutal nature, the square-topped fingers, stumpy, with heavy knuckles and short pointed thumbs, making their hands indeed most repulsive to look at. But the wrists and ankles were comparatively small and well-formed. Their pulse-beat was extraordinarily feeble and slow.

They build good boats, walled up with *nipa* leaves held together by bamboo strips so as to form a water-tight surface, and with a small cabin roofed over. A far-projecting double outrigger, a square sail, and a split bamboo deck on which the cooking was done, completed the fittings of these vessels.

A curious legend about a *padre* attempting to

Christianise the natives of Samal is related by them. The *padre* produced an image and desired that all should be baptised, a rite to which the people of the interior refused to submit. He imprisoned some and compelled the others to shave their hair. The image was eventually smashed and the *padre* driven away. It appears that before this the Samal people had done a brisk trade in *camotes* with the Mindanao coast, but from that day nothing would grow on the island—which the Christians declare was a punishment for their refusal to accept Christianity.

As I went along I could plainly distinguish upon the Samal coast the house of Capitan Islao, a datto who has control of the entire Western side of that island. The island has a hilly backbone in the centre forming easterly and westerly watersheds. While the coast is inhabited by Samals and Filipinos who have intermarried with them, the wooded hills in the interior are inhabited by Mansakas, or Manchakas, who have two chiefs in the north of the island, one called Scidoro—a Mandaya—the other Matalan, a Visayan-Samal.

One of the peculiarities of all the river mouths along this Davao Gulf was that they were banked up with sand and formed a channel parallel to the sea-line for a considerable distance before actually entering it. A great many small trading-crafts could be seen along the coast, whose owners did a good deal of bartering with the smaller island.

I had the pleasure of meeting an enterprising American upon this coast—a Mr. Whitehorn—who had started a farm and trading-station on a small scale, and was doing quite well, being much liked by the natives all round.

The number of tribes in this region was simply bewildering. Guiangas, Atas, Bagobos, Tagacaolos and Mandayas, Tagaods (along the sea), Mansakas, on the mountains, Mangoangans (on the Tagum River), Tagalinaos (who practised cannibalism and who lived between Caraga and Katil), and also the Culamans, not unlike Manobos, a most warlike tribe living near Surangani, who are said also to indulge in meals of human flesh.

In the *Lappii*, when a victim is killed, the legs and arms are eaten, but the head is sold for house decoration. The Manobos, on fighting, drink or, at any rate, smear the mouth with, the human blood of the victim, which they profess renders a man brave.

The Tagaods, whom I met here for the first time, were a remarkable race, with straight hair of a fine texture such as is found among highly civilised people, and slight moustaches and beards. Their complexion was of a rich light brown, and the nose was very much flattened with enormous nostrils. The ears again had undetached lobes; the teeth were filed and blackened; the feet had large, stumpy toes—but the hands, especially in the women, were very beautiful, with long, supple, tapering fingers, the men's being somewhat spoiled by the square nails and by the

very pointed thumbs with undeveloped end phalanges.

They build their houses on high, insecure supports of *linguan* wood, 15 to 20 feet high, with a floor of *palma*, and with walls of horizontal sticks of *binungah*, horizontal apertures being left for windows, much as in Malanao houses. The walls are seldom higher than 5 feet and support a gabled roof of superposed *palma* leaves forming a pretty design of triangles. The leaves are used when only partially spread out. Cups are made of these leaves and each person possesses his own.

The children of this tribe possess enormous paunches, due in great measure to the primitive way in which the umbilicus is tied at birth.

A cylindrical drum of *nara* wood with deer-skin, such as is also used by the Mandayas, is to be seen in their homes; a *samah*, or axe; a large signalling horn made from a white sea-shell; tooth-brushes of boar-bristles held together in a strip of cloth, or else fitted inside an empty cartridge.

The Mandayas and Tagaods, very much akin, seem to live in friendly relations, and their houses, in this particular region, resemble one another very closely. Possibly the Mandayas' are a little more elaborate, with a kitchen on a slightly lower plane forming a mere annexe to the house. But in physical appearance the Mandayas vary somewhat from the Tagaods, their skin being much lighter in colour, and their lips so prominent as to project as far as the tip of the

nose. The women twist their hair into a knot, leaving a long lock projecting behind and one lock on each side of the face.

The Mandayas make beautiful spears with steel heads, as well as the usual baskets and bamboo tubes for lime ; but perhaps the ornaments worn by the women are the most attractive things they make, and they do wear a lot of them. At the place where the short red coat with blue sleeves forms an angular opening upon the chest hangs a large silver disc with ornamentations of sets of inverted angles. Numerous metal and shell bracelets cover the arm from the wrist to the elbow, and also bracelets made of a sea-vine called *saga-sagai*, which, after treatment over a fire, becomes like a rubber composition with a metallic sheen on it. On the left side of the body the women wear a bundle of bells, beads, etc., and inserted in the ears the *champad*, or large wooden earrings inlaid with tinfoil and beads. The *cambun*, or chain belt, has many lucky articles attached to it, such as alligator-teeth, a *buao* (a shell having two brass rings and stuffed with hemp), a small leather bag with certain medicinal herbs, a straight piece of bone which they believe gives strength to their men, and a knotty piece of *magao* wood. No other woman is allowed to touch this chain of charms, for fear her touch should bring bad luck.

Both the Tagaods and Mandayas are extremely superstitious. I remember one Tagaod, whose skull I had measured, and to whom I was handing a present, when a bird sang upon a tree as he

was joyfully taking it. He immediately dropped the beads and needles I had given and positively refused to touch them. He said the bird had warned him not to accept the gift. But as I was replacing the articles in my pocket, another bird enlivened the air from the opposite side with some shrill notes. He begged me to give him the goods after all, for, he said, this second bird was the wiser of the two, and was laughing at him for believing in the first bird.

The Tagaods are great fishermen and make themselves serviceable fish-traps, while the women sit at home at their weaving-loom or spinning hemp with their wheels. They brew themselves a wine called *bais* from the *pallah*, which, when fermented, becomes a milky liquid of a yellowish colour. When only a few days old—about five days—it is quite good to drink and resembles cider; but it is much stronger than people suspect.

In the way of musical instruments they have the two-stringed *codlung*, shaped not unlike a boat, and played just like a mandoline, with a small plectrum made of *bejuco*. The strings are of copper or brass, and are fastened half-way up the sounding-board of *linnas* wood. The instrument has a removable bottom with a cross-shaped aperture, and is kept in position by a string over the hollowed upper part.

The usual *bejuco* hammocks and ropes of *malebago*, a weed growing on the sea-beach, are seen in many houses, but the least noticeable and yet the most important article in these home-

steads is the *magbabaya*, a rude wooden image, not unlike a wedge, four or five inches long, and ornamented with cross lines and a symbolical head and other details of anatomy. The *magbabaya* is stuck in the under part of the roof and screened over with a cloth, so, unless one looks for it, it may easily pass unnoticed. Above it, as a rule, and for its protection is a rack for *bolos*. All these tribes are extremely careful over this rudimentary idol, who, they say, preserves them from sickness and trouble, the shape of the idols varying slightly with each tribe. They will let no stranger touch them, and only with great difficulty can information be got about them.

The Mandayas build their houses higher than the Tagaods: they are about 12 feet long by 8 feet wide, but the walls only from 3 to 4 feet high. Near and under the *magbabaya* is the *sayawan*, an elaborate altar, with black and white ornamentations closely resembling Papuan carvings. This altar is from 3 to 5 feet high on four columns. Inverted triangles, quadrangles, coils, and circles seem to be the favourite designs; but the altar platform sometimes displays a pattern of four wings; on one side in the shape of conventional heads of birds in sets of three, and the other the heads of a bird and a lizard. These altars are frequently seen outside the house, and in front of them is placed a stool, on which, at the beginning of their dances, one person at a time sits and sucks the blood of a living pig (which has previously been castrated), and which is lying tied on the altar platform.



Rice, wine, and fruit are placed in quantities upon this altar during their feasts. On high columns with circular tops are placed *buyo* and lime and tobacco for the consumption of the guests. Their dance—the *sayao*—performed on these occasions, consists of tremblings and contortions from side to side, the dancer at the same time describing circles.

These altars, which with some slight modifications are found among all the Indonesian tribes of Mindanao, are frequently ornamented with a *bahisan*—that is, in the Mandaya language, a fringe of fine palm-tree leaves, very much suggesting the *inaos* of the hairy Ainu of the Hokkaido.

The Mandayas dwell mostly on the rivers Salug, Sumlog, Suinonoan, Casaoman, Caraga, Manorigao, Baganga, Dagunan, and Catel, and along the Agusan River. The Mandayas are very intelligent, quick, and sensible enough to tactful civilising influence. Those living around the Gulf of Davao are imposed upon a great deal by the Mahommedan tribes which occupy all the most advantageous coast points and mouths of rivers, so that all the trade has to be done through their medium. Moreover, these Mahommedans steal the Mandaya women, who are, to them, attractive, being very white, and much trouble, often resulting in murders, is caused in that way.

Some of the wilder Mandaya tribes inland are said to practise cannibalism, and the number of a man's victims can be seen at a glance by counting the locks of human hair which he has

fastened to his shield. When an enemy is killed his heart is torn out and eaten.

The Mandaya man, like the Bagobo, wears the *tecus*, or garter, under the knee, but with an additional hog's tail attached to it.

As with the Mahommedan tribes, all these Indonesian tribes suffer greatly during the early stages of their life from the *tabucao*, the most terrible of venereal complaints, imported, I think, by the Mahommedans of the coast ; and also from skin diseases caused by their fish diet.

The Guiangas are also found upon the coast, although the greater number of them have sought refuge on the north and east slopes of Mt. Apo. They resemble the Bagobos, both in appearance and customs. The men wear the *gadding*, or large circular earrings, but of *batinao* wood instead of ivory, and they tattoo the chest and arms like the Bagobos, in sets of parallel interrupted lines forming angular designs. The tattooing is tinted with charcoal from *almacega* (copal).

They are great workers, peaceful and submissive. Their number is estimated at 5,000, and they possess a dialect of their own. Like the Bagobos, they may be seen going about with the pretty shoulder-bag thickly ornamented with beads and tassels, and having two strings joining on the chest where they are held by brass rings.

They and the Bagobos often brand their arms with fire, the cicatrices produced being considered a great ornamentation. Each mark, they profess, shows success obtained in love affairs. They


file the four front teeth into a sharp point, and occasionally wear, like the Bagobos, the little zouave jacket with short sleeves, and elaborate bead ornamentations at the elbow.

The Guiangas, with a flat nose and *retroussé* lobule, intelligent eyes and nice oval face, differs from the Bagobo in one point—he is generally quite hairless on the face, in the arm-pits and chest.

The coast Guiangas are a great people for evaporating sea-water and extracting salt. They construct an elaborate conical arrangement, 5 feet high, of palm leaves braced up in a bamboo frame. This cone is half-filled with a layer of ashes, upon which the salt water is poured, and, when full, the top is covered with palm leaves to prevent dirt from getting in. The water filters down into a canoe which is placed underneath and protected from rain and dust. The filtered water is then taken out with a palm-leaf dipper and boiled in earthen jars, constantly filled up while evaporating, until deposits of salt fill the entire jar. A long row of these jars are boiled at one time.

The Guiangas women are nice-looking, and decorate their ears with earrings of black wood having pendants made of beads, or of *rattan*, with inlaid brass ornamentations. An under-chin attachment of hair, beads, and copper discs passes from ear to ear, as among the Tirurays. Their brass inlaying generally forms a fourteen-pointed star, or else one upright line divided by a horizontal line from three upright lines. These inlaid

decorations are made by filing brass over grooves in the wood so as to fill them with filings, and a hot iron is afterwards applied to solidify the brass dust.

Charms are attached to necklaces such as crocodiles' teeth, armless dolls of cocoanut-wood, like miniature *Magbabayas*, white and yellow shells, bags filled with medicinal herbs and roots, lucky pieces of wood, a bean called *tabaghe* also filled with medicine, brass tweezers, or a cylinder of *bunga bunga* wood. The Guiangas women file the front teeth in this peculiar shape .

These people are very clever at making snares for birds and game; one of their traps for wild-fowl consists of a series of easily-working *bejuco* hoops upon a common rope which is placed on the ground so as to form a square, with five hoops to each side; a cock is placed in the centre and other cocks get captured when they come to fight. Quaint oval cages are employed to hold three cocks in separate sections, with an aperture for each bird to put his head out.

The Mandayas, Tagaods, the Guiangas, the Bagobos, use similar rudimentary weaving-looms. In weaving, the woman sits down with her feet pressed against a bamboo fastened to the ground, and the weft is held in tension by a *bejuco* belt—the *gyccus*—behind the woman, which is attached to a large bamboo cylinder at the end of the cloth roll. The comb (*susun*) which comes next is moved backward and forward in order to insert the spool, which is made of a small piece

of *bejuco* with slits at the end through which the threads are passed. The cross threads are beaten home by the *balila*, a large and heavy piece of *palma* wood. The *bibitan* separates the two sets of threads alternately up and down each time the spool is passed through, and next to it is the *buang*, a smaller cylinder of bamboo than the *attit* or end bamboo. The *ampit*, or Mandaya skirt, of red, yellow, and green stripes, is manufactured on these looms.

There are a few Atas along the coast, and they are quite numerous on the north-east of Apo Volcano. They are miserable people, of very little intelligence and ill-proportioned physique, but considerable powers of endurance; no strength of character, and owing to their weakness they furnish the largest number of slaves to the Mahommedans, the Guiangas, and the Mandayas.

The Atas tattoo themselves all over the arms and breasts. I saw one man whose breast was ornamented with representations of a quadruped like a double-headed frog, and the nipples of the breasts had been cleverly used as the two extremities. They also tattoo rings around their fingers.

## CHAPTER XV

Up the River Hijo—A troublesome Datto—Shrimping—  
Abandoning my canoes—The Mauab River

FROM Pavamican Mr. Whitehorn very kindly took me to the mouth of the Hijo River in his boat, but we followed the coast and landed whenever there was anything of interest. We had to paddle most of the time against a head-wind, and at the mouth of the Panican River we encountered quite a heavy sea, which nearly swamped the boat and provisions. We had to enter the stream and tied up at Samuel's village.

This man, Samuel Navarro, was an interesting personality, who reminded me strongly of Datto Piang of the Rio Grande. He had a highly-strung temperament, a quick eye, a courteous and dignified manner, and he offered me every possible assistance. He owns much land on this north-west coast of the gulf, and at Lassan he has 22,000 plants of hemp. He carries on quite a remunerative trade in dried fish—paying his labourers in fish and not money. He was General of the Mahommedan insurgents who

fought the Filipinos in possession of Davao, and succeeded in capturing the place, subsequently handing it over to the Americans.

The wind having abated, we left during the night and passed the place of another enterprising American of excellent type—a Mr. Spencer, who is successfully planting hemp and cocoanuts.

These men, like Mr. Whitehorn and Mr. Spencer, who actually mean to settle for good and work steadily, instead of expecting to make a fortune in a year by poisoning the people with deadly liquor, should, I think, be encouraged in every way ; but at present such men are very few.

Beyond Panuntungan (Datto Oto) in the back country were many Bagobos, Atas and Guiangas, but along the coast only Mahommedans. These fellows used a circular throwing net—the *bia*—with great success, the coast waters being shallow over coral reefs.

The Datto, who lived in a typical Mahomedan's house like those of the Magindanaos, with the usual *lanzai* or canopy, seemed to live in considerable luxury. The type of his men struck me forcibly as having undergone strong Papuan influence—and I noticed the same thing in all the different Mahomedan coast tribes of the gulf ; such intermixture indeed, considering the comparative proximity of New Guinea, is a matter rather of certainty than of probability.

These Mahommedans made great use of the bark of the *bughis*, not only to wall up the sides

of their boats, but also to make neat vessels and baskets, for salt, rice, etc.

I was rather astonished to find in the houses of many of these Mahommedans a *Magbabaya* idol, which they called *puyug-puyug*. They said it was only kept to drive sickness away—an idea which they had possibly borrowed from the Mandaya, Tagaod, and Guiangas women whom they have married or taken as slaves.

These folks make handsome mats from the long spiked leaves of the *bacolin*, which they colour mostly with vegetable dyes such as *maguiton* for black, *duao* or saffron for yellow, and *canguda* for red. They only cultivate *camotes* and bananas, but no cocoanuts, and they depend on salt, evaporated from sea-water, which they exchange in great quantities for rice, dried fish, and foodstuff of various kinds. One pot of salt, 10 pounds in weight, is sufficient to purchase 25 *gantas* or 12½ pounds of rice. They have a little trade in hemp, wax, and *almacega*. The wax comes from the interior, the Atas and Bagobos being compelled to pay a toll to the Mahommedan coast tribes for permission to bring their products through. As the amount of the toll is greater than the value of the goods, these are generally confiscated by the coast people.

Several streams, such as the Binauan and Catumbao, flow into the gulf. Thick mangrove swamps lay all along, the coast near Lasso being pretty well impassable. On passing the mouth of the Lasso flowing through low flat land, we were



caught in a downpour of rain and fierce squalls. The wind being propitious, we hauled up a sail, with which we made splendid progress until it was carried away. We had to make for land. We attempted to continue our journey at night, but were obliged to put into a small stream for shelter. We were unable to wade on shore, as the place was full of crocodiles, and we valued our legs too much.

When, with the moon rising and the storm abating, we pulled out again, we passed the mouth of the Tagum River, where about 100 yards up on the right is a Mahommedan village and a mosque under Datto Portekan and Capitan Lausan. A lot of *cacao* is raised up this river. Further up the stream are many Atas and Guiangas, who live mostly in boats. At night they carry the cabin-roof on land and sleep beneath it. Some Mansakas are also to be found.

The northern part of the Davao Gulf is less wooded than the western, and here and there Mahommedan houses, with a field or two of hemp, are noticeable. The country is very low.

At the Libaganun River, the tide being very low, we had to tranship from our boat to a smaller one to proceed as far as the first settlement on the Hijo River. I saw at that place the smallest house in the archipelago, where an old man and his wife lived—apparently happily—for certainly there was no room to quarrel in. The structure, built on posts, was 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, and 3 feet high.

A very terrible poison is used by many of

these tribes on the Gulf of Davao when they wish to dispose quietly of an enemy or a relation. The Mahommedans get it from the Atas and the Bagobos—who in their turn get it from the Bilans. A woman's blood taken at certain times is dried in the sun and exposed to the moonlight. Some human hair is cut up into fine sections and mixed with it as well as with certain poisonous roots—the names of which, or where found, the mountain tribes only know. This mixture is placed in food, when it causes incurable stomach troubles, loss of flesh, and in not very long the victim is dead. Women jealous of their husbands are said to be fond of using this revenge. At death only, they say, it is possible to discover that poison has been administered, the finely-cut hair coming up and settling on the lips and nostrils.

We at last reached the Hijo River, about 30 yards wide, and flowing very swiftly along its tortuous channel. The country at the sides was quite open.

I said good-bye here to Mr. Whitehorn, who had to return home, and I landed with my three scouts. It was at Datto Cashaman's settlement, not far from the mouth of the stream, that I was in hopes of obtaining men to carry my baggage over-land as far as the head-waters of the Agusan River, but I had considerable trouble at first. I could see that Datto Cashaman was a scamp, when, on my arrival, he became very enthusiastic and actually removed his turban and waved it in the air—a procedure unprecedented in a self-

respecting Mahommedan Datto. In fact, no sooner had I spoken to him than I realised that the man was dead drunk.

Now, to do business with a drunken fool is trying at any time, but with these obstinate, fanatical, slippery devils it would require a good deal of patience. I had to listen to dozens of disconnected lies—really no better than if they had been connected—and when I requested him to furnish me with men there and then to get on with my journey, more lies were given as excuses.

His people got frightened and many ran away, and I fully foresaw that unless I took more stringent measures I should find myself stranded here for several days. I waited till his house was full of people, and then, placing my scouts on guard at the entrances, I warned the Datto that unless he got the number of men I required I would pick the men myself from his guests and slaves, and would most certainly take along the Datto himself to see that they behaved well. This brought about the desired result. The seven carriers I needed were soon after produced, and, naturally, I guaranteed their pay, plenty of food, and no ill-treatment.

It being late when the men were got together, I postponed my departure till the next morning, and put up in the Datto's house for the night. The Datto, his family and slaves at dinner were quaint. Lighted by a torch of resin, supported by an artistic natural candelabrum of wood, the Mahommedans squatted before

small tables, on which *camotes* in various guises and disguises—their sole food—were served. Before partaking of food they first washed their right hand, the only one brought to the lips, with water poured from a palm-leaf dipper, and then more or less noisily rinsed the inside of the mouth. Their appetites were voracious, to say the least of it.

The Datto became quite jovial—when he had worked off the fumes of liquor—and seemed delighted when I assured him that his men would have neither to eat nor to carry pork meat in any shape or form.

Shortly after sunrise I started up the Hijo River—with the three Filipino scouts, seven Mahommedans, and all my baggage, in two outriggered dugouts. The current was very swift, but my men punted vigorously so that we went at a good pace. Had I had no baggage it would have been quicker to walk, as the stream is very tortuous, but to do so would have involved crossing and recrossing the water endless times. Quite a number of houses—some half-destroyed, others inhabited—stood along the banks, behind a luxuriant growth of high reeds and a patch or two of hemp and bananas. Datto Cashaman himself has quite a nice plantation at Hijo, and claims to own 3,000 hemp plants; but I found his knowledge of figures—beyond those he could count on his fingers and toes—rather vague.

The current was so strong that I needed more men to shove the boats along, so we landed near

some Mandayan houses for the purpose of securing additional assistance, but the local Datto, from his lofty eyrie, gave a signal of alarm at our approach, and the entire population vanished among the high reeds and vegetation ; but not so the Datto, whom we captured and took along to help.

He was a foxy old fellow, with a healed but terrible *bolo* gash, 8 inches long, across his chest, another across his arm, and one on his face, which showed plainly that the man at any rate was a fighter. When we took him on board he threw himself down and complained of pains in the head, the stomach, and in his feet—all ailments which I cured in one minute with a present of tobacco and something more effective in the shape of a forthcoming thrashing if necessary to scare away the “evil spirits” which had got inside and troubled him. The Datto was relieved of his pains at once, and set to work like a man.

Here we entered the region of peculiar bark hats, conical in shape in the centre, with a strengthening piece of *bejuco* all round the upper edge, and a triangular, curled-up elongation behind held up by a string. This hat is very narrow, protects the forehead and back of the neck, and is frequently worn over a turban. The hats are prettily ornamented with circles and quadrangles in black and are neatly finished.

As one got further up the stream it was noticeable that on the inner side of the innumerable curves a broad stretch of gravel formed the bank,

whereas on the other side high trees and banks were smothered in regular cascades of creepers.

We were gradually getting nearer the mountains to the east, but to the north no hills of any height were visible.

Near the tributary Dunman River the Hijo describes three-quarters of a circle, with banks on our left 25 feet high, and very sharply cut, the lower stratum appearing to be of crumbling unformed rock. The river got very narrow, and we had great difficulty in getting our canoes through, owing to several huge trees which had fallen across and formed a high and entangled barrier.

My carriers were delighted when I furnished them with ample rations of excellent rice, which they looked upon as a great luxury, and they joyfully stopped upon a little islet, lighted a fire, and stuffed themselves to their hearts' content with rice and sweet potatoes roasted in their skins.

The stream was now getting shallow with a bottom of mud and gravel, and my men had to get off and pull the canoes. We now had thick forest on both sides, and little gravel islets stood constantly in our way, the river-bed being from 60 to 70 yards wide, the stream itself only about half that width.

My carriers, who were fully armed with knives and spears, sharpened both on stones at every possible occasion, for, they said, we should soon be attacked by the ferocious Mandayas. Then they joyfully started again, shoving along

the canoes by means of two long poles, which they inserted under the centre of the outrigger, and they were constantly walking in water from knee to neck deep. In many places where the river broadened the canoes had to be dragged over the river-bed of mud and gravel, and often the entire baggage had to be discharged and the canoes lifted over obstacles, such as rocks, trees, and small rapids, so that we never went more than about one mile to a mile and a half in an hour.

A few pretty bits of scenery were encountered; now a sharp turn flanked by a high cliff with gigantic trees towering upon it, and creepers in profusion flowing down in strings to the water's edge; then a group of three or four Mandaya fishermen's shelters with fires still burning, but the folks stampeded at the sight of us.

The Mandaya Datto, who had now turned quite friendly, showed me his tribal *loddio*, a huge knife, the heavy blade of which, of a semicircular shape, resembled a Filipino *bolo*; the sheath of black wood, with neat cross-bands of bamboo fibre and with a characteristic curve at its lower end, was quite artistic. A string belt with a white shell button was attached to it.

We halted for the night at Bagagni, where we stayed in a Mansaka house, which was built on props of great height, and in the construction of which advantage had been taken of tall tree branches to make it steadier. The living part of this house, 30 feet above the ground, could be reached by a long pole with notches cut into it,

but no less than three inclined planes in zigzag had been constructed for the watch-dogs to come and go out of the house. This and other similar houses in the neighbourhood had been deserted on our approach.

The Mahommedan carriers and the Mandaya Datto, seeing that I treated them well, that I never scolded them unnecessarily, that I gave them plenty of food, tobacco, and cigarettes—but on the other hand would stand no nonsense from them—became extremely nice and considerate, doing all they could to spare me trouble. I carried no firearms on me, nor even a pen-knife, through this country where the most treacherous and ferocious people of Mindanao are supposed to dwell.

At sunrise we continued, the canoes being shoved along as usual, and the Mandaya showing his really wonderful skill in catching shrimps and crabs under rocks as we went along. In a few minutes he got enough for a meal. We ascended some gentle rapids which involved hard pushing, with nothing more exciting in sight than high reeds, and tall trees, so thickly packed together as to make it quite inconceivable how they can live. Moreover, the ground was covered with a dense undergrowth which no human being without a *bolo* could penetrate; while innumerable vines and creepers of all kinds hung contorted and hopelessly entangled in mid-air and everywhere.

From some cliffs of volcanic formation descended a pretty waterfall which formed an immense umbrella of stalactites. Huge horn-



bills, with gigantic red beaks, could be seen flying over our heads, and their peculiar shriek could be constantly heard all round. Crows, too, were plentiful. I was never anywhere where they were not ! Lots of them hopped about from stone to stone, wagging their tails, or perched in a row in more funereal company upon the branch of a tree. Now and then a fish leapt out of the water.

So one went along, distracted by the most insignificant incidents, and now stretching one leg and then the other ; now twisting oneself to the right, now to the left, so as to obtain whatever relief one could from whole days spent cramped in a dug-out, originally 18 inches wide and 14 inches deep, but now packed full of tins of meat, tinned plum-pudding, sardines, and biscuits, cooking-pots, bags of rice, spears, native knives, shields, knapsacks, etc.—all in the utmost confusion. The canoes were about 20 feet long, and when all hands were on board there were seven persons in mine, and five in the other. There was not much room to spare, I can tell you.

A curious big white boulder of limestone stood in the centre of the stream ; further on, the river passed through a gap of high volcanic rock with another pretty side waterfall and stalactites, similar to, but larger than, the one already described. Up to this point the country, which had been undulating, became somewhat flatter, but quite high above the river level. The trees, even the highest, were now absolutely

covered over with creepers, and the high banks copiously festooned with these parasitic plants. Occasionally one saw a tree which had forced its way through these asphyxiating parasites, and its branches flourished triumphantly above ; but even then, these creepers would gradually advance, encircling firmly every inch of its surface. Creepers with heart-shaped leaves, with elongated leaves, ivy leaves, and leaves in sets of three were the most common. A few *palma* and tufts of bamboo could be seen here and there.

At a spot called Caluawan the river formed a kind of delta with a flat islet in the centre, and here a huge tree, six feet in diameter, had fallen right across the stream and compelled us to lift the heavy boats right over it. This was a great place for shrimps, and all hands went after them, catching them with extraordinary quickness when they found shelter under stones.

The main arm of the Hijo made another detour here—one of hundreds—and was very wide. Late in the afternoon we entered the tributary Mauab on our left—a little stream about 30 feet wide, and quite shallow. The Hijo came from the north-east, the Mauab from the north. Some Mandayas, who were fishing, ran for their lives when they saw us. For about 150 yards the Mauab was tortuous and narrow, but after that it was wide enough—50 or 60 feet—and about two feet deep, with beautifully smooth water. After sunset, when the large masses of foliage became indistinct, the scene, having bright green grass or high reeds upon

the banks, reminded one of an English stream, but not so when a wild banana or some other strictly tropical tree was in sight. A few abandoned Mandaya houses were to be found.

In the bed of the Mauab large pieces of petrified coral—sponge-like—were numerous, while the banks showed two strata, the lower of grey clay, the upper of brown earth. We had to cut our way through among entangled branches and fallen trees, and eventually reached a point where further navigation by canoe was impossible.

We were caught in a rainstorm of considerable magnitude, and everything got drenched—but that was merely an everyday experience.

I decided to abandon my canoes and proceed the next morning on our march on foot through the forest. In a few moments my men had constructed me a neat and solid little watertight shed made of bamboos, huge banana leaves, and india-rubber sheets and mackintoshes. They were really wonderful at constructing these sheds, solidly fastened with twisted vines and leaves superposed and lashed so as to form an excellent protection against rain and wind.

I had with me an old toothless fellow who had acted so far as guide. He said we should surely be attacked that night by the Mandayas, as they had seen us. He and all the others, when the rain came, divested themselves of what little clothing they possessed and tied it under their chins, while using large banana leaves as umbrellas. None of these fellows would go even a few yards from camp without holding their

vicious spears in a most warlike attitude ready for attack or defence.

This old fellow, quite a curious character, carried upon his shoulder, right through on the march, a heavy brass mortar and pestle with which he pounded his *buyo* and lime into a form more easily chewable for his toothless mouth. There was great consumption of *buyo* among my men, and when the operation was momentarily suspended they stored the tobacco and *buyo* between the gums and the upper lip.

	Guiangas. (Men.)	Guiangas. (Women.)	Samal of Samal Island. (Men.)	Tagaod. (Men.)	Tagaod. (Women.)	Bagobos (N.E. Apo). (Men.)
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'613	1'415	1'578	1'525	1'395	1'545
Span . . . . .	1'657	1'452	1'599	1'570	1'495	1'615
Hand . . . . .	0'182	0'162	0'174	0'170	0'175	0'175
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'101	0'090	0'102	0'095	0'105	0'105
Thumb . . . . .	0'105	0'098	0'111	0'103	0'100	0'107
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'236	0'202	0'222	0'228	0'224	0'234
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'183	0'176	0'173	0'164	0'186	0'183
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'126	0'106	0'126	0'108	0'120	0'136
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'082	0'070	0'070	0'070	0'065	0'070
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'138	0'118	0'130	0'118	0'116	0'132
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . . . .	0'117	0'111	0'121	0'108	0'108	0'124
Nasal height . . . . .	0'058	0'054	0'052	0'056	0'057	0'055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'035	0'032	0'045	0'040	0'034	0'037
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'034	0'031	0'035	0'034	0'035	0'032
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'031	0'030	0'033	0'025	0'034	0'032
Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'056	0'050	0'055	0'052	0'048	0'050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'023	0'016	0'020	0'020	0'019	0'027
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'037	0'035	0'034	0'033	0'035	0'040
Length of ear . . . . .	0'074 (elongated)	0'072 (elongated)	0'063	0'055	0'052	0'072 (elongated)

The endurance of these Mahommedan and Mandaya tribesmen was remarkable. They had been some twelve hours daily immersed in water,

shoving along the canoes. Even while resting they preferred to sit in the water rather than on dry land, and whenever the water was deep enough they never lost an opportunity of diving and swimming like ducks, splashing each other.

## CHAPTER XVI

River-walking—The White Tribe of Mindanao—Mansakas and their homes.

No attack took place during the night, and the next morning, having prepared all the loads, we went on walking in the Mauab River itself, except where it made too wide a detour, when we cut our way across the thick forest in which it was nearly as dark as night. The trees were gigantic, and ferns, *lianes*, vines, and thorns plentiful.

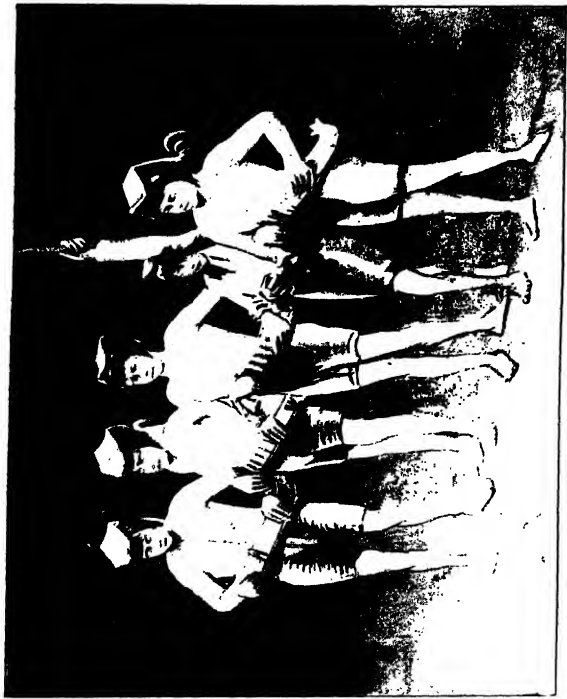
We then left the Mauab and followed the course of the Linda, a small stream which we soon abandoned for a smaller tributary, the Tagna-naga, a mere brook  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide. We travelled in a general direction of north-west by north nearly all the time in water, it being impossible to cut our way continuously through the entangled vegetation, and following the water-courses made progress somewhat easier. This brook had its birth in a wall of rock—apparently lava—30 feet high.

We then followed in a north-easterly direction

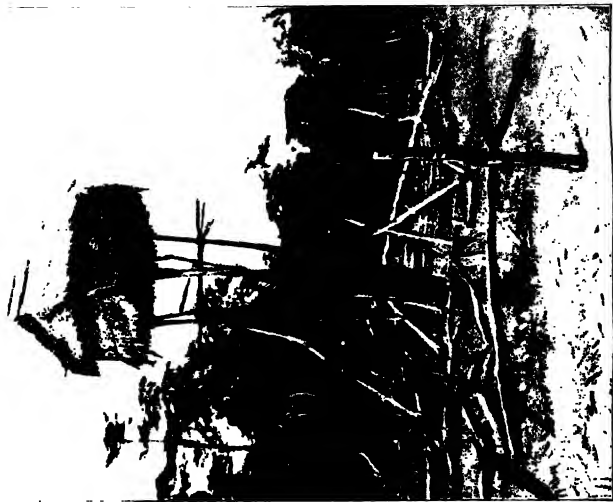
a bed of lava with large holes and cavities, and eventually we climbed over a low hill range—about 100 feet high—with thick vegetation and trees of gigantic proportions upon it. We struggled through the tepid water of the stream, often up to our waists in water, often having to dive altogether to avoid the entangled branches which hung over the stream or the many rotted trees which had fallen across. One's shoes got full of sand and mud and gradually wore down the skin of one's feet, softened already by the moisture of hours at a time. One's hands and face were constantly being injured and cut by thorns or by the sharp-edged leaves of reeds through which we frequently had to force our way.

Another heavy rainstorm—this was the rainy season—began to pelt us, the vegetation above our heads when saturated with water letting down the surplus in regular streams. My toothless old guide lost his way and said he no longer knew where we were. One of the scouts was seized with fever and was doubled up with pains in his inside, and became unable to walk—I had no extra men to carry him ; so that when night came on, rain falling in torrents, we did not feel particularly happy.

In a reconnaissance that I made with one scout, I had a great piece of luck, and succeeded in capturing a Mansaka whom I discovered lying in wait on the top of a tree with his spear ready to be dropped upon us when we approached. We got this fellow to show us the way to the nearest Mansaka settlement.



THE WHITE TRIBE OF MINDANAO (MANSAKAS).  
(Photograph taken in the Dark Forest.)



TREE-DWELLER'S HUT, MINDANAO.





We now proceeded along other streams, the Mabub flowing north into the Pantod, which in its turn flows into the Nabuntaran. My Mahommedan carriers had told me that these Mansakas of the forest were an absolutely white tribe, and I was very anxious to see them. We approached very carefully so as not to frighten them, and when we got near enough, unperceived, I could see them busy making some coarse earthenware pots. Each had his long spear stuck into the ground by his side. There was a small clearing with four houses on enormously high stilts. The people were chatting away, their voices sounding most musical and soft.

I advanced towards them. Dear me, what yells! The pottery works were abandoned, a much-adorned young lady climbing the long notched bamboo of her house with the rapidity of a monkey, while the men with their spears vanished in the forest. But there were plenty more inhabitants upstairs, and those I would not let escape. The inmates of the larger house and we had a good tug at the primitive ladder, which they were trying to draw up in order to prevent us coming up, and amid a regular pandemonium of threats we mounted the 30 feet or so to their eyrie, where two or three men received me, spears in hand, in an attitude of battle.

They were trembling all over. They evidently had a shock when they saw me, for I noticed them looking at my clothing to identify to what tribe I belonged. Having made signs to them

to lay down their spears, I entered. I placed one scout at the entrance to prevent them escaping.

When I had patted them a good deal, as you would a cat, to reduce them to their normal state of quietness, and shown them that I carried no spear or knife or anything to injure them, they eventually became calm enough.

Their houses were of the Mandaya type, of great height, with the usual inclined plane for dogs to enter the house. Inside there were two partitions, boarded off, 6 feet by 8 feet, one the sleeping-room for men, the other for women. Panter was the name of this place, and that of the chief, Aman, in whose house I was, and who was squatting near me.

My men, in the meantime, had gone about and captured a number of fellows for me to examine. I was amazed. These Mansakas were indeed as white as, in fact, whiter than Europeans. It was the ivory white of Latin races and not the pinky complexion of Anglo-Saxons, but that they were white there could be not the slightest doubt. This does not mean that they come from the same stock as we do, nor is their colour derived from stray wrecked European crews which have dwindled in the interior and intermarried. Far from it. It is mainly due to these people living in the dark forest or in dark huts and being seldom exposed to the light of the sun. Also to their vegetable diet and to undue proportion of sweet food, which is bound to affect their blood, and eventually their complexion, and the constant

immersion in water when moving about, the waterways being the only ones by which comparatively quick travelling can be effected in those regions.

This Panter tribe consisted of 15 men and 15 women in 10 houses scattered in the forest, and they raised *tobo*, sugar-cane, *tigarig*, bananas, *paoda*, and *wacag*, two kinds of *camotes*, and *katumban*, pepper. On these they almost entirely lived, besides some wild game. Other similar tribes, which we will visit, were near.

When young they were beautiful people, with eyes in perfect condition, of warm and most magnetic deep brown. The eyes were perfectly straight, like those of Aryans, large, with heavy upper lids and fine eyelashes, quick but somewhat shifty, like those of any people accustomed to hunt and constantly to fight and suspect.

There were two types clearly distinguishable, one much higher, much whiter, and more refined than the other, which had a slightly yellowish, occasionally a brownish, tinge in the skin.

Although the skin was white, the features of these people were in no way Caucasian like ours. They appeared to me of a marked Papuan type, especially noticeable in the lower type, the nose being flat and much expanded at the nostrils, while the better type possessed rather well-formed noses. The upper lip was prominent and more developed than the lower, but with most beautifully-shaped Cupid's bow lips. The ears, too, were of remarkable chiselling, beauty, and refinement, small and graceful. They were

hairless on the chin, but had a slight down on the upper lip.

Men and women were so finely formed, with frail, delicate, graceful-looking arms and legs, but of immense muscular strength, that at first sight in young people it was difficult to tell a boy from a girl, by the face. They both wore long sidelocks of hair nicely trimmed, and tied it into a sort of double knot behind.

The women, very shy, had sentimental faces, very white—almost like wax—and with such nicely chiselled cheek-bones and lips and unwrinkled smooth skin, so well fitting the anatomical facial detail below, that they were quite attractive. They spoke softly and in a sort of sing-song like birds, and, indeed, there was much in the general appearance of these white folks to remind one of birds.

The men wore bark hats, oblong or elongated lozenge-shaped, perched upon the head by means of strings, slightly raised into a cone in the centre, and adorned behind with long cockfeathers.

As they seemed to spend as much time up trees as on *terra firma*, they moved just like birds, with extraordinary lightness, quickness, and jerkiness. To realise fully how supple and light these people were on their long flat feet, it was enough to walk after them for some miles through the forest as I had to do. They would squeeze through thorny places, untouched, while we in attempting the same feat had our clothes torn to pieces by the thorns and branches. They had a

most graceful spring in their long steps, and they always kept their toes slightly turned in. When walking they held their long spears, close to the spear-head, on the right shoulder with the long pole projecting outwardly behind. The women carried heavy weights in a basket suspended to a head-string and resting low on the back.

In their houses was a regular armoury: short bows of *palma* wood strengthened in the centre by *bejuco* lacings, reed arrows (metre 0·54 long) having straight ends, with detachable lozenge-shaped bamboo heads double-barbed or biforked single-barbed, and also shorter arrows (0·30 centimetre), consisting of triangular pointed bamboo sticks with four parallel circular shavings at the butt; *buddaos* or small daggers with crescent-shaped handles. The *baritian* is a typical knife of the Mansakas. The sheath or *tagoon* is very tightly bound in *bejuco* fibre, and the blade (*unod*) is double-edged and raised in the centre on both sides. The *taripusho* is a peg on which these knives are suspended while at home.

Here, too, as with the Tagaods and Mandayas, I found the small wooden image—which was here called *manaog*, and which was more elaborately carved than previous ones I had seen. The Mansakas, too, say that this peg of *palma* wood keeps illness and distress away from the household. These *manaogs* were about 5 inches long, with occasional side ornamentations of angles, always with a flattened lower end, so that

they could be inserted in the grass thatch of their roofs, and some had rudimentary suggestions of legs and nose and mouth. Others were mere conical pieces of wood.

The *asho-asho*, which I saw here for the first time, was an enlarged idol rudely representing an animal resembling a cock or some sort of bird. A *tawagan*, or offering box, where all sorts of charms were kept—such as leaves, roots, stones, crocodiles' teeth, etc.—was generally seen in every house suspended near these idols, which were further adorned with fringes of *chamanao*.

These people also have in their houses beautiful shields, spinning wheels, the *anibun*, or dish made of bark of the *palma*, large baskets made of plaited *bejuco* strengthened with bamboo ribs, others of plaited *palma* leaves, a row of wild hog's jaw-bones and fangs, and ingenious conical stands made of a large split bamboo interwoven with *bejuco*, upon which are rested the earthenware pots of local manufacture; *bejuco* loops and snares for wild boar, and *coglons*, elongated violins similar to those used by the Tagaods. Occasionally six-stringed bamboo instruments, with raised outer fibre used as strings, were to be seen, as well as the usual altars suspended from the ceiling, and closely resembling those of the Tagaods.

Very finely plaited armlets (*baccaos*) from the *mangashah* plant (*nito* in Visayan), as well as bracelets (*pashogut*) or when of metal called *aquinud* and *ponod*, were worn by the women.

The fishing harpoons (*lingua*) of the Mansakas had a single-barbed detachable head tied to the pole with a long string.

Last, but not least, they had small wooden and metal pipes (*sigupan*).



## CHAPTER XVII

Intelligence of the White Tribe—Bird-like habits—Elevated thoroughfares—A plucky old lady—The people of Kanda-gawan—Suffering from leeches—Swarms of cockroaches and ants—Bitten by a deadly snake.

I FOUND this white tribe of extraordinary intelligence, but as weird a people as it is possible to imagine—during the night they signalled to their neighbours by curious cries what was going on. I spent the night in the Chief's house, and he and his were most hospitable and affable. They had never seen money, nor did they understand its value.

The Mansakas produce a fire by the friction of a sharp-edged piece of wood upon a flat rectangular one into which a central slit has been cut. Some easily inflammable powder, from a dried fungus, or a small piece of tinder is placed in the slit, directly under the rubbing blade. Less than one minute is sufficient to produce a fire. The lighted powder is then placed on a charred piece of wood and becomes ignited by being blown upon.

Early the next morning I received many polite

callers who brought in presents of *camotes*, sugarcane and bananas, and their delight was great when I gave them needles, thread, beads, and tins of salmon and beef. They insisted on my drinking some of their wine—*bais*—with them, terribly acid stuff.

There was a thick mist over the forest in the morning, and the plants, saturated with moisture, were dripping as if it were raining heavily. In the dark forest was heavy slush and mud, and stuffy vegetation, spiked palm leaves like saws, the large-leafed *baghiki*, and the *maghilan*, a palm with long narrow leaves split at the end. The air was stifling, and thorns of all sizes and shapes were under foot, at the sides, above one's head.

Some of my Mansaka friends accompanied me, and after one hour we came to another settlement with similarly white people. These, under Chief Tilican, had cleared quite a good bit of ground and had fenced fields of *camotes* along the banks of the Tabignanan River.

As we went on, through difficult country, swampy and slushy, my sick scout had great difficulty in keeping up, and I endeavoured to obtain men to help him along; but the Mansakas, who by now knew of our approach, had nearly everywhere bolted. Only one sportsman I was able to catch—a young fellow who was so engrossed in attracting doves by imitating with marvellous fidelity their song on a *tambuan* (a whistle), that he never saw us come. We had a most amusing scene with this distracted gentleman, who carried with him, and would on no

account part from, a *limokun*—a pear-shaped cage of split bamboo with a tame dove inside meant to decoy the wild birds. Into a *tambuan*, or cylinder with sticky stuff from the *tagup* tree, he dipped a rod to which the birds stuck if once they rested on it. This fellow, when we took him along, talked all the time to his bird as if it had been a human being, and certainly his affection for the pet was quite touching.

We struggled a good deal in the muddy Kandagawan stream, and we were now in a region of immense bamboos, regular forests of them, most troublesome to get through, for the older ones break down and get so interwoven with their neighbours as to require endless acrobatic performances to get along, unless, of course, one could spend a lot of time and cut one's way through.

We were now in a region which had never been traversed by a European, and I had deviated from my course in order to look for some other Mansaka settlements which I had gathered were strewn about here. In this bamboo region the settlements were difficult to find as no trail existed. By mere luck I got to a point where, resting against the thick growth of bamboos, was a severed bamboo of great height with notches cut into it. On the ground were recent foot-marks in the slush.

Knowing the bird-like habits of these folks, I climbed the primitive ladder to see what there was on the top of the bamboos, and, to my amazement, I found laid on the top of the

vegetation two long horizontal bamboos on which muddy feet had trodden, as well as other horizontal bamboos in succession forming an elevated path. I signalled to my men to keep quiet and come on. Having gone some twenty or thirty yards on the top of the vegetation, balancing ourselves on the rickety bamboos—some 20 feet above the ground—I emerged into an open space where four large houses stood at a great height, bridged from one to the other. The primitive bridge—altogether about eight or nine inches wide—on which I was, now crossed the open space, on supports, with a clear drop under me and no hand-rail of any kind, direct to the principal house ; and having removed my shoes for safety I went on, balancing myself as best I could.

I had no sooner got to the centre and most e'astic portion of this shaky structure than the surprised Mansakas in the houses detected our presence. Suddenly I heard piercing shrieks and yells which were echoed on every side, and between the fissures of the bamboo walls I could see people running to and fro. Two arrows passed within a few inches of my face, others not quite so near ; while at the doors and windows which were banged open stood shrieking males and females brandishing spears and knives.

They seemed highly agitated, and it was quite a picturesque scene. An old woman presently crawled out of the house upon the scaffolding on which I was and proceeded to throw large stones—of which she carried an armful—at us with

astounding and alarming force and accuracy, all the time advancing with shrill angry shrieks, while other less reckless inhabitants followed behind. The excitable old thing shook the bridge so, that had I not been quick to seize the two bamboos under me with my hands, I should have been thrown off.

As soon as I had regained my balance I stood up straight again and held up my hand in sign of peace, the plucky scouts, who were just behind me, being quite ready to fire had necessity arisen. The old lady, half naked and with pendant dried-up breasts, stopped aghast when she was half-way across—she evidently had never seen people dressed like my scouts and myself, and did not know to what tribe we belonged.

I took advantage of this to speak through one of my carriers who understood their language.

“Tell her that she must not be angry with me ; she looks very ugly when she is angry. I am a friend—not an enemy. I carry no spear and no *bolo*. If they lay down their arms I will kill no one.”

The old lady, who still had some ammunition left and one missile held in an iron grip between her nervous fingers, seemed absorbed in deep reflection . . . she had another good look at us, while those screened behind her were flourishing their spears in the air and raising a regular hullabaloo ; and eventually, and seemingly regretfully, she dropped, one after the other, of the unused missiles she nursed.

This old dame, it appeared, was the Chief's

wife. I went towards her and caressed her face. Heavens ! what a rough skin ! She seized my hand in her trembling two and pressed it fondly to her chest. The poor thing had a healed but terrible *bolo* wound right across her breasts. She was certainly very plucky.

After the great excitement she had undergone she became quite hysterical, and talked and talked away at the top of her voice, evidently to explain that she believed we were Mahommedans who had come for slaves ; and while leading me to the house by the hand, she shook the unsteady bridge so that once or twice more I nearly went over.

Once inside the house the scene was most interesting, the men still holding to their knives and spears and bows and arrows, while the old lady insisted on my sitting by her side. In occasional outbursts of friendliness, on being presented with cloth and beads and thread, she threw her arms round my neck and rubbed her face against mine—I almost began to wish I had fought these people—and she even proposed that I should remain and be the chief of the Kandagawan Mansakas—an offer gratefully declined. Her name was Buddao, her husband's Tinui Amaniaban.

This particular tribe had very many points in common with the Tagaods. Their *carag* or shield was very pretty and serviceable, forty inches long and eight inches at its greatest breadth, with graceful curves in its upper part. It was made of *caoni*, a close-grained, hard red

wood, with four strengthening cross-pieces of *palma* and thirteen lacings of *bejuco* above and twelve below. The shield was divided into three sections, the central one being a rectangle, the upper half an ellipse, and the third section an elongated trapeze ; a black stripe ran down the centre, and there were crosses made up of triangles. Sets of four acute triangles ornamented both the sides of the central stripe as well as the edge of the shield's face. A raised section of a cone projected in front of the shield at the place where the hand held it behind, and this cone was studded with beads in sets of three at each line radiating from the centre.

In these Mansaka houses I noticed a shelf over the fireplace upon which firewood was stored to dry. These villages were built right above bamboo marshes, and connecting bridges of great length ran from one house to another. At the house in which I had stopped the previous night, and which had been deserted by the natives at our approach, an additional bridge connecting it directly with the next existed at no less than 30 feet above the ground. At Kandagawan, the Chief's house had an outer balcony besides the usual connecting bridges, these bridges being lower than the level of the dwellings.

These Kandagawan people differed somewhat from the purely white tribes of Mansakas, although their colour, too, was quite light ; but their features showed some Malay influence. They had an irresistible craving for salt, which

they found difficult to procure so far inland. They devoured a handful each which I gave them, after which they gave themselves up to copious libations of wine from a large bamboo tube, the old lady joining freely and seeming much disappointed when I begged to be excused. My men and I, however, partook freely of sugar-cane and boiled *camotes*, which I exchanged for ornaments.

A pretty custom exists. At the beginning of the bridge upon an upright bamboo rests a cup full of wine, to welcome the arrival of friends from neighbouring friendly tribes; but, personally, it would be the last place where I would care to drink anything intoxicating.

The women of this tribe were extraordinarily white, with huge and most lascivious eyes, but their appearance was not improved by the dirty habit of chewing betel-nut and tobacco, a masticated piece of which constantly protruded from their lips.

The men wore back knots and long fringes upon the forehead cut straight on a line with the eyebrows, and two side locks, the ends of which were also cut straight.

I had experienced a good deal of trouble in discovering this place, and now three of my men, Mansakas, had bolted, so I had to get fresh men. I had to retrace my steps along the Kanda-gawan River for some four miles, the water being continuously up to our knees, and a low stooping position being necessary all the time in order to get under the long tunnels formed by big rotting



bamboos that had fallen across. The river was only 20 feet wide. When we got out of the water we proceeded through muddy, slushy ground, with a thick layer of decomposing and decomposed leaves upon it. The bamboos were a great nuisance and impeded our progress at every step. Now and then we came to an open patch of sugar-cane and a Mansaka house or two. The natives generally escaped, but left behind their fat pigs, dogs, and chickens. These people are very kind to animals. The dogs and chickens share the rooms of their masters, but the pigs have quarters of their own under the house.

Whenever we passed a patch of sugar-cane we were worse than a swarm of locusts. We each carried away a couple of sticks which we chewed on the march—most delicious and refreshing. I generally left some presents in the houses to make up for the damage done.

We halted for the night on another high-perched settlement on the Kandagawan stream, some 15 miles from the other. Chief Mapandi sent word from the forest where he had hidden that he could not come as he had run a spike into his foot, a spike, probably, which he had laid for us. These people lay numerous bamboo spikes in the ground, which are very dangerous to people marching at night. We found any number of them near their settlements.

Bastian, the Chief's son, who had been confabulating with us from a distance in the forest, eventually came in, dressed up in a prettily embroidered coat and wearing gaudy bracelets

around his wrists. His hair was curly, his features good, and his eyes quite intelligent. Most, but not all, Mansakas blacken their teeth.

These north-east tribes of Mansakas showed an infusion of Mandaya or possibly Manguangan blood—the Manguangans being a warlike tribe resembling the Mandayas and inhabiting the upper waters of the Agusan. They are short, well set-up and possess elongated skulls, with prominent foreheads and very broad sunken noses, that give the face an appearance of great depression in the central portion.

After leaving the Kandagawan River, which flows north, we crossed the Tagubun, a stream with high slippery banks. Then we came to the Dilawan, a deep rivulet with a swift current flowing north-east. We crossed it balancing ourselves on a huge tree which had fallen across. The Assogun and Tud were mere brooks. We were now practically out of the Mansaka country and among Mandayas. Their villages also were approached by bridges above the vegetation, but not quite such high bridges as those of the Mansakas. Their houses were much nearer the ground.

After crossing the Mabog we arrived at Tepreun, where the natives had had a feast, the remains of a bird offered to the deity still lying on the *tabagan*—high altar—decorated with the *tamamai* or hangings like the *inaos* of the Ainu. This shrine was outside the house, and the women at this place were highly decorated with bracelets of *shagai shaigai*—a kind of black root—and of *pashogut*, a bark of a fibrous plant ; or

else with brass bracelets that had triangular indentations. Bi-forked, double-headed arrows, each barb of a triangular section, were noticeable ; these are considered preferable to the double-barbed single head. Highly decorated *tang tangs* or cylinders for lime, with small ball stoppers of woven *bejuco* were noticeable, and also beautiful shields much resembling those of the Mansakas. Parallel lines, coils and circles with lines radiating from them, formed the chief ornamentations.

In this region, the land lying low and being marshy, we suffered much from leeches, dozens of them clinging continually to our legs, arms, and even to our faces. They were little fellows who lived on damp vegetation, and jumped on you, adhering to your skin and drawing blood at once. They seemed to possess extraordinary sucking powers at both ends, and when you tried to remove them from one spot on your skin they adhered to your hands, and clung from one hand to the other when you wanted to get rid of them altogether. Although these little brutes had no visible eyes they seemed to have a most wonderful knowledge of human anatomy, and jumped direct on to some artery where the bleeding was very difficult to stop. In the streams there were bigger fellows, three, four, and five inches long, which were terrible. My poor carriers, who were bare-legged, were streaming with blood, and so was I, for those devils found their way through my breeches, inside my leggings and inside my shoes.

At last I discovered an expedient which saved

me some trouble. I filled my socks and the available space in my shoes with salt, rubbing also my hands, face, and lower garments well with it. When the land leeches jumped on me—they are marvellous jumpers—they generally jumped back again, much to the amusement of my men. Salt is deadly to them. Unfortunately, in crossing and wading through water the salt would soon wash off, and the process involved great waste.

As though these land and aquatic leeches were not enough, another surprise was in store for us. By another highway of bamboos we arrived at a deserted Mandaya village called Tud, where I halted for lunch; but no sooner had my loads been placed upon the ground or on the floor of the principal hut than thousands of cockroaches ascended and descended from everywhere, and baggage and ourselves were simply swarming with them in a moment. More impudent and fierce cockroaches I have never seen. On attempting to find refuge inside another house as the usual afternoon storm arrived we got literally covered with ants! I had my baggage full of both ants and cockroaches for weeks after, and the most minute hunt was not sufficient to destroy them. Fleas were also abundant. No wonder the village had been deserted.

Half an hour's walk brought us to Tauaghish, a purely Mandayan village. The women were extraordinarily white-skinned—with a very slight yellowish tinge—and had deep black expressive eyes. They wore enormous circular black ear-rings inserted through the much-expanded lobes.

Short red jackets with blue sleeves and with bead trimmings round the shoulders and an opening at the neck were the fashion. A silver breast-plate hung from their necks, and, like some of the tribes on the Gulf of Davao, they hung upon their left side bells, a bunch of shells, &c. A large silver-mounted wooden comb adorned their hair. A short skirt like a diminutive *sirong* covered the legs down to the knee. The men were short, with fat, square faces, depressed in the central portion, and very much suggesting a Papuan origin, and rather curly hair. They used long arrows and spears and shields ornamented with tufts of bristles and human hair.

Before entering and after leaving Tauaghish we crossed the Gabi River, and after marching briskly till sunset through a thick forest, then forcing our way through a dense growth of very large bamboos—some 5 to 6 inches in diameter—we now heard the sound of the Batuto River, a tributary of the Agusan. I had no opportunity of seeing the Dibabaon tribe, which inhabited the mountains, too far from my route.

While sleeping upon the grass I was unfortunately bitten by a very poisonous small green snake, which I touched in stretching my arms. As luck would have it the snake's fangs caught only the knuckle of my second finger, instead of a softer part, of the left hand, so that, in pressing against the bone, poison enough was not squirted into my system quite to kill me—as is usually the case when you are bitten by this particular snake. Although I made a hole so as to extract as much

blood as possible, the poison was sufficient to cause me terrible cramps in my limbs and excruciating pains in my spine and head, with high fever which lasted some ten days ; but the hand remained swollen for some three months after, and the effects are still felt even now as I am writing this, ten months after the occurrence.

	Mansakas (of Panter).	Mansakas (Kanda- gawan).	Mandayas (Batuto Region).	Mandayas (Gandia).	Manobo (Agusan River).
Standing height . . . . .	Metre. 1'480	Metre. 1'500	Metre. 1'547	Metre. 1'527	Metre. 1'560
Span . . . . .	1'396	1'567	1'560	1'675	1'652
ARM.					
Hand . . . . .	0'175	0'180	0'175	0'190	0'185
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'097	0'098	0'097	0'102	0'102
Thumb . . . . .	0'093	0'102	0'101	0'120	0'101
HEAD.					
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'221	0'236	0'225	0'233	0'236
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'184	0'185	0'191	0'199	0'186
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'130	0'124	0'129	0'127	0'127
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'065	0'067	0'080	0'065	0'070
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'123	0'127	0'127	0'129	0'130
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . . . .	0'110	0'111	0'111	0'109	0'118
Nasal height . . . . .	0'056	0'061	0'058	0'062	0'055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'037	0'039	0'041	0'037	0'042
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'035	0'036	0'033	0'034	0'032
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'029	0'033	0'031	0'028	0'030
Breadth of mouth . . . . .	—	—	—	0'052	—
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'021	0'022	0'023	0'022	0'023
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'034	0'035	0'040	0'042	0'031
Length of ear . . . . .	0'060	0'055	0'068	0'065	0'060

N.B.—The above tribes greatly objected to having the mouth measured.

The curious effect of the poison was the combination of intense sleepiness and exhaustion, with considerable aching all over my body. Unfortunate as this was, I look upon myself as very lucky that this occurred when I was within a short distance of Old Compostela, near the head

waters of the Agusan, from which place I could proceed by raft or canoe. It would have been impossible for me to march on foot in that condition. My men were much upset, as they said there was no remedy and I must die.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The upper waters of the Great Agusan River—Christianity and battered bowler hats—Intense suffering from snake poison—A fairy lagoon—Typhoon.

SUFFERING greatly, I eventually reached Old Compostela, on the Batuto River, a quaint, abandoned Visayan settlement of six or seven houses, some made of split bamboo with nicely-carved windows, others having bark walls, but all smothered in creepers, high untidy grass all round, and looking quite picturesque. On examining these houses, it was plain that a scene of blood and horror had taken place. Those windows and doors which were not altogether smashed, were slashed with *bolo*-cuts and spear-holes. Inside, too, similar evidence of fighting was apparent. It seems that the Mandayas had pounced upon these few settlers and had murdered all. Large lemon trees and the remains of gardening and agriculture were noticeable, but now everything was overgrown with grass.

Due east of Compostela was a somewhat high peak, Mt. Dagdal, forming part of a range extending from north to south. At this place I paid



off my Mahommedan carriers, and despatched a Mandaya on a raft down to New Compostela on the right bank of the Agusan to procure a canoe. The Batuto flows into the Agusan River, 300 yards south-east of Old Compostela, the Batuto being 12 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and the Agusan at the junction 75 feet wide, and quite deep and swift. We got carried along at a rapid pace by the current when we were in the larger stream, which was flanked by high bamboos and trees directly along the banks, but the country seemed quite open behind.

We arrived at Compostela Nuevo, the furthest Christianised village up the Agusan River, there being some thirty people in the place, mostly converted Mandayas and Mandaya *mestizos*, with a pure Visayan or two.

Fausto, the *principal*, and Alejo, his assistant, —who had dressed up for the occasion—received me in the absence of Tearodo the Gobernadorcello. I crawled up the rickety bamboo ladder to land and sat under the shed at the landing-place, but I was in such terrible pain, the snake poison just spreading all over my system, that I was not able to notice much.

Fausto was garbed in a gaudy pair of trousers trimmed with red and white tassels and with ornamentations of one long line intersected by a series of parallel ones. Upon his head a much battered felt bowler hat of Spanish origin marked the degree of his civilisation. He and Alejo were extremely civil and considerate.

In facial type they bore a great resemblance to the American Indian—with curved noses, elongated faces, and hawk eyes, but with curly hair. They were, of course, Indonesian.

They had built themselves a little bamboo church. Supported by the two chiefs I crawled up to examine some of their houses, raised on immense stilts, and closely resembling those of the Mansakas, except that they were entirely constructed of split bamboo. The Gubernadorcello's house stood no less than 40 feet above the ground.

This place marked the limit, on the north, of Catholic influence among these tribes. Besides acquiring the bowler hat, they have been taught some prayers and a few Christian principles, which they practise simultaneously with their tribal superstitions. They cultivate rice, hemp, bananas, camotes, and *gabi*—a large potato.

Personally, my experience was that the less Christianised the people the nicer they were—I felt that very forcibly on going down the Agusan, where each settlement as I proceeded northward was getting more and more civilised.

From Compostela, I lying half dead in terrible cramps upon the bottom of a canoe, and two of my scouts ill with fever, we floated down the stream, quite open all round except near the banks. Some three hours later we passed Pungo, two high Mandaya houses; then three more at Iligan, with a chief called Mlack. Further on was Tinghi village, before coming to the tributary Mapakal.

At Pilang I halted, to meet Chief Pilis, a young fellow, in a black bowler hat, too, and with frizzly hair. This was a purely Mandaya settlement of nine houses and a chapel. The young man respectfully kissed my hand, and Benito, a *conseljales*, shook hands—a bundle of crippled fingers. On examination I saw that the man was a leper, the skin of his body being in large patches of brown and ivory white—not unlike a tiger-skin. Above their ample and prettily-ornamented trousers of square shape, these Mandayas wore a thin black gauze coat, with shoulders, sleeves, and chest trimmed with white and red.

On the right bank, as we continued, came forth the small tributary Nabok, then further on the Tabagan Aiugan. We arrived at Gandia, where there were ten houses and forty people under Cecilio, the Captain. All these little settlements had at the landing-place a neat little shed with a bamboo cross above it, and a couple of seats below. High stilted houses again, the natives most friendly, the bamboo chapel dilapidated.

On being conveyed into some of the houses of these Christians, I was not surprised to find their Mangaod idols, such as I had seen in the purely Pagan tribes, stuck in profusion into their roofs. The same altars, the same offerings, the same rites were observed as among the Tagaods and Mansakas. It was at this place, in fact, that I became convinced that, by the rude wooden carvings, these tribes intended to suggest the representation of a man or a woman. As the

carvings were so rudimentarily done, and the natives cannot be induced to give reliable information about them, I was not sure until now. At this place I discovered Mangaods which had been more accurately carved—too accurately—and which left no doubt whatever in my mind that the idols were intended to be of one sex or the other.

What small trade exists upon the upper waters of the Agusan is carried on chiefly by Visayans, but most of these villages produce but little rice, *camotes*, and *gabi*, some a little coarse hemp. These Mandayas were excellent boatmen, and they paddled splendidly. They were most wonderfully good-natured, hard-working, and polite. Except the chiefs, they wore only short trouserettes and the wooden lozenge-shaped hats with cocks' feathers behind, like the Mansakas.

Lower Gandia was a few hundred yards down the river, and hemp and banana plants seemed plentiful there. The Mamunga tributary was left behind on our right, and on our left we came to Tonud, an entirely Visayan settlement of eight houses ; then to the Ulit River again on my right, and soon after to Nuevo Mankayo, not far from where the Old Mankayo existed. One Visayan house was solidly built, but the others, which were of great height, were tumbling down or lying at dangerous angles. After leaving this village the right bank of the Agusan was 30 feet high and vertical, with great growths alternately of bananas and bamboos.

That night I was able to reach Jativa (some

40 miles from Compostela), quite a large settlement of 600 people. There were only eleven houses in the village itself, but there were many houses scattered about in the forest. *Abaca* (hemp) was grown largely, but was not of very fine quality; *palai*, *camotes*, *gabi*, cacao, bananas, and a few cocoanuts, which seemed to flourish here, were cultivated. Romangus-Man was the Presidente, and there was here a Visayan teacher—quite an intelligent lad.

On a hillock the Spaniards had established a “cuartel” here, now destroyed, where they kept a garrison of forty native soldiers. They had also constructed a fine large convent of wood, and a church now much dilapidated.

I was taken very ill indeed during the night, my temperature was 105°, and I had violent cramps in my arms and legs, most troublesome. Disagreeable as travelling was under the circumstances, I decided to push on towards the coast, some 200 miles further, at all costs, with the utmost speed. The night was spent in the abandoned convent, and I made a fairly early start at seven, being carried down to the canoe trembling in a high fever.

The Agusan had many tributaries below Jativa in the following order: the Toitoi on the left; on the right the rivulet Limitan, the Passian, and Lantilan; the Baclesh on the left; the Noman, Magalibuto, on the right; the streamlet Angla on the left; the Nondo on the right. High trees and pretty ferns lined the banks, and just below Jativa were high rocks.

I stopped at Patrocinio to obtain a relay of men, but everybody was away except a Christian called Passio, who was most impudent. The inhabitants of this place were a cross between Visayans and Mandayas, a pretty bad breed at best.

On our left we then passed the Dinungan, following which stream it is possible to reach Davao, the headwaters of this river being close to those of the Libaganun, which flows in the opposite direction into the Gulf of Davao. The Ubahan rivulet on our right was unimportant.

We were now passing through the Manobo country and saw the first two dwellings of it at Bigo. On the right was the Mahabu River, on the left the Calibun, which has its origin from a lake. From Compostela to this place the Agusan averaged from 50 to 100 yards wide, with banks generally overgrown with reeds. Now and then we saw some bananas and *abaca*. In parts there would be thick forest, or a heavy growth of huge ferns, a solid mass of foliage, the leaves of trees being interlaced with creepers covering every inch of every tree branch and trunk.

As I lay aching in the bottom of the canoe, with my head resting on a sack of rice that I might see what was going on, there was really nothing very exciting to attract one's attention. The monotonous unmusical song of the *sagutchuk* bird had but little fascination in it, and the squeals of the frightened long-necked black heron, the *silihon*, still less. Occasional torrential showers

filled the canoe with water, making things worse than ever and intensifying my fever and aches.

On the Rio Davao on my left gold is said by the natives to exist in some quantity. Had I been less suffering and able to walk I would have gone up to ascertain. Exaggerated stories are given of veins of gold of considerable size.

The high Mount Masiu was now to the west of us and occasional Manobo houses could be seen on tree-tops of immense height. There were large plantations of hemp on the right bank and more arboreal Manobo houses, some at an elevation of over 50 feet above the ground. The solitary house of a Tagalo came next.

After passing on the right the tributary Dinupatan, which during its course forms a lake, we arrived at night at Veruela,—sixty houses, and 500 people, all Visayans, a few cows, many pigs, innumerable geese and chickens—all in a damp, swampy, place although fairly high above the river level. The streets were deserted, the houses, of regular Visayan architecture, as well as the convent and church, were tumbling down, for cholera had killed and was killing many people, and many scared folks had run away. The natives were at first much upset at our arrival, mistaking us for escaped insurgents.

Having come forty miles that day I halted for the night, and proceeded at six the next morning. Half an hour later we entered a sort of “fairy-land” lagoon, the river dividing into many channels and forming a number of little islands, with reeds, ferns, and palms. Picturesque clusters of

*uango* palms and tall trees stood right out of the water where the land had apparently subsided, and my canoes wound their way among trees, the high reeds on both sides brushing our faces and hands and causing nasty cuts. In some places my two-foot wide canoe, with no outrigger, was only with difficulty got through the very narrow passages. Further, a little islet had a growth of the stately immense-leaved *bagghian*, and as we went through picturesque channels bridged over with leaves of all sorts and shapes, and scraped our way under fallen trees, which left just enough space to proceed, the scene was indeed quite enchanting. The humid air and putrid vegetation suggested somewhat abundant germs of malaria, but anyhow I could have been no worse off than I was, and I greatly enjoyed—in my suffering—this ideal spot.

This was the Dagum Lagoon. In the centre was an inhabited island where, at Clavijo (eight houses), I endeavoured to get fresh men; but, unhappily, all had gone fishing, and only some women and children remained. My men were much tired after the great exertion in the lagoon, two of my scouts were still very sick with fever, I was worse than ever, and we had no medicine of any sort. I was nearly beginning to get anxious as to whether I should arrive alive at the coast or not. The last stroke of luck came as we pushed along. A violent storm, which was a destructive typhoon further north, broke loose, after hours of suffocating heat, the sun actually broiling us as we lay in the canoes shivering from



fever when we did not broil. Never in my life have I seen such rain—regular sheets—when it did come down. The energy of all combined was not enough to bail the water out, as it came in at fifty times the speed that we could throw it out, so that we had to beach our boats and find some device in order to continue our navigation. Some large bamboos were fastened along the canoe side like air chambers, and down with the stream we went again, I actually having to lie for several hours with water up to my neck, as you would in a bath, as I had not the strength to stand up. The lagoon seemed endless and lost a good deal of its charm during the storm, which showed no signs of abating.

The channel we followed was in places as much as 100 yards wide. No more reeds were to be seen, but grassy banks instead, with high trees upon them and dense foliage of a deep green. The water flowed very slowly here. It was almost stagnant. Here and there a patch or two of lotus leaves floated on the water.

At last, aching all over, as I have seldom ached before, burning with fever, soaked to the marrow of my bones, and with my skin peeling off from the constant moisture, I arrived at 9 P.M. at Talacogon, after fifteen hours of canoe-travelling that day, mostly in a torrential rain.

The tree-dwelling Manobos of the Agusan valley are large-featured, coarse, and of a Negroid type, with very dark brown skin, and a trimmed moustache and beard. They are much tattooed on the arms and chest, with intersecting series of

parallel lines forming checkers, angles within angles radiating from the corners of a quadrangle, and successions of crosses. They are very fond of supplementing the corners of a square with decorations generally of straight lines.

Taken together with the Manobos of southwest Mindanao, a superior tribe to those of the Agusan, they form one of the largest tribes or Mindanao after the Mahommedans. They are not exactly nomadic, but they occasionally shift their residences about the same district for the purposes of cultivation. They are treacherous, cruel and suspicious of everybody, and their principal reason for the high location of their houses is that they may be protected against enemies. In many customs they resemble their neighbours, the Mandayas, possessing practically the same religious beliefs and superstitions and the same idols as most Indonesian tribes of Mindanao. They are fond of sombre colours in dress and decoration, dark brown and black being evidently their favourite hues.

Talacogon, with a population of 3,000 people, was the most important place I had seen since leaving Davao. A very intelligent and polite Spanish *Padre*, Francis Nibot, was stationed here, who had a fine wood and corrugated iron church full of all sorts of Catholic images, and a spacious convent annexed. In front of the church were the premises occupied by Macleod & Co., an English firm which was attempting to develop the trade of the lower Agusan—especially in hemp, which was plentiful but of poor quality

and colour. Three Chinese traders were also settled here, and did fairly well in a small way.

I was in great luck. Macleod & Co had sent up a small gasoline launch on her last trip, and she was to leave early the next morning. Mr. Mack, the engineer, having recovered from the shock of seeing us arrive from up river, and in such a condition, most hospitably entertained us to an irresistible and copious supper of potted delicacies, as well as strong doses of quinine and other medicaments, and took most thoughtful care of us during the night, which somewhat alleviated our troubles. Moreover, the pleasure of seeing an Anglo-Saxon again after leeches, cockroaches, snakes, and bewildering tribes was considerable. And as we slept soundly, undisturbed, we did not start till 10.45 the following day.

There were extensive plantations of hemp on both sides of the river for great distances, but principally on our left. The country on the bank opposite Talacogon was undulating, and seemingly very fertile. We passed San Louis (fifty houses, of which only twenty form the nucleus of the village) some five or six miles down stream on our left, the river being very tortuous along its course, from west, swinging round to north-east and then west-north-west, its width being about 100 feet, and of considerable depth. We came to the rapids of St. Agnes and to whirlpools—the worst one opposite St. Agnes itself under a big cliff. From this point the current

was very swift. The left tributary, Massan, had a small island at its mouth.

We went our 12 to 13 miles an hour, as with the heavy rains of the previous days the current was swift. Reeds covered the banks, and there were occasional pretty red flowers. At noon we arrived at Guadalupa (twelve houses), with plenty of hemp plantations, and here the river made a grand detour west among nice scenery, but the soil seemed swampy, and trees were growing sunken into the water. The place is flooded altogether when the river rises during the rainy season. The level of the river is highest in March.

Another whirlpool was found near the Libang Island and the tributary of the same name, where the river widened considerably. On the left bank a Manobo village of ten houses existed, inhabited by members of one family—all the members of the population being related to one another. As we got further down the stream many canoes with a double cabin were seen upon the water. They were propelled by means of primitive paddles, made of a mere rod with a circular disc attached to it.

We reached Esperanza at 3 P.M., and here the Agusan formed a wide basin, very shallow in its north-east portion, the navigable channel being on the south-west side along the high bank opposite the settlement (pop. 2,500), which stood on the right bank of the stream. The country was very open all round. The important tributary Ojoz, which came from the west-south-west,

joined the Agusan below Esperanza, and the river ran almost straight in a northerly direction for quite a distance, swerving but little to the east.

We passed Anbacon Island, flat and low, of gravel and sand, and the two Pinganan Isles, after which a very pretty view was obtained of De las Nuevas town (twenty-five small ruined huts) and another island. Small rapids and little islands, more hemp plantations on either side, and bananas, were next seen, and we described another big S at Las Nuevas Viejo before again proceeding due north.

S. Matteo town (twenty-five houses) stood 20 feet above the river, the rapids at this point being very swift. The river channel was now wide, with shallow water on our right. Again came a long straight run northward ( $340^{\circ}$  north), and after passing the Bogobos tributary (on the left), low hills, thickly wooded, stood on both sides of us. Large sementeras of hemp were now all along, and we received a most exuberant ovation when the launch whistled a salute on passing the flourishing little Emparo, a Visayan village of twelve houses. Last, but not least, came S. Vicente (twenty houses).

On approaching Butuan City one began to see cocoanuts all along on both sides of the stream, and plenty of *abaca* ; and, basking in the muddy water, carabaos, which I had not seen for some time.

The river was here very deep and quite navigable for good-sized boats. Between luxuriant

groves of cocoanuts I at last arrived at Butuan at 6 P.M. on May 31st, having completed a great loop of no less than eight hundred miles in the most difficult and unexplored parts of Mindanao, journeys which everybody had so far deemed impossible to accomplish.

At Butuan, where I stopped for my birthday, June 2nd, I was most hospitably entertained by a countryman of mine—Mr. Campbell Dauncey, agent of Macleod and Co. I was still suffering from my snake-bite, and I spent most of my time in having leeches sucking away blood from a swollen and semi-paralysed hand and arm. He (Mr. Dauncey) was the only Anglo-Saxon residing in the place, Mr. Mack being due to proceed for Sebu.

There is little of interest in Butuan except the church, which is elaborate, rich, and well-constructed of masonry, of wood, and of corrugated iron, and the large convent in which lives a pompous, prosperous, and popular Spanish *padre*. The Visayans of this coast are very religious, and give all their money to the Church, their former superstitions and rudely-carved native wooden objects of worship having merely been supplanted by more elaborate and highly-coloured stucco images of foreign make, that is all.

## CHAPTER XIX

Across Sebu Island—Among Insurgents—On a native boat from Sebu to Negros—Across Negros Island—A successful model farm—Guimaras.

I TOOK the opportunity of the launch *Holdfast*—a well-deserved name when you were on it in the open sea—laden with hemp which was to proceed to Sebu, to convey my scouts there and hand them over to the Commanding Officer at that post.

These three men—Miguel Montero, a Tagalo, Balvino Enriquez, and Cipriano Anastasio, two Zamboangans—proved themselves to be most docile, obedient, faithful, patient, thoughtful, plucky men, who did great honour to their Company and their country. Although two of them were extremely ill, I never heard a complaint from their lips, and they came along like men. In the villages and towns they behaved with extraordinary dignity, never associating with the natives, whether Christian or not, and were most sober in every way. Their conduct was indeed quite exemplary, and deserves particular admiration in a country like the Philippines.

We steamed out of Butuan at six P.M., and went down stream three miles before emerging into the open sea. We skirted the coast of wild Bohol Island divided in three hilly sections, the northern being broken up into a number of peaks. At the north-east of Bohol was Lapinin Island, a long series of low, circular brown earth-mounds with slight vegetation at their base. More picturesque was the high volcanic rock of Tunobo, which had vertical sides. There appeared to be two settlements on the north-east point of Lapinin. On Bohol, a fine stone church with a high tower could be seen, as well as a convent ; the scenery was pretty all along, and there were numberless islands of sand with cocoanuts upon them. Then other long, low islands covered with dark vegetation. Sebu Island, very mountainous, spread before us to the west.

There was a fair sea on. As the launch was laden to the utmost, deck and all, with hemp, and there were no cabins, we made ourselves comfortable for the night on packages of hemp, tucking ourselves in with great care so as not to roll overboard while in our sleep. After rounding the north-west corner of Lapinin Island and proceeding westward, screened by reefs and islands, we were in smoother water.

We passed, north of the Kabulan reef, and south of Olongo Island, with its extensive reef ; the many neighbouring islets spreading eastward were mere sand-spits upon a wide coral base. Maktan, too, which rose directly east of Sebu town, was a long, low, flat island, and was famous



as the death-place of the great Magellan. The illustration from a photograph by Mr. D. C. Tatom shows the Spanish monument to the memory of that great traveller.

Some of the sand-spits I had observed were so low that the few fishermen's houses upon them appeared as if they had been built in the middle of the sea. Extensive fish-traps had been constructed near these dwellings.

Sebu—or Cebu, just as you please—Island is quite nice-looking as one gets near, with a skyline like the teeth of a saw, and white, globular clouds playing around its highest summits.

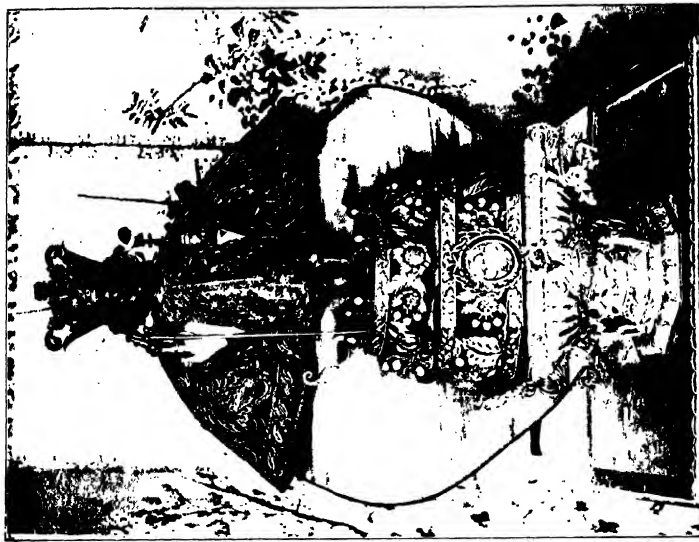
Having entered the channel between Maktan and Sebu we soon were in front of the town—a well-known coast-trading and hemp-exporting centre, having considerable intercourse with Manila, and formerly with Hongkong and Singapore. In 1898, 618,556 piculs<sup>1</sup> of hemp were exported, the highest record known for that port. Sugar and copra were also exported in some quantity, but trade, I was informed, had considerably fallen off of late.

Sebu Town is one of the largest in the Philippines, with nice buildings, especially those owned by British companies, who, unlike the temporary American business-men, had come here to settle and had accordingly built themselves fine offices and houses. The famous black-faced Santo Nino, which can perform all miracles, is one of the sights of the place in the church of the same name, and in front of this church is a

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—1 picul = 137·9 lb.



MONUMENT TO MAGELLANES AT THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS KILLED.



THE FAMOUS BLACK-FACED SANTO NINO.



sort of kiosk, protecting the wooden cross planted by Magellan on landing upon this island.

Sharing equally in the unbounded and delightful hospitality of the American Commanding Officer and in that of the jovial local Britishers, and having my snake-bite attended to in the hospital, I rested for a whole day, and, leaving my scouts here to be returned to their command, on June 6th proceeded unguarded to walk across Sebu Island over the mountains from east to west.

Sebu Island was at that time very much disturbed by bands of *ladrones* or insurgents, who had taken refuge here from rebellious Samar and Leyte Islands, and the Surigao Peninsula. Mr. Sheward and an American Customs official offered to accompany me part of the way, as far as some gold-washings on the mountains, and having proceeded by launch to Naga down the coast south-west we started off on foot with an escort of some twenty Constabulary men.

In front of the coral stone church at Naga lay some dead bodies in open hearses, the eyes open and the joined hands holding a cross, while a crowd of relatives and friends—men on one side, women on the other—squatted round them, waiting for the local *padre* to come and bury them.

On striking across the island upon a capital cart road we found hot springs at Mainet village, situated among nice round hills prettily cultivated right up to the summit, hemp plantations, bananas, sugar-cane, tobacco. Beyond

Pandan, the former *hacienda* of Pablo Mejir, who was assassinated for his friendliness toward the Americans, one obtains a magnificent view from the top of the hills of a beautiful valley to the north-west at the foot of the Albaco volcano ; to the north is thick forest, and north-east a flat stretch of cultivated land with an expanse of sea behind. One could get a good idea here of the great backbone of mountains stretching from one end to the other of Sebu Island.

We left the road and travelled north-north-west by a little trail over grassy undulating country, rising higher and higher the whole time. We marched till about 9 o'clock in the evening upon the mountain, when by a steep and slippery descent among high grass we went down to a stream, and up on the other side, where a shed marked the site of the gold mine. The miners had been celebrating. They had not seen anybody for some weeks and felt rather dull. One of their companions had died and he lay buried just outside the front door, under a pathetic wreath of flowers made by the coarse hands of his rough but good-hearted companions.

"There he lays under that heap of earth upon his chest and body ! You see, we made that cross, we did," exclaimed one burly fellow, as by the mixed light of the moon and a lantern he showed me the grave. "Then last night—no, two . . . no . . . three nights ago we killed a boa constrictor in the chicken coop. We all shot at him and . . . it is a marvel to me no one was killed . . . ."

We had been caught in a heavy shower and we were drenched, so those miners—there were about six—who had been able to wake up, hastened to place at our disposal all their spare clothing to give us a change ; and to please them not only had we to change once but twenty times, as in their kindly hearts, but somewhat hazy brains, the fixed idea of changing had taken root, and change we must. Then the same about washing one's face and hands, until it nearly led to a row.

The meal they prepared for us would have been ample for a company of soldiers, and whether you wished accessories in your coffee or not, or salt and pepper and mustard and pickles and tomato ketchup, you must perforce accept—and a watch was kept that you ate everything, or else entered into a long argument.

More good-hearted devils it would have been difficult to find. But their life was pathetic. Stranded upon these mountains, these men had no resource but drink. It was too bad. I heard later that the mine had been abandoned.

When I left, alone, with only three native carriers, the next morning—my friends and the escort returning to Sebu—I climbed again the steep hill and proceeded over the ridge forming the backbone of the island. Once upon it one got a magnificent view of the sea to the north-west with Negros Island and its high peaks. The trail I followed went north-west through high and troublesome grass and occasional patches of

hemp. On my left a high pinnacle of white rock stood vertically, a landmark for great distances.

When once we had got over the ridge the trail was easy, either in a gentle slope or level, although at a considerable altitude ; now among high grass and reeds, now between bananas, *abaca*, ferns, and trees.

Here, unexpectedly, on rounding a corner, I came upon a band of insurgents. Some were armed with Remingtons, but most only had *bolos*. They were resting, and had not seen me come in the high grass. They sprang to their feet, but I went forward and grasped the most respectable-looking fellow by the hand.

"*Buenos dias, señor !*" I quickly put in in Spanish, which he quite understood. "*Como está ? Me alegro verle Vd. en buena salud. Tenga la bondad de sentarse !*" (Good morning, sir, how are you ? Glad to see you in good health. Pray sit down.)

My interlocutor was evidently startled and amused.

"*Muchisimas gracias,*" he replied feebly, and we both sat down. "But you carry no revolver !" he exclaimed in surprise ; "and you have no soldiers with you !"

"I do not need soldiers or firearms," I interrupted, "when I am travelling among such *buena gente* as you. . . . What do you keep in that bag slung upon your shoulder ?"

"*Mangoes ; le gustan a Vd. los mangoes ?*" (Do you like mangoes ?)

“ Yes, thank you ; let me buy them from you ? ”

“ You cannot buy them, but you will accept them as a gift.”

More polite *ladrones* it would be difficult to imagine. Unfortunately, the result of mutual misunderstandings had driven these fellows to the hills, and once an exciting life of adventure of that kind is undertaken it is not easy to stop it.

They showed me the way to Toledo, gave me more mangoes as a parting gift when I left, and begged me not to give information about their whereabouts to the American troops. Cordially shaking hands with everybody all round, my three carriers and I departed.

On the western side of the watershed a good deal of cultivation was noticeable, mostly tobacco and hemp, and at Bai a few huts were built on the hill-side. The country was undulating, and to the south-west white limestone rock was visible among the vegetation. On the trail many volcanic rocks were to be observed. Towards noon, walking at a brisk pace, we had got down to the flat where we travelled between plenty of *abaca* plantations and fields of Indian corn, the trail going due north in a valley between low hills. Some miles inland from Toledo, petroleum of a very dark bituminous quality was found. Attempts have been made to work this well.

A suburb of great length lay along the trail, now excellent ; and, as it was Sunday, women dressed up in all their finery paraded about, and little stalls were erected by the wayside on which



*buyo*, tobacco, fruit, and *tuba* were sold. More groups of "insurgents," with their wideawake hats, were met with on the road, who, after observing in surprise the unwarlike appearance of myself and my carriers, saluted most respectfully. (I heard that some days later over 100 of these fellows were captured by American soldiers from Sebu.)

At two o'clock I reached the west coast of Sebu Island at Toledo town, an industrial place whose inhabitants grow tobacco, some hemp, and quantities of *magai*—a fibrous plant, whiter than hemp, and of extremely fine texture, but not very long; 5 feet being considered a good length.

Now, if there is one thing that makes Americans angry in the Philippines, it is that they can never get the natives to obey quickly, especially in the way of supplying any kind of transport, endless delays always occurring; but, personally, in nine months and a half continuous travelling in these islands I never experienced the slightest difficulty in that way—possibly because I knew the right way to ask for what I wanted. On arriving at Toledo I requested the Presidente to procure me a boat at once with two men, as I intended crossing over to the Island of Negros. Although it was Sunday, the sea rough, and the crossing troublesome, both boat and men were made ready in one hour.

Before leaving Sebu, one word upon that island, which is geographically one of the most favourably placed for commercial purposes, as it is situated practically in the centre of the

archipelago, so that the products of other islands must flow to Sebu for shipment. The commerce is looking up a little in some ways, such as in *abaca*, *copra*, and leather; decreasing in others, such as coffee, sugar, and *balete*. The principal imports, which greatly exceed the exports, are aerated waters, beer, rice, petroleum, and linen. The larger trade is principally in the hands of English firms, the lesser in those of Chinese and Filipinos.

Unfortunately, no important public works have been undertaken since the American occupation, and everything is falling to wreck and ruin. The roads are mostly in a lamentable condition, and only two good trails exist across the island—one to Dumanjug, the other to Barili. The east coast is less cultivated than the west, and when a wheel road has been made upon the trail on which I have taken my reader, I think it will greatly improve and help further to open up the agricultural resources of Western Sebu. There were formerly fourteen steam-mills and three hydraulic ones for sugar, but many of these have since ceased work. Maize is grown mostly for local use, and the tobacco trade is practically monopolised by the *Compañia General de Tabacos*.

Agricultural, industrial, and trade schools, as well as model farms, are sadly needed. Home industries such as hemp cloths, *pina* and cotton textiles, *bejuco* and bamboo furniture, *buri* and *ticog* mats, hats and cutlery are now carried on by the natives.

The sea was dashing on board all the time when I pulled out of Toledo, and when we put up a sail the crew of two had to sit perched upon the outrigger to windward in order to prevent our craft turning turtle. There they were, these fellows, well up above the level of my head, whereas, in normal conditions, that outrigger should have been resting on the water.

We were making, as best we could, for Valle Hermoso, on Negros Island, where I understood a trail existed across that island. When sunset came we had not made as much progress as I expected in the right direction, although we had travelled a great deal and at an astonishing speed, tacking about ; and when late in the evening we were in mid-channel where the currents were strong, we had some little trouble to get on. There was a moon, and Negros, with its high and rugged volcano, loomed to the west before us.

The distance in a straight line between Toledo and Valle Hermoso is twenty miles, but we travelled steadily from 3 P.M. till 12, shipping a good deal of water all the way. On seeing a light on the coast we made for it, believing it to be our destination; but much to my surprise, when we beached the boat and I landed near a house, I saw against the light of the large window some men armed with rifles. They called out to me in Spanish to halt and say what I wanted. They had barricaded their doors when they saw us land, and they were evidently mistaking me for a runaway insurgent from disturbed Sebu Island !

Of course, on perceiving their mistake—which it took them some time to do (they were Spaniards and *mestizos*)—they unbolted the barricaded doors and asked me in. The town, they informed me, was two miles further south; so bidding them good-night, I got on board again and continued my journey.

Towards 1.30 A.M. I had reached my destination, and, not wishing to disturb the Presidente at such a late hour, I had my baggage conveyed to the Tribunal, where, by the moonlight which streamed through a window, I prepared myself a bed upon a table. I thought the place rather smelly, and during the night I was awakened by moans and groans in a distant corner of the spacious room. I paid no heed to them, as I felt rather chilled after my wet journey across the sea. The next morning, however, much to the amusement of the local doctor, Winslow, I was informed that I had put up in the cholera hospital! Cholera had been and was extremely bad on this island, and many were dying.

Having obtained sufficient carriers I immediately proceeded to walk across Negros Island, as there was very little that was attractive to delay me at Valle Hermoso. Eastern Negros was passing through depressing times, both in regard to agriculture and to public health, malarial fever as well as cholera reaping many victims. Locusts were destroying the crops and rinderpest the cattle and horses. The people had of late taken to raising *abaca* largely, the only remunerative industry, and had abandoned

the cultivation of more uncertain but equally useful crops, such as sugar-cane, rice, and maize, the principal food of natives. The roads and bridges were uncared for or most unsatisfactorily restored, the public buildings in the villages tumbling down.

The natives of East Negros were extremely lazy and said to be stupid and troublesome. Well, stupid people generally are troublesome. I had been furnished with a pony, but the brute was so slow, and the saddle a mere child's, with stirrups so short and so small that I could only insert about a quarter of an inch of my shoe-point, and so I preferred to walk.

After passing the Spanish *hacienda* which I had visited the previous evening, I struck across the mountains by a little trail north-west, first through a valley with a deal of sugar-cane. I then came to thick forest where a steep incline began ; here and there an occasional giant tree distracted one's attention, and one heard the shrill continuous and monotonous notes of rejoicing crickets innumerable, or the less grating song of wild pigeons.

For a mountain trail this was quite good, and upon a decent animal it would be easy to ride all the way. There was a telegraph line established by the Americans. On the north side of the watershed the descent was very gentle into an extensive grassy undulating plateau, with scattered volcanic boulders. In one place there existed a regular little extinct crater. Going due west I now had the high Kanlaun or Malaspina

Volcano (8,192 feet) surrounded by grassy and wooded hills to my right. The pass over which I crossed the ridge was about 2,000 feet.

My carriers were so lazy that at eight in the evening I had only reached Marulug, a shed put up by the Constabulary at the foot of the volcano, these mountains, it is said, being infested by several bands of *ladrones*. Here I caught up a large Constabulary force conveying their officer, Colmenares, who had been down with cholera, back to La Castellana. He seemed still in a painful condition.

After resting one hour I proceeded with that party, rounding the volcano to the south, and passing over undulating country with high grass and occasional patches of forest. At 5.30 A.M. we arrived at La Castellana in the picturesque valley of the western watershed of Kanlaun Volcano, a large and flourishing place with a most industrious population. The cattle and horses had unfortunately all died of rinderpest, but the people were hard-working and managed to do without them.

La Castellana lay in a large valley, with many isolated hills shaped like gabled roofs to the north and some more rounded to the west. To the south spread the mountain range forming the backbone of Negros. To the west of the town was a broad river. Sugar was raised in enormous quantities, not only here but almost all over Western Negros, but lately the natives had largely taken up the cultivation of *abaca*. Agricultural banks were greatly needed in these

more enterprising districts to help the farmers in times of depression, and the fusion of municipalities was advisable to diminish the great present expenses.

The difference between the natives of the east and west watersheds of Negros was astounding. In place of extreme laziness one was here confronted by the maximum of industry; but, although personally I found the natives on this side quite civil and intelligent enough for Christians, I understood that they were causing considerable trouble to the Americans. Again I think the trouble was greatly due to mutual misunderstandings. Robberies and assaults were frequent, as well as cattle-lifting. Cholera, which was raging and had killed 11,574 people in four months, more than half of those who had been affected, was infamously put down as usual to the wish of the Americans to destroy the Filipino race.

The postal service and telegraph seemed somewhat deficient, but the work on roads and bridges, I was glad to see, was progressing, although very slowly—a good *carretera* (road for wheel traffic) existing from Bacolod to Silay, the first an important coast point. Practically all the export trade of the province finds its way to Bacolod, as it is in almost daily communication by launch with the town of Ilo-ilo.

Having rested two or three hours while fresh carriers were obtained for me, I started off again on foot on a splendid wide road, first to northwest between sugar-cane plantations, then upon

green grassy hills, between black volcanic boulders, shot up evidently during eruptions from the neighbouring volcano. Beyond the village of Tepolo, some five miles from La Castellana, the country which had been undulating became absolutely flat. Three sugar-mills were to be seen by the road-side. At Candiguit, a village of unscrupulous thieves, including the police, an unbridged river had to be crossed. The road was beautiful all along—very wide, with *bonga* palms on either side. The Government farm of La Carlota, under very energetic management, the best kept farm in the Philippine Islands, was a short distance north-east of the latter village, and should be a splendid example to the native agriculturist.

On Negros, as well as in many other islands, the private farmer is not always a proprietor, but more frequently a lessee or a partner, in the case of fully equipped farms, which were formerly let for about one-third of the gross receipts, and now, since the fall in the prices of sugar, for only one-fifth. This has many disadvantages, principally that the land is not taken proper care of nor its resources fully developed. When let out for fixed sums the lease is calculated on a 10 per cent. value of a fully equipped estate. In other cases the half-profit system, as in Italy and Spain, has been adopted, the proprietor providing all except the labour, the products being divided equally during the year. For the cultivation of hemp this mode is generally employed, but for sugar-cane the labour is usually obtained by contract, the price being fixed by the *picul* obtained.



Wages are seldom entirely paid in cash on Negros Island, food-stuff, such as *palay* and fish being accepted in payment for work done, 0.25 cents a week and board being the average wages, except during the harvest time, when wages go up even to 30 and 40 cents Mex. a day.

I had so far been travelling north-west, but from La Carlota the road turned due west and went direct towards San Enrique upon the coast, a very large and nicely-kept town with a very handsome stone church and houses. There was a market going on when I passed at 8 P.M., and smoky oil lights innumerable shone upon baskets of fruit and fish and highly-coloured fabrics of cotton, yellow and sallow-complexioned, tapered-fingered Filipino girls doing most of the trading, while men stood about apparently resting from the day's fatigue. As I still had some five miles to go before reaching Valladolid I invested all my spare change in mangoes, which I much enjoyed as I strolled along upon the excellent road. Notwithstanding what doctors say, I have ever believed that fresh fruit—not tinned stuff—is necessary to keep one healthy in a tropical climate, and none is surely more wholesome than the mango.

At 9.30 I had reached the big town of Valladolid (population 10,000), whose inhabitants devote their time to cultivating rice and some sugarcane. Eight sugar-mills exist in the neighbourhood. Here are to be found a fine stoned domed church in the shape of a cross, a spacious *cuartel*, and a street of Chinamen's shops—and the natives boast that no matter what you wish to buy, it

can be got in Valladolid. Well, that is only a boast, very much of a boast ; but Valladolid is, for a Filipino town, quite progressive and industrious, and the Presidente, Estevan Meno, a very intelligent, obliging, and enterprising man.

The natives, when not busy on land, take to their boats and go to sea to fish, or go further afield to trade. They are born traders, and, like all workers, they are of a quiet disposition, civil and amenable to reason.

I had walked 25 miles that afternoon since lunch, and hearing that a Spanish launch was to leave Pulupandan (five miles further north along the coast) for Ilo-ilo, I continued my journey along the fine road upon the seashore among cocoanut groves. With the moon shining on the sea, and Inampulagan and Nadulang and Natunga Islands just off the coast, with Guimaras beyond stretching in pale blue from west-south-west to north, and a continuous string of houses all along the road, I eventually reached Pulupandan, having walked 75 miles across Negros in 36 hours including halts (some six hours altogether) to obtain fresh carriers for my baggage. In a tropical climate, where 10 to 15 miles in 24 hours is considered fast travelling on foot, with baggage, this was a fair record.

Pulupandan was a collection of native eating shops, with a market square, a few cocoanuts along the beach, and dozens of large outriggered boats. I arrived in plenty of time to catch the Spanish launch "Moleno," a filthy craft laden with pigs and goats which shared the decks with

passengers. In the first saloon, which was the ship's bridge, the company was slightly more refined. Two or three pensive Chinamen, with long pallid hands, disported fancy straw hats and puffed away at cigarettes, dreaming, no doubt, of future commercial successes and the troubles of a high protective tariff; next on the same wooden bench sat some Filipino girls with supercilious eyes and mouths, the upper lip so prominent and raised as to project beyond the nose, and displaying a row of big, long, clean, and useful, but not ornamental, teeth; while sham jewellery in profusion adorned their ears, fingers, wrists and necks. Even their names in abbreviated form were made public on metal wire brooches which held together the *pina* neckerchief. Streaks of moistened powder, washed down by the perspiration, were flowing down the face, neck, and shoulders which had originally been besmeared in an even coating of ghastly white; but their hands were, indeed, most charmingly pretty and graceful.

The channel between Guimaras and Negros is only seven miles at its narrowest point. The northern end of Guimaras is very picturesque, split up into a great many little rocky islets much eroded by the waves, so that they resemble mushroom, and they possess some grottoes of great length. Hidden here and there huts of fishermen and fish *carals* can be seen all along the waters of the coast. The entire coast is very precipitous.

In the interior of this island, upon the hills

over 200 feet above the sea level, near some good springs of water, the Americans have established a fine military station, Jossman Camp, which ought to be very healthy. By blasting rocks and employing prisoners and native labour, a good road has been constructed.

Ilo-ilo is only a couple of miles across the strait from Guimaras, and 25 miles by sea from Pulupandan on Negros, whence I had come on that journey.

## CHAPTER XX

A ride across Panay Island—*Jusi* and *pina*—Remarkable interior towns.

ILO-ILO town itself, the second in importance in the Philippines, is too well known for me to describe it over again here. It was partly destroyed by fire, but many nice buildings still exist, a good church, and last but not least the best store in the Archipelago—an English concern, Hoskyns & Co. There are banks, also English, and clubs and a number of business houses, this place formerly carrying on an important inter-island trade as well as trade with foreign ports. Although the current is strong either way according to the tide, there is a fair anchorage in the channel, and also up the narrow river for steamers not more than 15 feet draught. A picturesque Spanish fort stands at the mouth of the river.

The town is of the Spanish type, and the suburbs of the usual *nipa* houses on piles five to seven feet high, of the familiar Filipino pattern, but with extra balconies and verandahs.

One is struck here principally by the rudeness

of the natives ; by the enormous cigars, 8 or 9 inches long and some 2 inches in diameter, smoked by women and even young girls ; by the number of lanterns which, by order, hang one outside each house along every street ; and by the two-wheeled carts which are hooded and drawn by a *carabao*. Nearly every man (native) one sees in the streets nurses his fighting-cock upon his arm, while a great many impudent Chinese seem to boss the minor trade of the place.

The suburbs are slightly more picturesque than Ilo-ilo itself ; Jaro, with its curious three-tiered tower standing by itself, its fine cathedral and immense episcopal palace and seminary standing well preserved on one side of the dilapidated *plaza*. Handsome residences of masonry and wood are to be seen both here and in the other suburb of Molo, where the stone church, they say, is one of the handsomest in the Visayan group of islands ; at Mandurriao and Oton also beautiful churches are to be found. The nicer buildings possess shell windows.

Perhaps Ilo-ilo is better known to American ladies as the place where *jusi* and *pina* come from. There are cotton and silk *jusi*. Silk *jusi* is not unlike an imperfectly made *mousseline de soie* or *chiffon fin* or grenadine, but somewhat harder under the touch, sometimes having a slightly wiry feeling. It is generally made in rolls of 24 *varas* (1 *vara* equals 33 inches) which constitute a dress length of the ordinary width of 20 inches. If wider it becomes disproportionately expensive. The plain white or plain black

*jusi* is considered better and costs more (from 16 pesos up to 24 *varas*) than striped or fancy *jusi*, which is sold to Americans at 14 or 15 pesos for a similar roll.

The *jusi* thread is imported from China and is woven in three kinds, either pure, with silk, or with cotton. It is generally woven of bright yellow, light pink, or a crude blue or green, striped or in squares, and is coated with rice starch to stiffen it.

*Pina* is a similar gauze fabric but of a different fibre, and when quite pure is said to last well ; but, personally, I could see no great beauty in either of these materials, striped in aniline-dyed silk of such crudeness that it set one's teeth on edge to look at them ; but Americans readily pay four times the worth and more for these much over-rated stuffs. I grant, nevertheless, that they are the best of locally-made materials, but not to be compared with similar fabrics from China or Japan.

The looms used are worked by women, by means of three bamboo pedals which raise and lower the two frames alternately, displacing the two sets of threads, and leaving a space for the shuttle to pass through, the third pedal raising two parallel sticks inserted between the sets of threads. The shuttles were most ingeniously made and ran on sixteen little rollers. While the double set of threads, according to the design wanted, was kept in tension around an octagonal grooved bar, a suspended bamboo grating or comb swung backwards and forwards to beat the cross threads home.

Large spindles were used for winding the silk and *jusi* threads upon bamboo reels, and in order to arrange the sets of threads according to the required design needed a long sort of spindle is made on which the threads are carefully arranged and counted in sets.

When I passed through Panay Island, on which Ilo-ilo is situated, the economic conditions of the various provinces were dejected—indeed, quite critical. Rinderpest, malaria, and drought prevailed, most of the land was unplanted, and the crops insufficient. The action of the Government in providing foreign rice at a reasonable price was, I think, appreciated.

The fusion of the many municipalities which now exist would be of great help. The island is, taking things all round, fairly quiet, especially in the coast towns, but the interior towns are to my mind unreliable, or, anyhow, doubtful. Outlaws keep the unarmed inhabitants of *barrios* fearful and unsettled, and unscrupulous merchants take advantage of the misery of the people to irritate the masses. What little cattle remains is apt to be stolen, but the constabulary show great energy in running down outlaws.

Constant applications for firearms are made by *barrios* and interior towns to defend themselves against marauding bands, but great caution should be exercised as these guns may one day be turned against Americans. Some of the *Presidentes* I met in the interior of this island left a very poor impression upon me. To provide an efficient force of constabulary would, I



think, be a safer plan than arming the municipal police.

Martin Delgado, a former insurgent general and now Governor of the Province, is greatly in favour—and rightly—of the establishment of schools of arts and trades and agriculture, as he was telling me that in those lines only are the Filipinos showing any aptitude worth cultivating.

Cholera had caused great ravages when I visited Panay and had killed some 19,813 people, the American Dr. Winslow distinguishing himself greatly in fighting the evil. In connection with this there were curious cases of real well-poisoning by a certain friar and a Spaniard who had done this to cause ill-feeling against the Americans.

Panay is, I think, taken as a whole, the most civilised island in the Philippines, no savage tribes being found on it except a few miserable *Ati* or *negritos* scattered mostly upon the river banks of the Antique Province. They are short, deformed, weak-chested, with bony legs and arms, coarse, notchy hands, the joints of which are enlarged, and big heads of frizzy hair. They occasionally descend from their haunts in the mountains and beg in the towns for food. Their skin is quite rough and black with a brownish tinge in it. The Buquidnons or Mundos also form a separate semi-savage population located in inaccessible mountain regions, and having no political relations with the Christian inhabitants. They are chiefly found in Mt. de Verdin. There



CLEANING RICE, ISLAND OF PANAY.



Full Face.

NEGRO.

Profile



are some 300 Mundos and about 200 Ati all told.

It is probably on the island of Panay that the new Independent Filipino Church has made more headway than anywhere else, owing to the hatred which the natives have for the friars.

As I had been in Ilo-ilo several times before, I only remained two days on this occasion in order to prepare for a trip across the island some ninety-six miles—from south to north. In the pleasant company of Captain Hartmann of the Signal Corps, and an escort of cavalry, we set out on June 12th—I on a splendid horse which had belonged to General Baldwin, but which had become insane through sunstroke. He had jumped off a high bridge into the river with an orderly on his back only a day or two before, and when he was brought to me that morning he threw the soldier who rode him and bolted. He was captured and brought up white with perspiration. When I got on he did his best to throw me, and backed into a house and then bolted out, evidently with the intention of “scraping me off” under the low doorway. Well, he did not succeed, and as I had ridden mad horses before I proceeded to render him sane, which I did in less than no time.

I learned later that the soldiers had prepared this joke in order to have a good laugh at an Englishman falling off his saddle—you see Americans believe that no Englishman can ride. It was too bad that I had to disappoint them !

There is a most excellent Spanish road nearly the whole way across the island, except that almost all the bridges have fallen in. The first day's journey was mostly across a flat plain highly cultivated as rice fields, in which men with huge circular hats, and using bamboo and wood ploughs drawn by *carabaos*, were at work. Here and there were rough bamboo platforms on which natives threshed grain by trampling upon it.

We passed Pavia with its mutilated church and buildings, and saw cocoanuts until quite far inland. To the north-east were a good many trees and a few houses. Then came Sta. Barbara, a large village with a pretty square and a discordant drinking-saloon; from this settlement the road, which had been quite straight, became more tortuous, had higher vegetation and less cultivation on each side, and passed over slightly undulating country. There were fair cantilever bridges over the larger streams. The houses got scarce and far apart, and we met only a naked child here and there upon the road, while now and again a scared female, young, or old and shrivelled up, peeped in astonishment through partly lifted shutters (which when open altogether were kept up by a bamboo lever), as the cavalcade went by. Occasional groups of natives baking shells—regular heaps of them—were encountered by the roadside; and after an otherwise unexciting journey Lucena was entered, a big place.

As far as Sta. Barbara we had come north, but

now we were going north-east on a flat stretch of country between a mountain range to the north-west and a hill range to north-north-east. There was nothing new about the houses of these people except the hand rice-mills—a plaited bamboo section of a cone with a quadrangular aperture at the bottom, revolving on a bamboo surface of rods radiating from the centre, the interstices filled with mud. A large basket below this collects the cleansed rice as it falls through.

We eventually got to Pototan, a very large town with several masonry buildings and a nice church with corrugated iron roof. In the plaza were neat market sheds, wherein sat women in bright-coloured dresses with their goods. A number of “fire” trees with their iridescent colour enlivened the pretty scene. This town is protected by a stockade with spiked bamboo gates, as a protection against bands of *ladrones*.

After passing a curious coral hillock we arrived at Dingle at 7 P.M. on June 12th, where we spent the night. Here, too, a most wonderful church existed, and large stone buildings on the east side of the *plaza*; whereas the *cuartel* with the prison occupied the west side. In the prison was a bamboo cage in which an old fellow was kept. Much to his joy he was let out to help the soldiers make up a fire and went about free until his work was finished, and then duly returned of his own accord to be locked up. This was not quite so amusing as in a place on Mindanao where prisoners actually went and

spent Sundays with their families and returned to jail on Monday morning.

Beyond Dingle a good deal of limestone was noticeable, and the country was more undulating, with a lot of bamboos and bananas about. Chickens and young pigs played about upon the road, and by and by we came to some miniature dwellings. There were occasional stalls of native food along the road, and groups of sulky men and women smoking giant cigars stood near them. These people never saluted or smiled, and evidently looked upon us as intruders.

After crossing the River Ulian we had another stretch of flat country with high grass. For a couple of miles the trail was bad and stony over hilly ground, but after that the road was again good, although not quite so wide as before reaching Dingle.

At Duenas, in the very centre of the Island, I was astounded to find a beautiful stone church with an iron dome and two high towers, and a fine *cuartel*; but all the other houses, although neatly made of plaited bamboo and *cogon* roofs, were very small.

On coming to the Jalaur River, which we had to cross, Passi town looked picturesque with a huge church and an elevated tower. An immense and most elaborately ornamented convent perched on high posts overlooked the stream. In the water dozens of women, men and children were gaily bathing—for propriety sake the women plunging neck-deep when we

rode across. After leaving Passi the trail, which ran in a general north-easterly direction, again became less good. It went over several small ridges among mimosa trees and other kindred sensitive plants ; then through a thick growth of bamboos, passing after the first portion between two hill-ranges, one grassy to the west, the other wooded to the east, until we arrived at the small *barrio* of Atambo. The trail was tortuous and occasionally through thick brush. The native rest-houses were packed with itinerants, male and female, watching the row of blackened pots, in which delicacies to eat were boiling upon the fire. When walking, women carried their young astride on the shoulder or else generally on the right hip.

After some undulations we came to well-cultivated country, suggesting the approach of a town. Each time we asked the distance of a native the further we were told our objective was. We had endless trouble to get our horses and baggage-mules across a deep creek with a lot of entangled vegetation, the bridge having collapsed ; but some two miles further in a well-cultivated plain, where we found a regular string of men, women, and children travelling on the trail, we arrived at Dumarao, the end of our second day's journey, thirty-one or thirty-two miles from Dingle.

At Dumarao, too, there remain the ruins of a huge church, the façade and tower still in good preservation, but the rest destroyed. Under the large convent, with spacious halls and rooms,



were subterranean passages and mysterious trap doors communicating with several rooms. In the tower were five handsome bronze bells. The new wooden church had just been destroyed by a typhoon which had lately swept over this region, and of the severity of which we had had ample evidence upon the trail. Trees of great size had been blown down and houses had collapsed. The natives unconcernedly lived in their telescoped abodes, the roof which formerly stood upon high posts now resting upon the ground amid *débris* of smashed bamboo walls and furniture. They had cut a door and window in the thatch of the roof. Dumarao is a famous place for *buri* hats, the best of which sell from 15 to 20 pesos ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 dollars gold) each, the inferior quality from 3 to 4 pesos. Fine mats are also manufactured here.

By six o'clock the next day we were again on the trail on the left bank of the river, and still going north we crossed two spacious valleys separated by a low hill range. After crossing the stream we were again on a good road, but now with roofs and walls and broken furniture scattered upon it by the typhoon. Various little villages had avenues of the deliciously-scented betel-nut palms; behind us, to the south-west, we left the high hills, one of which had a white patch of limestone resembling snow. East-north-east in the distance loomed in pale blue two high peaks, Mt. Sibala, 1,959 feet, and two more sharp peaks (2,815 feet) to the east.

In the large well-cultivated plain before

reaching Pantero nearly every house had been destroyed by the wind. At Dao, a big town almost swept away altogether by the typhoon, were more remains of former splendour in a fine stone church of great size, school-houses for boys and girls, the Tribunal and other buildings, of most of which the lower portion only remained standing.

We crossed the broad and deep river Mambusao which joins the Panay River at this point, and after that we travelled east across extensive and fertile well-cultivated valleys, slightly undulating on the north-east portion, and having groves of betel-nut palm. To the north we now had two very pointed conical peaks.

The road was excellent, but the bridges were in a most unsafe condition, one or two Spanish masonry bridges excepted, and we passed through fairly well-cultivated land, picking our way among tumbled-down huts and uprooted trees, till we reached Pamitan, another large place, with a fine walled graveyard such as you might find in any good-sized Spanish city. Here, too, only the more solid houses had stood the storm, but most of the city was wrecked. Even the roof of the fine white plastered church had been blown away.

Although all these churches were very impressive outwardly, the inside was generally tawdry, and fell below one's expectations. Of course, war and insurrections are always very disastrous to buildings of this sort, but I rather doubt whether these were ever very beautiful.

Still, one cannot help being struck by the splendid way in which the Spaniards did everything, down to the most minute details, in public works. There was no shabbiness about them. Everything was made in a practical way and made to last—a great contrast to the American way, which builds everything flimsily and temporarily. Where Americans put up bridges of wood which tumble down with the first rain, and cut down roads without metalling them so that they are soon overgrown with vegetation and impassable with mud, the Spaniards built solid bridges of masonry, iron, or of strong well-tarred wood on cantilever principles. Most of even the smaller bridges were walled at the sides, generally with ornamental seats for travellers to rest upon. Their school-houses—one for boys and one for girls—their *cuartels*, their *tribunals*, were usually of stone and wood, instead of the hurriedly run up *nipa* buildings now constructed, which last but little time.

Panitan lies on the west bank of the Panay River. The road along the river, although circuitous at first, took us now due north, then north-west, and there was a curious basin like half a crater upon a mountain on our left. Then again we turned north towards Loctugan, a place formerly of some importance, with a red brick church and remains of public offices. Rice fields of beautiful green groves of betel-nut palms, bananas, and *nipa* swamps, cultivation everywhere round, and carabaos basking in mud pools; women in pink or brightly-coloured skirts, men

in black bowler hats ; villages following in quick succession—these things were evident signs of the neighbourhood of a big city. The road was getting excellent, and at 4.30 P.M. on June 14th we had arrived at Capiz, having ridden 96 miles from Ilo-ilo with only two stoppages between. It may further be noticed that the entire journey across Sebu, Negros, and Panay occupied seven days' actual travelling, the distance covered being over 270 miles, of which only 25 miles were by steam. Capiz was indeed a large and handsome town, handsomer than Ilo-ilo in its present condition, the buildings (although now rather blown about by the storm) being in better preservation. When we crossed the very shaky bridge we had before us a really beautiful stone church, and stone school buildings, constabulary quarters, etc., while down the main street—wide and neatly kept—were residential houses of great size. The river described an arc of a circle in the town, and had upon its front barracks for the Scouts, hospital and Government offices.

The market-place behind the church was quite picturesque ; there was a street of little shops with open fronts and *nipa* screens for protection against the sun, and further on the market-square with innumerable sheds, where squatting women sold fruit and vegetables, cakes, cotton, buttons, needles, and other such articles of commerce. Many of the women wrapped round the head a stiff kerchief of *pina*, forming a high pointed headgear not unlike the attire familiar in Holbein's pictures. Other women wore enormous

round hats, such as the coolies wear in China, and these hats were made of fresh leaves in a cane frame. When new the leaves are of different colours and quite pretty.

For a change, let us go inside the church. We find a tiled floor, a glazed white tiled border along the lower portion of the plastered walls, high flat columns of wood painted to resemble granite, a gallery all along, and a marble font. As we neared the elaborate altars, one in front, one in each of the two wings, we saw the usual stucco images adorning niches ; but even I could not help receiving a moral shock when my eyes rested (*pour façon de parler*) upon a large image of our Saviour, evidently meant of Visayan nationality, at least judging by its features and the colour of the skin ! This was, it must be supposed, a well-devised trick of the local *padres*—Visayans, and bright jolly jokers at that—to attract the faithful.

The people of Capiz, mainly owing to the excellent influence upon them of an American Scout officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, were most civil and respectful, but not so the many Chinese traders, who were insultingly impudent. Beggars, who here were innumerable, went about in regular swarms like bees, lame, blind, crippled, hump-backed, or deaf and dumb. Men and women covered with sores of all kinds formed an ugly procession along the streets, with a buzzing noise of prayers, or anguish, or something in order to move well-off folks to compassion. They were only allowed to go about on certain days.

Capiz is certainly an attractive town, and were it not for the low bar, the channel of which changes constantly, good-sized steamers could come up the river to the town. The low swampy land along the stream and around the city is used extensively for growing *nipa*. On the beach where the new cable landing is, among groves of cocoanuts, are four graves of Americans.

I arrived here just at a moment when this post was to be abandoned by the military, the company of Scouts under Lieutenant Weusthoff making preparations to embark. This company was one of the best, if not the best, drilled I saw in the Philippines. It was an excellent example of what can be done with Filipinos as soldiers if proper methods are adopted. The scene of the departure of the Company from Capiz, where they had been a long time and done splendid service, was most touching—the men and their painstaking commanding officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, being much loved by the entire population.

By the transport *Butuan* along the north and east coast of Panay I returned to Ilo-ilo. Concepcion, in a bay protected by little islands, and lots of little villages were visible along the coast. Banate, as far as we could see, seemed one of the largest towns in Eastern Panay, and after entering the channel between Guimaras and Panay we came to the Seven Sins, a group of dangerous rocks in the centre of the passage, the largest, however, being provided with a good lighthouse.

## CHAPTER XXI

Samar—American military posts—Picturesque St. Juanico Strait—Leyte—The Surigao Insurgents.

AFTER having had just enough time to breathe, have washing done, and enjoy the delightful company of the American and English residents of Iloilo, I again set out on the transport *Ibidan*, Captain Winch, a witty Welshman, bound for Samar, Leyte, and Surigao. Colonel A. H. McCauley very kindly made special arrangements for my comfort on that particular journey.

We went direct to Calbayok, passing to the north of Maripipi Island, 2,992 feet—a picturesque mountain rising from the sea. To the north we had Talajit, an island of most irregular and indented coast, with a pointed peak 1,791 feet high. To the east of Talajit lay the low islet of Tomaso, and soon after we passed between Kamandak Island to our north and Limbankanyan Island—the latter an island as large as Maripipi and 1,519 feet high. It showed a sugar-loaf peak standing by itself on the south. This island, with many houses upon it, seemed

fairly well cultivated, whereas Kamandak was thickly wooded, with hardly any cultivation, and with a precipitous coast. A little village existed on the south side of the island.

The channel between these two islands was some 2 miles wide, and on going through it we obtained a good view of wild Samar, 14 miles off to the east of us. Mt. Samoong, 1,745 feet, in north-west Samar, was the only high point which at first attracted our eye. Near it were other peaks of lesser importance.

My principal object in visiting Samar and Leyte was to see the new American military camps, otherwise there was nothing of special interest in either of those islands, which, in a way, were quite civilised. Calbayok town had a handsome church with holy water fonts made of enamelled iron frying saucepans upon pedestals of masonry ; and many other buildings which displayed former grandeur but present squalor.

The military camp, some little distance from the town, was begun in April, 1903, and much work had already been done by the 14th Infantry—a regiment very dear to me, for I had seen them in active service when they greatly distinguished themselves during the Chinese war of 1900. The camp seemed pleasantly situated among groves of cocoanuts along the seashore ; but possibly, as it was only 12 inches above the sea-level, there may be a prospect of its being washed away by tidal waves which, during the south-west monsoon, are extremely frequent on this coast, and rise as much as 8 feet. Other-



wise the large barracks for men and the neat sets of officers' quarters, the hospital, commissary and quartermaster's storehouses, the ice-plant, and men's clubs, all built of American timber, seemed very comfortable, although they gave the impression of being intended for a temporary camp rather than a permanent one. Most of the buildings were covered with roofs of ruberoid—a patent stuff, over whose merits for tropical use much discussion occurs.

A road had been cut through the camp and was being metalled with coral stone, and only the water question seemed to give a little trouble, the water being obtained merely from surface wells. A deep well had been dug east of the post, but with no appreciable results, when I visited the place, June 27th. Considering the amount of work which had been done, the expenditure was comparatively small, the entire work having practically been done by white labour under the supervision of Col. Jocelyn.

It was a real pleasure to meet here again some of my old friends of the march to Peking, and to shake hands once more with that plucky American who was first to climb upon the wall of Peking on the day of the attack, Captain H. G. Leonard ; but all good things must come to an end, and I had to depart.

Catbalogan, also on the west coast of Samar, where the 39th Filipino Scouts, under Lieut. Speth, were stationed, was a biggish town, with a handsome church, a large fort (turned into the provincial jail), the wall of which had in great

part been demolished. The town extended mostly to the east of the fort in two long parallel streets intersected by cross thoroughfares, with a great many nice buildings. To the west a bridge connected the town with a small hill on which were the remains of an old Spanish blockhouse—a position occupied later by the insurgents who placed a piece of ordnance here.

Although the bay seemed well screened on all sides, except the west, by islands, the inhabitants say that very heavy seas—regular tidal waves—run up the coast during the south-west monsoon, and often reach up to the level of the street, 8 to 10 feet above the normal high water mark.

Catbalogan is the capital of Samar, an island which possesses a terrible reputation, mostly because it is not generally well-known. Samar has a very healthy and fine climate, and the natives themselves are tame enough and even polite. Unfortunately for them, all the remnants of *ladrone* and *insurgent* bands from neighbouring provinces, landed upon their island, and, owing to the thick forests in the centre of the island, gave the natives and the American soldiers a great deal of worry. A few bands of outlaws are still at large in the forests of Samar, but they possess no firearms and devote their time to pillage and petty robbery, attacking undefended *barrios*. All arms have been confiscated in the island since the treacherous attacks on the Americans, and even the police of many *barrios* were, at the time of my visit, armed with

wooden spears and sharpened sticks. Only a few possessed firearms.

No means of communication exist between *barrios* and cities. There are no cart roads, and only a few bad trails. In Spanish days I believe there were roads along the north and east coasts, but now they are abandoned, overgrown with vegetation, and impassable, the bridges destroyed or tumbled down. There are two navigable rivers in Samar, the Gandara River and the Galbiga. No regular postal service existed, and the communication along the coast by sea was imperfect, hence the comparative ease with which the *ladrones* had carried on their work.

Agriculture was dead, although the island might be extremely rich, and has produced hemp and cocoanuts in great quantity. Rice, tobacco, potatoes, and corn could be raised profitably. The few natives who have remained in Samar are well off owing to the high price obtained for hemp, and the Americans find it almost impossible to get native labour even at exorbitant wages. A capable man earns a good deal by working and preparing hemp. He can generally prepare 2 *arrobas* (50 lbs.) a day, the price of 1 *arroba* (4 dollars Mexican), on the half-profit system, being his day's earnings. So all the *pueblos*, except Guiuan, grow hemp, of which a considerable export exists. Living, which was formerly very cheap, is now extremely dear in Samar, meat, chickens, and rice fetching ridiculous prices.

The industries of Samar are not many. They

consist of mats, hats, baskets, *ticug*, a finer material than *buri*, and hemp goods—these last made chiefly at Tubig and Sulat. *Vino* is distilled from *nipa*. The commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, such as the Compañia General de Tabacos de Filipinas, who practically control all the west and east coast; Smith, Bell and Co., Warner Barnes, the American Commercial, and Oria Bros., having representatives at different spots along the coast. Although some large Chinese firms are also represented there are but few Chinese residents, owing to the hatred of the natives towards them.

The forests produce excellent timber, and where one or more roads cut across the island from the west to the east coast, this island, I think, would be greatly benefited and would develop quickly. The province is only now emerging from a bloody war, only thirteen out of forty *pueblos* remaining undestroyed. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a license to cut timber, the few natives who have returned to their own land prefer to build themselves humble huts of *nipa* and bamboo hardly large enough to hold the family.

The natives themselves, not the imported *ladrones*, are very quiet and peaceful, and they firmly disclaim any kindred with the murderous *polajan* and *Dios-dios*. In fact, the Governor of Samar reports that great respect is shown for the American authorities, and that help in stamping out outlaws is given to Government. Possibly Major Glenn's salutary example may also in a

great measure account for the present good behaviour of the people. It is, nevertheless, a pity that nine out of ten of the natives of Samar are suspected by the Americans of having been traitors in the lamentable Balangiga murders. There is nothing more likely to make people bad, even when they are not, than suspicion and fear.

On leaving Catbalogan, we went in a direct line south  $8^{\circ}$  west for  $10\frac{3}{4}$  miles until quite clear of hilly Daram Island. For ships of light draught it is possible to go south through the inner route between Buad and Daram Islands, but the sea is shallow and has great reefs, frequently with a depth of only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms, and the course somewhat dangerous.

Turning south-east on our outer and clear course we leave Biliran westward with high peaks, 3,550 feet, 4,472 feet, 4,285 feet. The first and most northern is a handsome, pointed peak, the central is a volcanic mountain of majestic lines and forms a central basin like half a crater, with precipitous rocky walls and extremely rugged upper edge. South-east of this mountain, where the coast-line forms a bay, a sharply-pointed conical peak rises to 3,511 feet, but most prominent of all and most beautiful is the southern peak (4,285 feet) sloping in a most beautiful curve into the sea at the Panikan Pt.

We now came to the Kangan Bay formed by the north coast of Leyte Island, flat towards the north-west portion, but rising gradually in a series of small humps, where the narrow channel

separates Leyte from Biliran Island. Our course was close to Daram Island.

At the entrance of the Janabatas Channel, where we sharply turned due east, were two peaks, one to our north, one to our south, both 1,300 feet high, both thickly wooded. Once inside the strait the scenery is quite charming, far prettier than anything I ever saw in the Inland Sea of Japan. Small islands with villages, low lands cultivated here and there, pretty coves with houses and boats sheltered in them. On Cananay we picked up a pilot to go through the wonderful San Juanico Strait between Samar and Leyte—the most famous spot for beauty in the Philippine Archipelago.

On Leyte side stretch out small peninsulas from one to two hundred feet high, and on Samar (north-north-east) is a high peak like a camel-hump, and two more, sugar-loaf shape. In mid-channel, very narrow in the northern part, in some places not more than 350 yards wide, are small islands. On one can be seen two picturesque towers half buried in creepers, and the pillars of a large building, probably former barracks. In front of this, also in mid-channel, a smaller islet covered with cocoanuts.

After a flat stretch of some miles on the Leyte side we came to some mountains, 1,787 feet. Until this point, after rounding Bacol Island, we had practically come from north to south among numerous islets for nine miles, but from the Tinaugan Pt. (Samar) where the channel broadens again, we turned in a south-east direction, and

emerged in the San Pedro Bay. There were strong tidal currents in the Strait ; at flood the tide sets to the north, and at ebb to the south. Many whirlpools and eddies were noticeable. The channel was nowhere of any great depth, the soundings on the steamer track varying from a minimum of 23 feet to a maximum of 115, the average depths, however, being between 30 and 60 feet.

There were few dwellings in the central part of the Strait, except a quaint little fishing-village or two perched on the hill-side. The country on both sides became very flat ; there were many cocoanut groves ; the curiously shaped Mt. Danglay, 1,145 feet, showed on Samar, and a lower conical peak to the south. We observed some wonderful effects of mirage. A high island reflected in the water appeared at north  $35^{\circ}$  west, which was only Mt. Suiro on south Biliran Island, the lower part of the island disappearing entirely by this optical illusion.

At Tacloban, on Leyte Island, where I stopped, there was nothing of exceptional interest except the construction of the new American military post, nicely situated on fairly high ground and built on sensible, if not permanent, lines, under the supervision of Colonel (now General) Sanno. There was some trade in hemp, rice, corn, and sugar. This was the capital of Leyte Island.

The roads, except a dozen miles or so near Tacloban, were in a deplorable condition, and land communication difficult to most distant points of the island. A good road across the

island should certainly be made from Abuyoz to Baybai, and other roads and trails which the Spaniards had made should, at the earliest opportunity, be re-opened and thoroughly repaired. There was formerly a good trail from Tacloban to Palo, and from Palo to Tanauan, Tolosa, Dulag, Mayorga, and others from Palo to Alang-alang, Jaro—Barugo—Carigara; Tanauan—Dagami—Burauen—Dulag; Dagami to Tabon-tabon; Dagami to Pastrana; and Ormoc to Macrohon.

I understood that there were some 400 bridges in Leyte which needed repair, and some, rebuilding altogether.

Leyte has suffered much from its vicinity to Samar, the evil-doers on that island crossing over the San Juanico Strait to Leyte, when convenient, and carrying on successful depredations. The "Dios-dios" on the island of Biliran were curious fanatics who killed everyone who did not think like them. Their leader was supposed to pay nightly visits to Rome to confer with the Virgin Mary! As late as October, 1902, some hundred of these *Dios-dios* came over to Leyte and pillaged and killed until checked by the constabulary force. Even towns as large as Ormoc were attacked by these people.

From Tacloban I followed southward the east coast of Leyte. The mountains on Leyte were high all along and the chain ended at Marapion Pt. with the lofty and impressive Mt Kabolian, 3,130 feet, cultivated well up its slopes. Gibuson and the Two Twins which stood between us and Dinagat had no special attraction. Panaon



Island, stretching in a south-east direction from the most south-east point of Leyte, bore the same characteristics as her neighbour, and had a rugged mountain range extending to its full length, rising in the centre of the island to 2,313 feet. Its peaks were generally abrupt to the north, and gently sloping to the south.

To the east we had elongated Dinagat Island, with its far-stretching northern peninsula ending in Desolation Pt., and a much broken-up island it seemed to be, very mountainous from north to south ; Mt. Redondo, 3,337 feet ; Mt. Picudo, 1,726 feet—a very pointed but massive peak with precipitous slopes ; Mt. Cumbra, 2,395 feet ; two-humped Mt. Tristan, 2,074 feet ; a conical peak 1,060 feet ; Mt. Caballote, 1,791 feet. Unip, Sibanag, Tabucaya, Cabilan, Sibalé, Gipdo, were islands, mostly flat and unimportant, visible from the most northerly point of Mindanao, but Kamiguin Volcano (5,338 feet) to the south-west was most graceful in line and quite attractive. Our objective was now Surigao, on Mindanao Island, where considerable trouble had arisen lately with insurgent bands.

The Surigao peninsula is very mountainous and lends itself to guerilla warfare, the pretty Lake Mainit in the heart of the mountains being some 500 feet above sea-level. This lake is fed by numerous mountain-streams from the north and the east, while its principal outlet is the Tubai River (south), some 15 or 18 miles long, capable of being navigated the whole way in native canoes. The south side of the lake is low and

swampy, the east side is partly in valleys from half to one mile wide, and partly of a difficult series of mountains dividing the lake from the east sea-coast. The north coast is also mountainous. The lake is said to be about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide and 14 miles long, and is subject to a heavy swell in high wind.

There is a mountain trail from Mainit to the centre of the west shore of the lake (Tagbayuhan), and from there to Jabonga along the lake shore and by and by it strikes the river down to the coast. It was on this lake that Adriano Conception, the insurgent leader—an illiterate, common miscreant—with some 100 followers carried on quite a successful little war. He and four others escaped from jail, organised an insurgent band, and seized an opportunity when the Constabulary men were at dinner to assault the barracks, seize all the weapons, and kill Captain L. M. Clarke, who behaved heroically. Colonel A. L. Myer with troops arrived soon afterwards, and after a number of engagements recaptured most of the rifles and revolvers, as well as all the leading insurgents, including their chief, who were subsequently sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment. Captain Weigel, Captain Battle, Lieuts. Seaman and Delaplane distinguished themselves greatly in these fights. The native scouts did excellent work.

In Surigao Town itself there is little to see, except a fine avenue with gigantic acacias on either side, giving delicious shade, leading to the plaza, where there is a church with tawdry images,

some school buildings and the tribunal. The town stretches from south-east to north-west.

Saying good-bye for good to Mindanao, I now proceeded to Ormoc on the east coast of Leyte. We passed between Limasana Island and Pt. Taancan (Leyte) a channel of great depth, as much as 807 fathoms of water being registered. On the Leyte coast were many villages and extensive groves of cocoanuts, even on the hill-sides, quite an unfamiliar sight. The town of Maasin displayed a fine church with an iron dome, and a great many two-storeyed houses, while in the valley which opened beyond were great plantations of hemp. To the south-west we had a cluster of islands off the Bohol coast, Lapinin, with conical hills; Timuibo, a semispherical rock; Gans, a low reef; Bulan and Balingui; Bilanbilayan, all with low conical hills upon them.

The Carmen shoal is marked on charts off Tagurus Point to the west, but its position is not accurately known, and great care is necessary in going through the channel between Leyte and Kamigao Islands, the most eastern end of a long and broad coral and sand reef called Danajon Bank, which extends almost uninterruptedly, except a channel half a mile wide, for 38 miles westwards, where it then turns to the south-west for seven and a-half miles. Its greatest width is four miles. It encircles a number of low coral islands, among which—the reader may remember—I passed on my way from Buluan to Sebu.

Makalon (west coast of Leyte) possesses a ruined Spanish fort and a church, and between

this town and Gibagnan, the hills give way to a beautiful undulating valley partly under cultivation and partly grassy. Ilongos, where a fair anchorage exists during the north-eastern monsoon, was formerly a flourishing place, but is now in a half-destroyed condition. North-west of us from Ilongos were the Camotes Islands and the Quatro Islands--the latter mere reefs; of the former, Pacijan is a flat island in a crescent; Poro is hilly; and Ponson, the smallest, shows several ridges with two high peaks of considerable height in the centre.

Ormoc, the principal place in the north part of Leyte on the western coast, had been selected by the military for a post named Camp Downs. The 11th Infantry, under Major G. S. Young, were building the post, which occupied some 100 acres and stood 80 feet above the sea, where a nice breeze was always obtainable. It promised to be one of the healthiest posts in the Southern Philippines, and a vein of water was struck which gave a daily supply of from seven to ten thousand gallons. The entire buildings had been constructed by American labour except the *nipa* roofing.

Along the beach lower down were numerous miserable huts of the natives, and in the town a large church inside a former fort. The resident Filipino Catholic priests seemed very jovial, and they seem to have behaved very well in sheltering the sick in their convent during the cholera and other epidemics. The post-office and drinking-saloon were combined.

The bay was fine and well protected, but notwithstanding this a tidal wave caused great damage only a few days before my visit, the wind which accompanied it blowing down every tent in the camp and most buildings in and near the town. Major Young was telling me that his house was blown away and his entire family had to lie under the fallen roof in mud and water until the following day, while most of their belongings were either washed or blown away.

I left Ormoc on July 2nd for the north, among other places visiting Laguan off the north Samar coast. Laguan is merely an island because the Catubig River has formed two channels, one west, the other east, leading into a lagoon, with a northern opening into the sea. The town of Laguan itself, which was formerly on the Samar coast, was for greater protection removed by the Spaniards to Laguan Island, where it is located on a high bluff of volcanic ashes and lime, superposed on coral rock. The strata are so regular and with such straight layers between of salt and lime that at first sight the coast-line has the appearance of a well-made artificial wall.

The Americans have original ways about them. In selecting camps for their troops one would have thought that first an appropriate supply of water should be found, then a camp built near it. The American first builds a camp at great expense, then proceeds to find the water. Very often he does not find it. Here, too, after boring through volcanic ashes a hole 100 feet deep (20 feet below sea level) no water was obtained.

Some years ago, they say, during an eruption of Mayon Volcano, Laguan was covered with cinders, the sky being black with them for several days.

We find here the usual structure of American wood nailed together—which will of course fall down when the nails become rusted by the damp of the climate—and roofed with ruberoid. The hospitals are walled up with coarse matting—if ever there was an unsuitable material for hospital walls it is matting, which collects dust and dirt and cannot be kept clean. These things and other such up-to-date arrangements rather astonish the practical man. It is a pity, because with the money spent by the United States most perfect and sensible arrangements ought to be made.

The distance across the shallow channel from Laguan to Samar is one-eighth of a mile. The Catubig River is a large stream navigable for even fair-sized craft up to Catubig, 15 miles from Laguan. It runs from south to north.

## CHAPTER XXII

Mindoro, "the white man's grave"—The Manguianes—The mythical white tribe.

WE will next visit mysterious Mindoro Island. I started for that island on August 29th, a very bad time, as the rains were torrential and travel inland impracticable—not that there is much to see in the interior of Mindoro. Calapan, the capital of Mindoro, where I first landed, was a dreary, desolate-looking place, with a fort and a church and a prison. Some of the inmates of the latter building had brutal faces. They seemed well cared-for, quite fat, and struck attitudes when I photographed them.

West of Calapan town was a large plain extending from north to south, bounded on the west by Mt. Halcon, and other high mountains to west-north-west, forming the north-west point of Mindoro. As we cruised down the north-east coast, the scenery was pretty, the country being undulating and with rocky islets, Mt. Halcon (said by some to be 9,697, by others 8,865 feet) and the long chain of mountains to which it belongs looming in the background.

After four hours' steaming we called in at Polak, situated in a nice bay of fair size, that afforded good anchorage during the south-west monsoon. A better, although smaller, anchorage than Polak was to be found a short distance north of this place. Polak was a humble town, near which hemp of excellent quality, very white, but only 8 feet long, was cultivated. One day's journey north of Polak along the coast was a settlement of Manguianes, who in appearance and language were not unlike uncivilised Tagalos. These went about naked except for a loin-string.

In the northern part of Mindoro, along the coast, the present population consisted mostly of Tagalos, whereas in the southern part we mostly found Visayan settlements. In Central Mindoro were Manguianes, as well as a few Negritos.

Lieut. Cheatham and Dr. Gardner took a journey in the interior from Polak and had great difficulty in progressing, owing to the dense vegetation. It took them twenty-one days to go 120 miles and to arrive at the large Naujan lake, which can be reached with greater ease by canoe from the north.

Two hours' run around Pt. Dumali brought us to Pinamalayan, where the main street was festively decorated with bamboos whose skin had been shaved in curls, a reminiscence evidently of the decorations of shrines we have seen in Mindanao. There is hardly one tribe, whether Christian or Pagan, which does not favour this style of decoration. The town was nice and



clean. The growing of a good kind of hemp and the cutting of timber were the chief industries of the natives.

There is a trail from this place to Mangarin on the south-west coast of Mindoro. Going further down the coast we indulged in fishing, the Filipino crew catching some large *tanghingi* fish, over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, and considered to be the finest eating fish in these waters. It is not unlike a sturgeon in shape, and is beautifully coloured in gradations of blue and green, with a very pointed head, the lower jaw projecting far beyond the upper.

The coast line was getting hilly as we went southward, and thickly wooded, with occasional patches of grassy clearings. The rocky and rugged Buyallao Point and the island of the same name were separated by a narrow but deep channel affording good anchorage in a gale. There was another emergency anchorage further south-west, protected by the island and reef of Soguicay.

We next had before us the long Pandan peninsula with Tambaron and Masin Isles off its point. We cautiously passed along the narrow and very picturesque channel, with a rocky coast on either side and thick forest down to the water's edge. After a few hundred yards we emerged into the Bay of Bulalacao, with high mountain ranges to north and west. The large island of Semarara loomed to the south.

Bulalacao was the most interesting place to me on Mindoro, as I was able here to examine

some Manguianes who lived in settlements close by. This tribe was chiefly distinguishable by the flatness of the nose—which was almost on the same plane as the cheeks—but the nostrils were widely expanded. The eyes were almond-shaped and slightly slanting up at the outer corners, and possessed a perfectly well-defined deep-brown iris, with no discoloration whatever. They had straight black hair of a fine texture; the men had a slight moustache, and a complexion of a dark chocolate colour, somewhat intensified by an accumulation of dirt. Men and women filed their teeth down to the gums.

Undoubtedly of a Malayan type, with high cheek-bones, receding chins, supple frames, pretty, delicate hands and flattened feet, extraordinarily elastic fingers with well-shaped but dirty nails, and open countenances, the Manguianes are rather pleasant folks than otherwise. They possess a very keen sense of humour, and can laugh more heartily and noisily than any tribe in the Archipelago. They are timid and much frightened of white men. It is seldom in their natural state that they wear more than a long coil belt made of plaited *nito*, generally white and black, and with a *bejuco* cord dyed red which encircles the waist several times.

It is said that over a century ago there lived numerous Tagalos on Mindoro, and many were driven to the mountains by raids made upon them by the piratical Mahommedans of the South. The remnant of these people are said to have been the ancestors of the present Manguianes.

Whether identical or not, the two races have characteristics closely akin. The Manguianes seem averse to settling in large communities, and they have suffered and suffer a good deal when they come in contact with some Christians, who swindle them unmercifully.

The women are very gentle, affectionate, and fond of ornaments, the most frequently seen being a row of Chinese brass bells fastened to the waist on the right hip; *galang*, anklets of brass or red beads; white shell bracelets of great size; and bead necklaces, made of the odoriferous *ranghiran* wood. But most characteristic of all is the belt of *bejuco* buttoned behind and the *bejuco* band 8 centimetres broad over the shoulder-blades and breast-nipples to prevent them drooping. The women had very beautiful breasts, somewhat under-developed, but quite firm and well-shaped, while their arms and legs were nicely rounded and of great suppleness.

These people make a fire with flint and steel. They use bows made of royal *palma* or of bamboo, with poisoned reed arrows. The point of these arrows is of *palma* wood, either of conical or pyramidal shape. Their poisons, which they call *bashlai* and *catipan*, are said to be very deadly. Animals wounded by a poisoned arrow cannot run more than 20 feet, and men last but little longer. A Spaniard who was wounded died, so poisonous the arrows certainly are. They extract the sap from some plant and boil it; the arrows are repeatedly dipped in the decoction and each time allowed to cool, the process continuing until

they are perfectly saturated with the poison. Cane flutes decorated with feathers are also made here.

A pathetic incident occurred. I had kept Bakit, the chief of the tribe, and Biddiao, his daughter, up the entire night, in order to draw up a vocabulary of their language. When I had finished I presented each with a silver dollar. Their intense amazement and joy were plainly visible in their eyes, which shone like beads as they gazed upon the coins in their hands. Three times they asked me whether I really intended them to keep them, or whether I expected the money back! When I assured them it was a present and I should never ask for them back, the girl rubbed herself against her father and placed her coin into his hand, whereupon the father took both coins and pressed them into her hand for safe keeping.

There is a trail running from this place across to Mangarin on the west coast, but during the rainy season it is impassable. Rubber (*ducton achas* in Tagalo) is plentiful all over the island, and is procured by the natives by rudimentary methods. *Almacega*, ebony, *ipil*, *nara*, *molave*, and camphor wood are also plentiful in the forests.

Just before sunrise we steamed out of Bulalacao and rounded Point Burancan, the most southern portion of Mindoro, where the island is less hilly: in fact, very low in the south-west portion of the coast between Pta. Lalauigan and Pta. Bancal, the soil where not sandy being swampy

and forming a regular lagoon. The long Island of Ylin protects the Bay of Mangarin from the south-west winds. Curious tide lines were visible on the surface of the narrow channel between Ylin and Mindoro, dividing the still waters into two sections, one of emerald green, the other of a deep blue. The difference in colour was, I think, caused by two currents of unequal temperature travelling in opposite directions side by side along the division line.

Pandarukan, where I next landed, has a Visayan population of about one hundred souls. The Spaniards had a town called Mangarin some three miles from this place, Pandarukan being situated on a small peninsula at the northern entrance of the Mangarin bay, a fairly-well protected anchorage, although not very deep, from 2 to 8 fathoms being registered in the centre. In the eastern portion of the bay is the entrance into a lagoon extending south. New Mangarin, which is really the older of the two Mangarins, is situated in the north-east corner of the bay.

In a regular downpour I landed at Pandarukan, and after struggling through sand for a quarter of a mile arrived in the "city"—one rambling wooden house and about a dozen *nipa* huts. Between Mangarin and Sablayan, further up north, the west coast was picturesque enough, and displayed thickly-wooded mountains, with but occasional barren slopes.

Sablayan itself, where I halted next, was a somewhat larger and more pretentious town than usual, boasting of two parallel streets, a church,

some neat houses and extensive groves of coconuts. The small bay with a coral bottom was remarkable for the myriads of enchanting colours visible through beautifully limpid water. It afforded, nevertheless, a most unsafe anchorage. Most fascinating formations of coral of all kinds were to be seen, especially where the water was shallower, and to reach land, the reef extending far out, one had at low tide to wade a very long distance—and what agony this was with one's bare feet on the sharp coral formation !

There are two double-humped mountains almost identical in shape near Sablayan ; their formation is volcanic, and the summits of them have been blown off in some eruption. In North Mindoro one cannot help being struck by the flatness of the highest summits for great distances and the comparative regularity and smoothness of the sky line.

About half-way between Sablayan and Paluan there exists a low depression in the mountainous mass, and it would appear as if a low valley extended almost across the island. The Paluan bay, although affording fair shelter in the north-east monsoon, is but a poor anchorage in the south-west winds. Transports with provisions and men were unable to discharge passengers and cargo for many consecutive journeys, so that the military post established there was eventually abandoned.

The wreck of a large Japanese steamer lies near the Pantokomi Pt. The most western point of Mindoro, Cape Kalavite, is extremely

picturesque, with a mountain upon it 2,000 feet high.

On the north coast of Mindoro, before we complete the circuit, is Port Galera, the former capital of the island, possessing a good anchorage on both sides of a long and irregular promontory stretching in a north-east direction. The Ensenada de Varadero on the south-east side of the peninsula is the more favourite anchorage, as it is well protected even from the north-east monsoon by a low point forming the north-east end of the bay, while on the south-west it has the high Mt. Talipanan, a formidable screen. This mountain is the beginning of a long range of which Mt. Halcon forms part.

Mindoro is generally known in the archipelago as being the "white man's grave," but its unhealthiness is greatly exaggerated. Far from being in their graves the few white men stationed there enjoyed excellent health. There is also a legend that it is the presumed home of a white race, with one woman so beautiful that any man who had once seen her never came back from Mindoro. The white race, on this particular island, is a pure myth and does not exist. The report originated in the imperfect knowledge or conscience of some American reporter who, on translating from a Filipino newspaper, mistook a legend of the Batanganis tribe for real facts and, lavishly embroidering the fairy tale, made of the Batanganis themselves a purely white tribe. It so happens that the Batanganis (who live east of Sablayan in central

Mindoro) are the darkest-skinned natives of the Philippine Archipelago! That is rather unfortunate for a white tribe!

In many ways they resemble the Batacs of Palawan, and have flattened aquiline noses, very broad at the base. They have a dialect of their own. Other tribes, such as the Bangon or *Buquid*, are found near Pinamalayan, and roam about in groups with an old man as their chief. They are great workers, and make nearly all the canoes on the island.

The Manguianes are found scattered in various parts of the island, chiefly near rivers, as they are great fishermen. But they are semi-nomads and shift their quarters occasionally. The Manguianes of Mansalay on the east coast are great agriculturists, and raise rice, cacao, maize, lemons, and collect wax, but usually the Manguianes can boast of nothing better than a rough shed or the hollow of a tree for a home. These wilder tribes are imposed upon to an outrageous extent by Christian Filipinos. Governor Offley was telling me that ten years' slavery was the price paid by a Manguian to a Filipino for a 25-cents knife; while a boat was taken in exchange for a handful of salt.

Mindoro will be in a bad way until roads are constructed. When properly developed it will be an immensely rich island, for the low lands are capable of raising rice in great quantities and hemp of a good quality. The mountains are covered with excellent timber, and rubber-trees, *ylang-ylang*, *cinchona*, or quinine, are found.



*Narra* wood is plentiful. The mineral resources promise well, gold, copper, and coal being found—they say—in several places. The streams near Polak and Bulalacao are coated with oleaginous matter, possibly petroleum, and a Spanish company now intends building a 10-miles railway to open up coal mines near Bulalacao, the coal being of fair quality. On Semerara Island coalbeds are worked by the same concern. Copper and gold have been discovered near Looc, but in such a volcanic country it is necessary to be cautious about gold mines.

The estimated population of Mindoro is 30,983, without counting non-Christians, which gives a stretching space of 107 acres to each living soul.

## MANGUIANES.

	Men.	Women.
	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'610	1'475
Span . . . . .	1'630	1'495
Hand . . . . .	0'190	0'160
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'100	0'095
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'090
Vertical maximum length of hand . . . . .	0'226	0'225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'193	0'185
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'123	0'121
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'075	0'065
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'126	0'114
Maximum breadth of lower jaw . . . . .	0'119	0'100
Nasal height . . . . .	0'050	0'050
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'038
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'040	0'037
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'032	0'032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'020	0'018
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'043	0'038
Length of ear . . . . .	0'058	0'050

## CHAPTER XXIII

*In North Luzon—Ilocanos—A funereal breakfast—The cruel Ilongotes—The Caraballo Pass—A strange wedding present.*

LAST, but not least, there now remains for us to see the magnificent island of Luzon. I will not touch upon the better known provinces, but will take you for an extensive journey in the northern part among the interesting tribes of head-hunters.

I left the railroad at Bayambang, where, under that magnificent officer, Major E. F. Glenn, the construction of the new military post was progressing favourably. Cholera was raging and reaped many victims daily. Governor Bennett, of Nueva Vizcaya Province, and I rode upon the muddy road along the River Anno until we reached Alcalà, where the road was gravelled and was nice and dry. There was a continuous string of houses on both sides with bamboo bushes, cocoanuts and banana palms. Goats and pigs, with triangular collars elongated at the sides—to prevent the wearers from passing through fences—played about in swarms upon the road. Each house displayed a weaving loom, and each gateway was

adorned with a carabao skull, which, they say, prevents rinderpest and keeps off cholera. Skulls of other animals have not the same power. Sheds covering the whole road were occasionally found.

It was during the latter half of July—the height of the rainy season—that I was travelling in this region, and a drenching rain with strong wind necessitated our finding shelter now and then in native houses. Even the amphibious carabaos ran under shelter of a house in the pelt-ing rain. The rain-coats worn by the natives were interesting, heart-shaped when spread flat, and carried on the back ; others were like regular small mantles made of a species of fan palm. The Ilocanos who inhabit this province were fond of the heart-shape, even the shutters of their windows being cut on that pattern, and fully overlapping the square aperture of the window itself.

The more educated Ilocanos are very reticent in talking of former times when they were but an uncivilised tribe, and they pretend to look down upon their former superstitions, which, under a veneer of Christianity, they still retain. They still firmly believe in the spirits of the rivers, whom they call *Serena*, but possess no spirits of the mountains like some other tribes. In former days—and occasionally even now—when people died, the corpse was left inside the house and no one went near it for nine days. The children of the dead man were only allowed to pass outside with their backs turned to the paternal home, and were permitted to look at

their former dwelling over their shoulders with the corner of the eye.

Rosales, where we halted the first night, was a big place of 9,000 souls. The country was covered with the high cones formed by white ants, some even as much as 5 feet high, and I only wish I had sufficient room to describe the marvellously interesting work of these indefatigable and most destructive workers.

From Rosales our road made a great detour east-south-east to Bulangao, a poor place, from whence we proceeded to the village of Angayan, absolutely under water owing to inundations. Humingan, further on our journey, had no particular attraction, but beyond opened a beautiful valley with a blue mountain range to the north-east—a mountain range we had to cross to enter the central province of Nueva Vizcaya, for which we were bound.

The few men we met upon the road were chiefly remarkable for their beautifully plaited silver-mounted hats. Most beautiful *silag*, fan palms, some 45 feet high, could be seen along the road. We reached Humingan, where a downpour of rain compelled us to stop in the Presidente's house. Towards midnight, one of our men, who slept in the room where we were, was seized with terrible cramps and woke us up.

"*Señor Gobernador*, I am dying, I am dying!" cried the poor devil, as we went to his assistance. The moment we held a light over his face, of a ghastly greenish-yellow, and sunken staring eyes, we saw that the poor boy—he was only 20 years

old—was past saving. It was a case of cholera of the most violent character.

Perhaps a few points about this case may be of interest. The boy's father was kneeling pathetically by his side rubbing the cramped limbs of his son and attempting to bring life again to his face. Every few seconds, while the fellow was breathing heavily and foaming at the mouth from internal agony, the poor old man stooped over his beloved child and kissed him fondly over and over again upon the lips: from the same cocoanut-cup, constantly refilled with water, both father and son drank copiously. Moreover, the affectionate father, when the son closed his eyes in semi-death, would gently open them again and with the same unwashed fingers with which he had rubbed his son all over the body he also wiped the tears from his own eyes.

Now, if there is any truth in the theory of cholera from contagion, the old fellow, if anybody, should have certainly been down with it, not to speak of our party of some twenty-five all counted, and the Presidente's family, some six or seven more, who all were in the same small room—and unable to go out in the torrential rain.

Well, the boy was given some medicine, and shortly he was dead—only three hours after he had been taken ill. The father—poor old fellow—took no medicine, and is, I think, still alive. As the death occurred at 3 A.M., and we could not leave the house owing to the terrible weather, it was certainly not pleasant to spend the re-

mainder of the night with the corpse, but we did. In a corner of the room was a big table on which we had had a lavish dinner, the half-consumed tins of delicacies which were to be finished for breakfast lying on it. The Constabulary men and carriers, in order to be as far away as possible from the body, placed it under this table ; but the next morning we carried the table away near a window, for to breakfast with a dead man—who had died of cholera—under the table was too much even for us.

While we were eating, the father, helped by two other men, carried the boy out to be buried.

“*Jesus, Maria!*” exclaimed the old man, as he walked away with the load slung to a bamboo, “my son is heavy now !”

It was certainly one of the most funereal breakfasts I have ever had.

The trail from Rosales to Humingan went practically due east, and had on the north the Rio Banilan. From Humingan in a north westerly direction was the trail to St. Quintin, an abandoned Spanish trail also leading to our destination, Bayombong (Nueva Vizcaya). The reopening of this trail would, I think, be very beneficial to the Nueva Vizcaya Province, as it is so much shorter than the present way—which makes an immense detour here. Our objective lying to the north-east, we actually had to travel some miles south-east from Humingan as far as St. Jose, on an excellent road except the bridges, which were destroyed. Then from St. Jose to Puncan it went up again, first north-east, then

north, and after leaving Puncan it proceeded north, then due east. From Carranglan it strikes due north again.

St. Jose is an interesting spot, for there are trails from it to Pantabangan and to Valle, at which point the road to St. Isidro (via Talavera) is to be met.

In the province of Nueva Ecija we are among Ilocanos—a people with slanting eyes, the iris badly discoloured in the upper portion, heavy, overlapping upper eyelids, and bunched-up lips, so prominent as to project beyond the nose. Their complexion is of a dark yellow. The hair is straight in most cases, but curly and wavy in some instances; the ears daintily formed, with detached and well-rounded lobes; and the hands graceful and supple.

From St. Jose, first between wooded hills, then crossing and recrossing the river and picturesque brooks four or five times, we entered undulating country through most poetic woods, with here and there bright patches of grass. At Puncan, where we emerged, a church and masonry bridge, said to be over 150 years old, exist; but beyond innumerable pigs and chickens who had possession of the plaza there did not seem to be a soul about.

Our next march was through beautiful undulating grassy country with delightful panoramas from the higher points. The trail seemed to have been cut to go over all the highest points of the hill-range. We did not stop at Carranglan—a place formerly of importance, with a large

convent, church, and plentiful "fire" trees in full bloom—but continued up towards the Caraballo pass.

Some Ibalaos or Ilongotes, a long-haired nomadic race, smaller and lighter in colour than the Igorrotes, are to be found in Nueva Ecija. We camped at the foot of the pass in a mere shed with a flooring of logs, which we had to fill between with lots of grass, in order to be able to sleep on them; then early the next morning we went on among large blocks of black or brown volcanic rock, among a mass of broken trees and branches washed down by a fierce tornado and cloud-burst some two years ago. On getting higher we passed through forest and patches of open country, beautiful land for cultivation, but now covered with reeds, sometimes higher than my head while on horseback.

We halted again for the night about one and a-half miles south of the pass, the rain being torrential every afternoon. The last ascent to the pass was steep and rocky, very slippery when muddy. On the pass, where blocks of granite showed through, a large cross had been planted, where the poor old man who had lost his son knelt and prayed fervently, while I was boiling water in the hypsometrical apparatus to obtain the correct altitude (3,834 feet).

Magnificent panoramas opened to the south and north; in Nueva Ecija the course of the river we had followed was traceable by the black growth of trees along it, while in Nueva Vizcaya (to the north), Caraballo being the geographical



boundary line, were fine undulating grassy hills. The so-called St. Nicolas trail, the shorter of the two, crosses this range north-west of Caraballo, on Mount Dalandem, 1,200 feet. It enters Nueva Vizcaya by a long and narrow valley north of us. Between that trail and ours are grassy hills, the western ones with big volcanic boulders.

We descended through thick forest and semi-formed granite boulders, among giant ferns and thick undergrowth of reeds. Butterflies, white, white and black, and small blue ones, played charmingly among the vegetation and across the road, while our ponies stumbled and slid down on the steep, slippery slope. Some 200 feet below the Caraballo Pass is a most delicious cold spring. Further on, enormous volcanic boulders, having vertical corrugations and a deep hole in each like a small crater, were to be found, and also a large earthquake crack in an upper stratum of volcanic ashes. Treacherous ditches of black mud had to be crossed; in one, Governor Bennett's pony disappeared altogether, and was rescued in an unrecognisable guise: a regular mass of dripping slush.

The first town we came to in Nueva Vizcaya was Dupaz, a very quaint place, with crosses on cones of masonry at short intervals everywhere in the streets. We entered by an old vaulted bridge of bricks over an artificially paved stream forming a cascade, then through an avenue of the deliciously-scented *buyo* palms, bananas, and coconuts. Rows of typical storehouses for grain and

chattels were to be seen away from the houses. They were shaped like inverted sections of pyramids, made of timber with heavy *cogon* roofs, and were raised above ground on low supports.

The tower, which was in imitation of the famous Giralda of Seville, had been built in 1775 and the church a year later. The tower had very solid brick walls, 12 feet thick at the base. The remains of an older chapel were visible close by, as well as a now ruined tower commanding the road, evidently for defensive purposes.

In the three *pueblos* of Dupaz, Bambang, and Aritao, the same language is spoken, which is quite different from that spoken in other towns even of the same province, and many of the people in these places are related to the Isinay tribe, a dialect of whose language they have adopted. In fact, the folks of those three *pueblos* are called Isinays.

The purer and wilder Isinays, who in their more primitive condition are called Ilongotes, frequently come into the town to sell potatoes, beans, camotes, cabbage, and coffee, because they are—like the Igorrotes—much given to agricultural pursuits.

These Ilongotes have good and bad points about them. They respect, almost worship, their elders; husband and wife are incredibly faithful to each other—possibly because adultery is punished by death. The wedding present given by the prospective groom to his sweetheart does not lack quaintness, and consists of a human head, part of a breast and heart, as well as a finger or

two. Unless a man can produce these gifts he has to remain a bachelor, but these gifts are invariably procured. The "inclined to wed" lies in wait in the high grass until an unsuspecting man, woman, or child happens to go by, who a few minutes later is left dead upon the trail minus the anatomical portions enumerated above. The head is placed upon a stick in front of the youth's house, and the tribesmen collect and dance round it for nine days.

The groom's father provides further gifts of spears, knives, and other effects, and hands them over to the bride. The head—after nine days—is interred directly under the prospective bride's home, and the marriage is celebrated directly over that spot. The heart of the murdered person is used principally to be cut into pieces, which each tribesman rubs on the blades of his knives and hatchets for luck. The blood which is spilled over the arms, body, and legs while committing a murder is never washed off.

After killing someone the Ilongote does not return to his home for three days, or at least does not enter the house for that period of time: and before killing they take a piece of cane one foot long and stick it in the ground and place on it a ball of cooked rice. They sit on one side, *bolo* in hand, and pray in order to learn whether good or bad luck is forthcoming, which is learnt in a very simple manner. If a fly settles on the appetising rice the *bolo* is flourished about and they work themselves into a frenzy, saying they are on murder bent. If no fly appears, no blood

is drawn. In their prayers they address Aghim-man, "the spirit of the departed."

Another way to ascertain one's luck, Ilongote fashion, is by measuring the space from finger-tip to finger-tip upon the shaft of a spear, marking the exact reach. After which some hard blowing is indulged in and the experiment is renewed. If the length corresponds exactly with the first measurement, to kill they go; but if too short or too long, bad luck is sure, the enemy too strong, and failure in the enterprise may be expected.

When tribesmen die, no ceremony is performed, but the body is placed in a sitting posture above ground, and when well advanced in decomposition is eventually interred, still in a sitting attitude with legs bent up. A mere bamboo stick is placed to mark the burial place. Intense grief is shown at the death of relations. Women shut themselves up in the house and do not work for six days at the death of a husband, in sign of mourning, and men do the same at the loss of a father, mother, or wife. On the death of an orphan bachelor the brother secludes himself and speaks to no one, but holds his *bolo* slung to his belt in order to kill any stranger, or even an inimical member of the same tribe who happens to drop in. This in order to mourn for his lost relative. If his thirst for blood is, however, satiated at the expense of some unfortunate caller, the head is instantly severed from the body, and with this graceful operation the mourning ends, and daily occupations can be resumed—except, of course, by the victim.

The Ilongotes use bows and arrows, *bolos*, and spears. The arrow-head, although made of a separate and harder piece of wood, is always firmly tied to the shaft, and the butt of the arrow is feathered. Their bows, called *annao*, are made of *palma brava*, whereas the bow-string, called *litich*, is of a strong plaited fibre.

The Ilongotes are small in stature but very powerfully built, with rounded shoulders well-padded with muscle. Their legs are very hairy, and hair is plentiful in their arm-pits. Although their eyes are dark brown, the pupil is often veiled with a curious bluish tint which might easily be mistaken for a symptom of cataract. But it is not. They have thick and arched eyebrows, and a moustache and frizzy beard on the under lip and chin, but the hair of the head is of a fine texture, quite straight and abnormally dry. The skin is dark brown, with a yellowish tinge, the cheek-bones prominent, with deep hollows beneath, the jaw-bone mean and comparatively undeveloped, and the chin small, but the forehead very high and broad. In fact, the skull is altogether well developed, with posterior bumps of abnormal size, particularly in women. The nose is well shaped, rather broad at the base, but not nearly so much so as with other races of the Archipelago, and the lips, which they keep tightly closed, are well-formed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower. The ears, especially in the lower half, are malformed, coarse, and lumpy—always a sign of degeneration; the ridges most indistinctly marked, the outer ridge

being hardly traceable in the upper part of the ear ; whereas it is lost altogether in the lower part.

Some slight Mongolian influence was traceable in these folks. The men wore long hair, which they tied into a knot behind the head, and they ornamented the forehead with tattooing. A *rattan* belt (the *kanaud*), dyed red, was twisted round the waist, and a fine brass chain was also worn. The women wore brass earrings. These people squatted down in an attitude typical of their own race, sitting on the heels and balancing the arms upon the knees, but in doing so they kept their feet wide apart instead of straight, which was largely due to their extraordinary development of the thigh and under-developed calves of the leg. Their feet were flat and broad, of extreme power, but coarse in the extreme, with lumpy, shapeless toes, not unlike short sausages, the toe-nails worn off almost altogether.

The women were somewhat smaller made than the men. Both males and females filed their front teeth in a cylindrical shape so as to separate one well from the other. They were then blackened with a hot iron. The operation is begun at the age of fourteen.

The women, when about to give birth to a child, retire alone to a forest and remain there unassisted till the child is born. The umbilical cord of the child is cut by the mother and interred in the spot where the event took place, then both mother and offspring adjourn to a

neighbouring stream for copious bathing. Maternal love is greater for boys than for girls.

The chief of each household salutes the sun at sunrise, and, holding his *bolo* before him, prays to the spirits of his ancestors that he may pass a happy day.

Heavy earrings are worn by the women, either attached to the lobe, where a great elongation is caused by the weight, or else affixed to the upper portion of the ear.

The *culibao* (Jew's-harp), the *culassin* (cylindrical bamboo harp), and the *ghinogor* (a kind of bamboo violin) are the musical instruments of the Ilongotes, upon which they play rather sentimental, wailing music, with a slow rhythm and monotonous variations upon a resonant note. After killing a victim, they rejoice with much chanting, the men and women singing alternately in chorus. They dance, flourishing their spears, not unlike the head-hunting Igorrotes, whom we shall visit presently.

Fire is obtained either by friction of two pieces of wood or by concussion of compressed air, a most ingenious device called the *Bantin* being used. This instrument, generally made of carabao horn, is found among various tribes of North Luzon and also in South Luzon, among the curly-headed Aetas of the Gulf of Ragay. It is a short tube with a tight-fitting piston with concave end. At the bottom of the tube is placed some dry tinder, which becomes ignited when the piston is forced through by a violent

blow. In the more elaborate ones, a receptacle for the tinder balls is to be found and a metal spoon attached.

	Ilocano men.	Ilocano women.	Ilongote women.	Ilongote men.
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'578	1'520	1'425	1'510
Span . . . . .	1'626	1'534	1'455	1'470
Hand . . . . .	0'178	0'165	0'175	0'180
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'102	0'095	0'095	0'100
Thumb . . . . .	0'111	0'101	0'110	0'103
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'229	0'219	0'225	0'223
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'177	0'173	0'177	0'187
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'131	0'132	0'142	0'135
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'066	0'059	0'065	0'075
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'125	0'130	0'126	0'137
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . . . .	0'116	0'119	0'110	0'113
Nasal height . . . . .	0'057	0'051	0'055	0'066
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'037	0'032	0'035	0'036
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'033	0'030	0'023	0'025
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'034	0'032	0'030	0'032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'024	0'026	0'025	0'021
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'040	0'040	0'050	0'045
Length of ear . . . . .	0'060	0'060	0'060	0'058

## PULSATIONS PER MINUTE:

Ilocano {	Men . . . . . 70	Ilongote {	Men . . . . . 84
	Women . . . . . 68		Women . . . . . 82

The Ilongotes have a good deal of feasting after their crops of rice are gathered, each family giving a sort of elaborate dinner of pork, rice, camotes, sugar-cane, and pumpkins to all the neighbouring friendly families who, each in their turn, are expected to return the hospitality on a similar scale.

When a rich man dies, some of the tribes place the body on a high seat, where it is left for 10 or 15 days. His friends gather round him and eat all his carabaos, pigs, &c., braving the odour of their fast-decomposing host.



Through fields at first, then through uncultivated land among low hills, we arrived at Bambang (nine miles from Dupaz), another large *pueblo* of Isinays, with a church, convent, and raised *plaza*, finely paved with tiles.

Seven miles south-west of Bambang are the salt springs of Dapol, which for the last fifty years or so have been worked by the Igorrotes. The salt water, quite warm, runs out of the mountain and is collected in a bamboo pipe line half a mile long, wherein it is conveyed to a site where fuel is plentiful in order to evaporate it. This is done in large flattish iron pans. Some 1,000 *cargo* of salt can be turned out in a year. One *cargo* weighs 125 lbs., and is worth 4.50 dollars Mex. It is prepared in 62 lb. loads enclosed in wicker baskets lined with banana leaves.

Bambang supplies salt to the entire province, except to the large non-Christian population of head-hunters who possess the salt springs in the west part of Nueva Vizcaya, at a place called Asim (in Tagalo), Ahim (in Igorrote), which means "salt." Other minor springs are to be found at Buya Buyan (district of Ayangan), but so small is the quantity of salt contained in this water that a six-days' continuous evaporation is necessary to obtain salt in a crystallised form. The latter springs, worked to their utmost, produce some 400 pesos a year worth of salt.

The Igorrotes prefer using copper vessels some three feet in diameter for evaporating purposes,

and all copper money they can get is used in manufacturing these pans.

The Buya Buyan district is also rich in resinous trees, one species particularly discharging, when punctured, a gum beautifully white and resembling very fine copal. The natives use it for making torches, for mending broken pottery, glueing together pieces of wood, joining stones together, and also for starting a fire.

At Bambang, I was again much struck by the marvellous way the Spaniards had laid down all these interior towns—every street properly drained in neat channels bridged over with brick vaults.

We had here entered a region of most delicious coffee; for delicate flavour—and I am a great lover of good coffee—I do not think that I have ever tasted better coffee than in these central provinces of North Luzon. The climate and soil seem appropriate for its cultivation, and were some enterprising folks to waste less energy in digging for lumps of gold, when plenty of gold may be won from the ground's surface by cultivating such products as are bound to command good prices, I think great fortunes might be made in the Philippines. The Spaniards, in their lazy way, made quite a nice little profit out of the Nueva Vizcaya coffee, but war brought about great destruction and distress, and many plantations are now ruined.

We advanced along a trail which was pretty good, but overgrown with tall grass with blades so sharp-edged that when they brushed violently

against the face and hands deep cuts were the result; or else through a lot of musty undergrowth of struggling plants trying to force their way one on the top of the other; then further came a regular carpet of a stunted species of mimosa with a mass of pink ball-flowers. Rice fields and pretty bits of scenery came next, until the trail became rocky and began to ascend through forest and some volcanic boulders.

At a little stream where I stopped to drink, the surface of the water was covered with thousands of long-legged giant mosquitoes, the powers of which for skidding lightly upon the water surface, backwards, sideways, and in any direction, even against the current, at an amazing speed, were remarkable.

On arriving on the low pass a fine valley intersected by a wide stream flowing west-north-west was disclosed before us (north), high mountains of abrupt lines rising to our west. A great many volcanic rocks lay scattered about as if shot here from some commotion, some bearing the appearance of having been exposed to terrific heat, the rock having been actually molten.

Owing to the heavy rains we had some difficulty in crossing the stream, our baggage train having to wait at the other side one day until a raft could be constructed—and now we had arrived in the capital of Nueva Vizcaya, the city of Bayombong.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The Capital of Nueva Vizcaya—The Gaddanes—Among the Head-hunters—The Quiangan Igorrotes and neighbouring tribes.

BAYOMBONG consisted of a wide road, with a row of crooked telegraph poles in the centre and the charred supports of what had been wooden houses. A disastrous fire had destroyed almost the entire city, and of the principal buildings only one was saved, by a miracle, the residence of the Governor. The octagonal and solidly-built brick tower and the church had also been spared. Behind the convent was an annexe of great age and a picturesque old Spanish well. In the north-east portion of the town a few houses were to be found ; the windows of these houses were festooned with tobacco to dry, while the window ledges were lined with cigars packed in bundles of twelve. The road was absolutely in possession of geese, chickens, pigs, and a few dogs, but at the windows fair maidens were visible, smoking huge cigars—so big that the circumference of fully-expanded lips was hardly big enough to contain the cigar.

A few workmen with heads wrapped up in kerchiefs were slowly repairing some of the houses, the roofs and walls of which had been thrown into the middle of the road to save them from the flames. Now and again a lagging carabao on which sits a little boy comes along, dragging a primitive sledge with large earthen jars of native wine, the sledge being cleverly constructed on two bamboos, and the weight of the load equally divided between the two shafts and two bamboo trailers, these latter resting at an angle on the shaft so as to establish a complete balance and therefore minimise the effort of dragging the load.

I was very much pleased to see that Governor Bennett, a very able and sensible gentleman, was much in favour of industrial and agricultural schools in preference to higher education, on which much money is expended now, and which is absolutely of no use to the natives at large. With the new American methods the prospect exists that in a few years, when the old generation of labourers, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., dies out, there will be no one to replace them, but there will be instead plenty of youths who can sing "Yankee Doodle" with Filipino pathos. Upon the strength of this and a few English words they will expect high salaries in Government employment, but the out-look for the country and the beautiful and fertile land is gloomy. Foreign songs do not draw much produce from even the most fertile of lands.

The teaching of the English language, which



HEAD-HUNTERS' SPEAR AND AXE DANCE.



TYPES OF GADDANES RECRUITED FOR SERVICE IN THE CONSTABULARY FORCE.



is deemed so essential in schools, seems more or less absolute waste of time, for to the inaptitude of boys in learning you must add the difficulty, in fact, the impossibility, of retaining what little they have learned, owing to want of practice when they leave school. Why, then, waste money and trouble and time in teaching these boys matters which will render them unhappy, discontented, and disappointed? Would it not be better and cheaper to teach them to work their fields—most sadly abandoned—with up-to-date methods, and to teach them trades and industries by which they and their country could some day become rich?

The pack train with baggage having eventually arrived, Governor Bennett and I started for a journey to the head-hunting district in the north-west of the province, from which I proposed to proceed further over the high mountains forming the boundary and come out at the sea.

By way of Solano, a much spread-out town, with enormously wide streets and good houses of wood, we travelled on a capital road with nicely-kept bridges solidly built and protected with *nipa* roofs. We passed through Buscaran, an agricultural village, with a lot of Indian corn and rice fields irrigated by canals from the river. Tuao was another similar village, and by moonlight, in a flat open plain, we arrived at Bagabag.

Here we were among the Gaddanes, a people now civilised and Christianised, who show quite a refinement of race, their ears and fairly high bridged noses being delicately chiselled. They

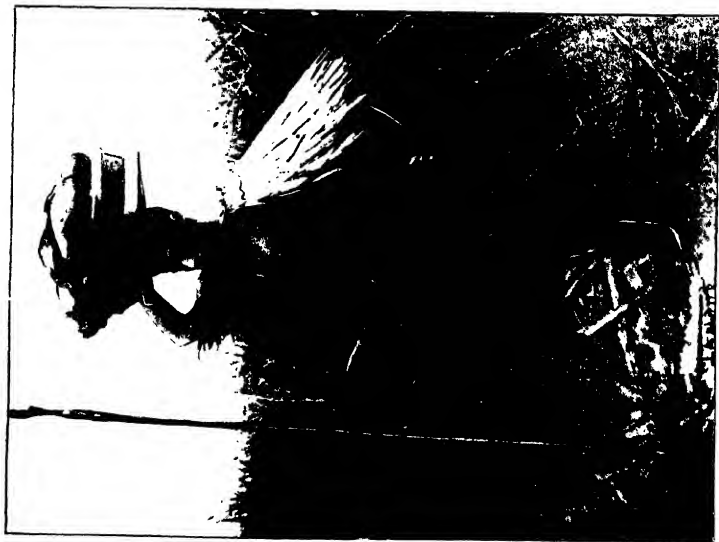


were hairy on the arms and legs, had wiry hair on the head and a moderate moustache. The skin was of a fairly light brown, the eyes dark brown, with the iris much discoloured in the upper portion.

## GADDANES.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'595	Maximum breadth of lower jaw . . . . .	0'109
Span . . . . .	1'644	Nasal height . . . . .	0'054
Hand . . . . .	0'180	Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'036
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'100	Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'034
Thumb . . . . .	0'107	Width between eyes . . . . .	0'034
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'227	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'021
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'172	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'041
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'125	Length of ear . . . . .	0'063
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'060		
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'119		

Early the next morning (August 1st), we advanced through flat grassy country at first, then through patches of forest with thorns of all kinds, and many trails leading in every direction; having crossed two rivers, we began rising over undulating country—beautifully fertile, but deserted, as it lies in a zone where the head hunting Igorrotes do not care to dwell in too great proximity to Christians, while the latter prefer to have this neutral territory between themselves and their head-hunting neighbours. What is called the Alimit trail branches northwards from this point, and near it, on a dominating position, formerly stood the Spanish outpost of Tayauan, placed here to watch the movements of these dangerous tribes. The valley below this hill was swarming with deer. There was a dense



GORROTE MODE OF CARRYING CHILDREN AND  
HUMAN HEADS.



growth of bamboos through which we went for a long distance. Then began a sharp ascent to a shed which had been put up to receive the Governor by the Igorrote woman chieftain, Dominga.

Continuing our climb in intense heat, among stifling high grass and vegetation, we suddenly came upon a band of Igorrotes—on raiding and head-collecting bent, judging by their warlike appearance. They had their spears, head-axes, and shields in good trim, were unaccompanied by their women, and carried food, evidently to last them some days.

They were greatly upset when they unexpectedly came upon us, and on being asked questions were most evasive and bore a guilty look upon their countenances. When we let them off they disappeared like lightning, while we plodded along the steep trail, now mostly on the summit of the ridge, and among high reeds which cut one's fingers and face, and long thorny strings which tore one's clothes to shreds.

On getting higher we came upon the first Igorrote huts and met a number of head-hunters squatting under a shed. They wore their hair in a tuft on the crown of the head and shaved all round upon the temples and back. Brass wire earrings, either in a coil or else large rings with a white shell ring inserted, were the fashion, as well as necklaces of red and yellow beads. Their *bolos* were guarded in open sheaths of wood, the blade being kept against it by a metal or *bejuco* band. Nearly each man possessed a shoulder

basket and shower-coat combined with fringed cover of fine fibre dyed black or blue. Our trail led us to the San Domingo Pass, where we got the first real view of the Igorrote country, the mountains cultivated in rice field terraces and patches of sweet potatoes to their very summits. We had entered the valley of Quiangan, and to the west-north-west was Pindungan village, generally but erroneously called Quiangan. The Igorrotes call the entire mountain district and valley by the latter name, but no special village.

And now let me tell you. These Igorrotes, these fierce head-hunters, these most savage people of Luzon Island, were, upon my word, the most sensible, industrious, scientific agriculturists I have ever seen in my travels, and when it came to irrigation works they could give points not only to the Spaniards and Americans, who are trying to civilise them, but to a great many other nations besides. Every inch of land upon the steepest mountains is brought under cultivation by these astounding people, and advantage is taken of every rock to build up walls filled in with earth and irrigated so as to make another rice field. In the centre of the paddy fields, upon little humps of earth, cotton and two kinds of beans are raised.

Take, for instance, this first and least important village of Pindungan, half-hidden in a cluster of trees on the summit of a hill with rugged peaks behind. The entire face of the mountain was terraced up—thousands upon thousands of terraces, all so regular and straight that they gave

the impression from a distance of a staircase of incredible magnitude. Each terrace was filled with water, the streams being switched off from their highest point into these rice fields and gradually filling all right down to the lowest. On the mountain tops, where it was not possible to irrigate, camotes and excellent little potatoes and vegetables of all kinds were grown.

Let us go into the village.

Igorrote houses are really nothing more and nothing less than a huge roof of *cogon*, with a sort of sleeping box, a mere semblance of a house underneath. These dwellings are built on four posts 4 to 5 feet high, and either conical or cylindrical. On the upper end of these pillars rests a large wooden cylinder, the lower face of which is concave, so as to prevent mice and rats climbing into the abode. These four posts bear two parallel beams, upon which three cross beams are placed with a flooring of planks upon them. The walls of the houses in this village were made of a coarse bamboo matting, and fastened bodily to other short uprights inserted in the two larger lower beams. These four uprights supported a quadrangular wooden frame on which rested the roof. A space for ventilation was always left between the wall and the roof. Twelve feet square outside, walls 6 feet high, 12 to 14 feet high in centre of roof, was the measurement of good-sized houses; a light ladder gave access to the house and was always drawn up when not in use.

At Pindungan the Spaniards had a *cuartel*.

Major Atkinson of the Constabulary, who had come up with us, hoped to establish a constabulary force here to patrol the district. These Pindungan Igorrotes were well-to-do and fairly quiet.

The men went in for a good deal of tattooing upon the chest, arms, and neck, parallel lines and series of angles one within the other being frequent patterns, also successions of angles forming a frieze and circles with radiating lines. The favourite pattern, however, seemed to be the single or double leaf—especially upon the breast—and also series of crosses up the side of the neck. Human figures were attempted by mere lines, love tragedies being coarsely but graphically represented.

A typical and most graceful ornament used by nearly every tribe of Igorrote was the C-shaped earring in gold, silver or copper, and frequently embellished with side ornamentations. This was not only used for earrings but, either singly or in bunches, was worn as an amulet round the neck. Earrings were also worn made of coils and spirals with or without white shell pendants.

From Pindungan began our trials. We bade good-bye to Major Atkinson and left behind most of the Constabulary men, Governor Bennett most kindly offering to accompany me to the boundary line of his province. Among the tribes we were to visit were the fiercest in Luzon, the Banaue people holding the record for their cruelty and dash ; but it was less the ferocity of the people than the marching through their country which

was the most trying part, because there was no trail and we had to balance ourselves all the time on the slippery edge of the terraces, with water on one side and a drop of from three to twenty or thirty feet into more water on the underlying terrace. The edge of these terraces was hardly ever more than one foot wide, frequently less, so that when one had gone for several miles, in a sort of "tight rope" walking, one began to feel rather giddy. One constantly slipped with one foot into the nearest water, and one felt rather glad it was not the other foot which had slipped or one would have been precipitated from a varying height into the paddy field below. Moreover, as the country is very undulating, it involved climbing or descending from one terrace on to the next—where very slippery stones had occasionally been inserted by way of steps.

After going at a good rate, for our Igorrote guide, being bare-footed, kept a lively pace, we climbed up a hill-side to Mungayan, under Chief Bubut, a man whose toes were so terribly distorted inwards owing to the constant climbing and descending mountains that the big toes were sideways almost at a right angle to the line of the feet instead of being their continuation. It made one feel quite uncomfortable to look at them.

The constant work in water, evidence of which can be noticed in the bluish-black corrugated toe-nails, that of the big toe being even rendered convex instead of concave, no doubt greatly increases this deformity of the lower limbs, which in a less accentuated form we have already noticed



among other wild tribes of the Archipelago. It is not only common, but quite general though not always in so aggravated a degree among the Igorrotes of the east watershed. It is acquired at a tender age, as I frequently noticed it even in children three or four years of age.

The Igorrotes with us professed to be afraid to go on, so we had to change carriers, and preceded by Bubut himself we descended—or, rather, slipped at an alarming pace most of the way—down to the wide Ibulao River, where the water had risen so that we had to remove all our clothing and carry it in a bundle tied upon the head. With a large audience of Igorrotes armed with spears upon the banks, and led by the hand by Bubut, who knew the river bed well, we managed to get across, although the water was well up to our necks and the current so swift that it was very difficult to hold one's footing. Swimming was out of the question, owing to numerous rocks.

More paddy walls had to be climbed on the opposite side, this time higher than usual—over 15 feet—as the hill-slope was steeper, and, soaked in perspiration after our cold bath in the river, we got to Higip, a settlement of some few huts fenced off in the usual Igorrote fashion. We intended camping here, but the stench from pigs' refuse was such and the "best spot" allotted to us so reeking with filth that we thought we would continue to the next place, although night had come on. The streets were something appalling at Higip, and we sank in pestilential



IKOROLE MEN AND WOMEN, BASAUE DISTRICT.

1225



black mud well up above our ankles on our march through.

The next village we had just discerned high up hidden among rocky boulders upon a further hill. Down we went again to another stream, this time bridged over by a magnificent natural stone arch some 70 feet high and about 12 wide. This was very picturesque, but this rocky formation unfortunately extended to the entire face of the hill we now had to climb—a regular wall some hundreds of feet, on the top of which was perched the village—and you can take my word for it the Igorrotes had made it as inaccessible as they could, for one village—containing a tribe—is ever at war with nearly every other neighbouring tribe.

Eventually, minus a good many patches of skin upon one's hands, knees and shins—for unless one had distorted toes like the Igorrotes it was difficult to hold one's footing on the slippery rock—we arrived at impregnable Kurug, protected by a stockade. We caused a great scare among the pigs when we squeezed through the posts of the high fence, and chickens ran giddily about disturbed from their sleep, while the natives stood, spears in hand, wondering what kind of welcome they should give us.

Camping in the Igorrote country is very difficult, for every available space is irrigated, and only in the village itself is it possible to find a comparatively dry spot. In the rainy season—in which I was travelling—matters were worse still.

At Kurug we encamped under the Chief's house—it would be impossible to put up in their sleeping boxes—and we had a very lively night. The number and size of fleas and bugs and worse was such that sleep was the very last thing one could possibly obtain. They came in swarms and fully showed their traditional predilection for strangers. Kurug—also called Pugu—is renowned all over the Igorrote country for its high-jumping and creeping parasites. Well, all I can say is that it fully deserves its name.

The front wall of the houses was covered with pigs' skulls. Some had carabao skulls, but the human skulls occupied a place of honour, generally inside the house. They were stuck in sets upon a sort of altar with plaited grass ornaments and other emblems, some once more closely resembling the Inaos of the Ainu. The men of this tribe had wavy, even curly hair, which in young men was prettily adorned with an aigrette of three or four white feathers just above the forehead. I saw here an old man with chest and arms literally covered with tattooing, mostly of a primitive leaf pattern on the breasts and outer sides of arms, whereas the side of the arm closer to the body was ornamented with a chevron. Men and women smoked pipes of wood, copper, or brass, with long mouth-pieces.

## CHAPTER XXV

Astounding irrigation works—Innumerable terraces—The Igorrotes anatomically—A weird custom—The Banaue Igorrotes the fiercest head-hunters.

THE scenery was really superb. An immense rock with a beautiful waterfall was an enchanting detail of Nature among the astounding work of these quaint humans, and the top of one hill before us had actually been cut off and flattened so as to bring it under cultivation. The centre of the hill still remained like a cone in the centre of a large paddy field.

Where the rocky formation along the hill-side made it impossible to cultivate, we had some difficulty in proceeding, as we had to cling along the face of the rock to whatever vegetation had sprung out in the interstices, and had a nasty drop below us in case we had slipped.

We passed to our left the village of Namulditan hidden among trees, as is habitual among the Igorrotes, and intended to screen their houses from sight ; and this village was generally noted for the rascality of its people. Our Igorrotes dreaded to come along with us, so great was

their fear of this tribe, and it was only under compulsion that they carried our loads to the next village.

On the summit of the hill we struck a portion of an old Spanish trail, which had been cut through by Padre Domenico, a Spanish priest with a real genius for work of that kind. Unfortunately, most of the trail had been destroyed by the head-hunters. The trail led to Bontoc over the mountains. After crossing innumerable terraces we came upon another bit of the trail, which seemed to us like walking in Piccadilly or Broadway, after the wretched terrace balancing.

This trail, it seemed to me, would be capable of restoration at comparatively low expense. Its advantages in connecting Nueva Vizcaya with Bontoc and Lepanto Provinces, besides the facility which it would afford of keeping these inaccessible tribes in order, were, I think, beyond doubt. The Spaniards seemed to attach great importance to keeping this way of communication open, which was also one of the nearest to the sea for the central province. The trail rose high upon the mountain side and what existed of it was smothered in high grass, reeds, and ferns. In one or two places traces of coal deposits were evident.

On the summit of the hill a semi-circular excavation had been made on the side of which was an aperture (now blocked up with rocks) into a cave wherein Igorrote corpses are laid to rest. These burial places are locally called *lubuh*.

The chief Cababuyan, a magnificent specimen (barring his distorted toes), was highly ornamented with interesting tattooing. Upon his chest were crude representations of headless enemies, and also of a bird. The angle pattern covered his arm from the shoulder to the elbow, and from there to the wrist on both sides of the arm was an elaborate frieze of inverted angles. On each side of the central line of angles, a single leaf pattern extended from top to bottom of the arm. From the nipple of each breast radiated a double leaf pattern reaching up to the shoulder, with three similar smaller ornamentations filling up each side of the breast. In the centre of the neck were two upright lines filled in with squares, while the sides of the neck were decorated with a frieze of inverted angles, at a slant, similar to that on the arms. Spear heads were also occasionally represented in these designs. The sides of the legs were occasionally tattooed.

Nearly every tribe wore different patterns of ornaments, but coils of all kinds evidently had a great fascination for the entire race. Cababuyan wore doubly coiled earrings and heavy brass spiral circlets below the knee. The little pipes used here, which, when wooden are pyramidal in shape or when of brass form the half of an oval, generally had a chain to attach the bowl to its short channel. Clay pipes I only found later in Bontoc and Lepanto.

The chiefs of villages displayed elaborate belts of large white shell discs, occasionally fastened by a buckle made of a demolished brass clock wheel.



The under belt upon which these shells were fastened was of *bejuco*, dyed red. Leather waist bands were sometimes to be seen, and frequently the shell discs were fastened chain-like one to the other with a pendant end reaching to the knee.

The women weave small black or dark blue shawls with a sober geometrical design of white and red lines. They drape this garment gracefully over the shoulders. When walking or working it is wound round the head, turban-like, and tucked in. At a sufficient distance to lend enchantment, Igorrote ladies are picturesque enough, with copious hair parted in the centre and hanging loose behind, often reaching below the knees. Their arms are laden with heavy brass bracelets up to the elbow. I observed occasional tattooing on women's arms, but not on the body. When young, Igorrote women are remarkably supple and well formed, except the feet, which are out of proportion to the size of the legs. Their only other article of dress is a narrow loin cloth, worn so low down that it might almost be discarded altogether were it not for mere decoration. This garment is held up by a band similar in design to those of the men but smaller.

Anatomically—and there is plenty of scope for anatomical study—the Igorrote woman, according to European notions of beauty, does not compare in perfection with the Igorrote man. She neither possesses the grace of line nor the well-defined modelling of the latter, possibly because she leads a different existence. Her body is

stumpy, generally under-developed at the loins, and a prominent paunch is quite a deformity in many cases. The breasts are always small, conical up to twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, but elongated and pendant at a later age. The hands are good and graceful, with long, tapering fingers.

The skin of the Igorrotes is of a rich yellowish light brown, the nose very flat and expanded even in the central part, with supra-orbital bumps and brow ridges abnormally developed. The mouth is ample, with large lips, and the eye luminous, quick, and shifty in the extreme.

Children are quite pretty, decorated with aigrettes of white feathers upon the head, but the men, leading a life of hard and continuous exercise, do not possess an ounce of superfluous flesh, and—as I have said—with the exception of the distorted feet are anatomically of extremely beautiful proportions. I do not mean by this the modern idea of manliness—the coarse, lumpy, unnatural, unhealthy, artificial, good-for-nothing development—but the real wiry, perfectly defined—but not deformed—muscular detail which gives an impression of immense strength and agility with plenty of grace into the bargain. Their torso—a regular mass of delicate sinews of immense strength and in magnificent working order—was so well chiselled as to remind one of the less exaggerated drawings by Michael Angelo, while the arms and legs of these fellows were so well rounded and smooth as to resemble bronze statuary of

great perfection. The spinal column described an abnormal arch inward, forming quite a low depression at the waist.

Armlets of two hogs' fangs joined together were worn round the biceps. There were hairy Igorrotes who had some beard and moustache, whereas others had hairless cheeks and chin, and only a few hairs on the upper lip. The nose of these people was Papuan, depressed but slightly arched, turned up at the lobule, with widely expanded nostrils; and the deep brown eyes were more luminous, unsteady and flashing than those of the women.

If the Igorrote lady's wardrobe is infinitesimal, the Igorrote man can do with even less. A loin cloth—a sort of gala dress—is occasionally festooned in a loop on the side of the right leg, and the end of the cloth is thrown over the shoulder.

The coarseness of Igorrote ears is notable; the ridges are flattish and the lobes elongated with one or two slits for inserting the heavy earrings. The teeth, of an ivory yellow, are the very picture of strength, and are not filed. The upper gum is of great length and of a dark pink.

The pulse of these savages was as regular as a clock, from 68 to 92 pulsations a minute, according to the altitude of the village, and each pulsation as vigorous, steady, and well defined as possible in men, but rather weak in women. No discoloration was noticeable in the upper part of the iris of these people. The Igorrote



IGORROTE HOUSES, BANAUÉ DISTRICT.



possesses a nervous, restless temperament, easily excitable, and untrustworthy except when restrained by fear.

IGORROTES.						
	Pindungan.		Kurug.	Liyon.	Banaue.	Bayo (dwarfs).
	Men.	Women.				
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'601	1'544	1'544	1'560	1'500	1'415
Span . . . . .	1'617	1'520	1'525	1'550	1'559	1'418
Arm.						
Hand . . . . .	0'180	0'180	0'152	0'178	0'180	0'160
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'106	0'100	0'100	0'102	0'100	0'095
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'100	0'105	0'122	0'106	0'090
HEAD.						
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'220	0'221	0'230	0'230	0'230	0'208
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'185	0'184	0'191	0'183	0'177	0'165
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'155	0'121	0'127	0'142	0'129	0'115
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'080	0'080	0'070	0'070	0'069	0'060
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'124	0'106	0'102	0'131	0'123	0'102
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . . . .	0'108	0'100	0'106	0'114	0'114	0'100
Nasal height . . . . .	0'055	0'053	0'055	0'050	0'050	0'043
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'030	0'030	0'030	0'040	0'035	0'040
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'033	0'020	0'033	0'032	0'031	0'030
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'032	0'030	0'036	0'035	0'031	0'032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'024	0'023	0'024	0'030	0'025	0'018
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'040	0'045	0'047	0'050	0'044	0'038
Length of ear . . . . .	0'065 <sup>1</sup>	0'062	0'072 <sup>1</sup>	0'065	0'065	0'058

<sup>1</sup> Elongated.

#### PULSATIONS.

Pindungan { Men . . . . . 68	Banaue { Men . . . . . 82	Bayo (dwarfs) . . . . . 76
{ Women . . . . . 86	{ Women . . . . . 92	

The inside of an Igorrote house is blackened by smoke and dirty in the extreme, with hundreds of pigs' jaws hanging from the walls, while pigs' skulls ornament the upper part of the wall both inside and outside. Carabao skulls are generally used for decorating the beams supporting the structures, and a long rack of hard wood with coarse imitations of carabao horns, generally nine of them, hangs underneath.

Earthen jars with *bubud*, a strong liquor locally made from fermented rice, can be seen, and provisions of rice and potatoes upon appropriate shelves. The *pario* is the large iron pan for boiling and evaporating the juice of sugar-cane after it has been crushed in a suitable bamboo arrangement.

Although the houses are so small, the fire-place occupies a good portion of the flooring, and is made of hardened mud and stone fitting into the boards of the flooring, with a circle of stones in the centre and others at the corners to fit larger and smaller earthen pots; while two or more cross sticks are placed above in order to suspend cooking vessels. The firewood is preserved on a rack directly over the fire.

While I was in one of the villages, writing my notes, with the chief sitting close by, we heard weird cries from a distant village on the hillside opposite, then a chorus of moans and groans, then more long, howling cries. Presently these cries were answered from all over the mountains wherever there were Igorrotes. The chief who was by me jumped to his feet, and he too, standing on the edge of his settlement, sang the quaint ululations at the top of his voice, the arteries of his neck swelling in the effort. It appeared that a child had just died in the first village, and these weird cries—the *Immayah bumangadha*—were to implore the departed soul to return to the body and restore it to life. Howling and moaning all round us from hill to hill went on the entire night.

At Liyon, a village to which we came further on, the houses differed from those we had already seen. They rested upon the ground instead of upon stilts, and had a stone flooring. The porch was protected by a rustic wall of tree-branches. Here the tattooing on the women's arms was more elaborate than usual, but still of the angular pattern, and the hands were also ornamented in a similar fashion.

At the end of the rice harvest, the Igorrotes place on their trails bundles of reeds, called *pilapil*, usually in couples. These are to prevent evil spirits approaching their settlements and bringing ill luck and misfortune.

When we had reached a high point upon the mountains, the magnificent valley of the tortuous Alimit River opened before us, and on either side of this valley were probably the most astounding irrigation works in the entire Archipelago. The rice-field terraces extended to the very summit of the high ridges like a magnificent amphitheatre of almost inconceivable proportions. Higher Banaue, the settlement of the fiercest head-hunters in Luzon, was beautifully placed on a high site commanding this rich valley, while Poctan village was located lower down. Lower Banaue, which occupied a position on the opposite ridge to Higher Banaue, consisted of only a few huts.

We had some slight difficulty here, as the Banaue folks were unwilling to let us proceed, and we fully expected trouble. They had not long before been victorious over another Igorrote



tribe which had come to attack them, and they are said to have killed every man, making a wonderful collection of heads. This victory had made them very supercilious. Notwithstanding the threats and the apparently warlike preparations they seemed to be making in the village, we pushed right in—after an awful sweat up the steep, almost vertical position on which stood the place. We made our camp under the chief's house.

The Banaue tribe was decidedly the most interesting of the head-hunters I had so far seen, and their type varied considerably from that of the Quiangan Valley tribes. Shorter in stature, they had flat faces, the profile being almost a flat plane, and immensely long teeth protruding far forward and giving the face a very cruel, brutal appearance. Their eyes possessed no slant whatever, but were small, beady, and unsteady. They had many facial characteristics which resembled those of Papuans. Occasionally, on the chin or side of the face, one saw a small moustache and a few hairs, of which they seemed to be very proud. They wore their hair shaved at the temples and back of the head, and cut straight all round.

Unlike other Igorrotes, who were comparatively clean-looking, these Banaue folks were the dirtiest devils I had come across. Living in tiny sleeping boxes, one-quarter of the floor of which was occupied by the fire-place—and no chimney—possibly contributed to their uncomely appearance.

Except that they were wilder, very excitable,

impudent, and morose, in their habits and attire they closely resembled the tribes we have already visited. Their houses were generally in sets of two or three, the roofs adjoining, with ingenious doors sliding upon a *bejuco* line when not resting on the projecting ledge of the doorway. All the houses showed the same architectural lines, the structures, as usual, being raised upon a levelled platform of earth bordered with stones and having a stockade of reeds, bamboos, or logs of wood.

At Banaue, the place standing on the crown of a rocky hill, the natives had dug holes in the rock, in which they kept their ducks and pigs. One does not see many dogs about, as the Igorrotes cherish them more as delicacies for their festival dinners than as pets. Still, a few vicious watch-dogs had been spared and were at large in the villages.

The chief of Banaue, a man who boasts of having won many human heads—he had marked their exact number upon his cheeks with a tattooed cross for each—was a fellow of remarkable activity and irritability, spending his time in angry quarrels with everybody all round.

At our approach the dwellers in Banaue had hidden away their collection of human heads for fear of punishment, but they generally keep them in their houses in bags suspended to the wall.

I saw here some of the *Bubullo*, or *Anito*, carved wooden images, very closely resembling the carvings of New Guinea. These figures are represented stooping with hands resting upon the knees. There are male *bubullos* and female

*bubullos*, as well as combined groups. The handles of their wooden spoons are very frequently ornamented with these figures, single or in a pair.

The *udio*, a large wooden drinking bowl rendered black by being soaked in wine, has at the rim a number of concave spaces all round to fit the lips.

Each house has a number of chicken coops hung from its lower beams, and on one side is a heavy angular sort of lounge scooped out of a trunk of a tree, and with semicircular end apertures. These benches are used for sleeping on in hot weather, and also for beheading victims during feasts.

Igorrote spears are beautifully made, with a finely tempered steel head, from 30 to 65 centimetres long, of an elongated rhomboid or leaf-shape, but quadrangular or octagonal in section. Then others are of the harpoon shape, double-barbed, quadruple, and even with six and eight barbs, but these are generally of a commoner kind, and for the iron ring fastening the head to the shaft is substituted a strong plaited *bejuco* lacing, the spear head being inserted into a hollow filled with some elastic substance like indiarubber. The most common, throwing spears, are of pointed bamboo with a triangular head about 12 centimetres in length, and have a total length of 1.50 metres. They are of light fine wood and have a notch and *bejuco* ring about 0.65 centimetre from the butt, at the exact point which gives the best balance at the moment



CHIEF OF BANAU HEAD-HUNTERS.



of throwing. The more ornamented spears, with long triangular steel heads and elaborately worked *bejuco* rings dyed red and black, are used more for show and for hand-to-hand fighting. These measure generally 1·80 to 2 metres, and the beautiful manner in which the Igorrotes can work steel and other metals by means of stone implements only is remarkable. The shafts are of finely chosen woods, white, black, or red in colour. A notch is incised on the shafts for each man killed. Pieces of brass wire are frequently inlaid in the spear shafts both in parallel lines and also so as to form a spiral all the way round.

Igorrote knives are not so good, and their shape has evidently been suggested by those of neighbouring tribes. Were it not for two coils extending from the blade at the hilt, they would resemble bread knives.

Undoubtedly the most typical and prettiest weapon is the head-axe, a well-balanced and most serviceable tool, with a sharp concave edge on one side of its broad blade and a long spike on the other side. The handle varies in length according to tribes, and the longer ones possess a projecting piece to strengthen the hold while striking.

While hunting for heads, the natives, on seeing a prospective victim, lie hidden in the grass with their spear and shield ready. The unfortunate creature, when near enough, is treacherously speared in the back, usually by throwing the spear at him, which generally causes

him to fall. In a second the assailant pounces upon his prey, places his heavy shield—in which is a lower semicircular opening—upon the man's neck, and with his hatchet promptly chops off the head. This done, the Igorrote turns his axe round the other way, strikes the skull with the spike, and, lifting axe and bleeding head upon his shoulder, triumphantly returns home.

Six blades of wood (35 to 45 centimetres long), angular, and with a sort of barb or hook at the lower end, are hung outside a man's house after he has brought home a head ; or else a trophy of imitation carabao horns is made of wood with black blotches, and upon it rests a pig's skull which holds in its teeth a piece of white wood that has been used in the fire whereat the pig was roasted for a feast. Around the skull hang bundles of grass as well as coloured leaves.



TABORITE SACRIFICIAL SLAB. (Also used to sleep on.)





## CHAPTER XXVI

The Sapao Igorrotes—The people of Nueva Vizcaya—Crossing the Cordillera into Bontoc—Warlike head-hunters—The Dwarfs of Bayo—Taludin.

BANAUE is the highest village on the Cordillera which forms the geographical boundary line between Nueva Vizcaya and the Bontoc Province. To cross the range, however, it was first necessary to accomplish a fearful descent into the valley, along very high terraces, and then an equally troublesome ascent on the opposite hill—on hands and feet upon slippery red clay. On reaching the summit of the first range one obtained a magnificent bird's-eye view of the terraced-up Alimit valley which runs from north to south and then encircles Mt. Pallao. Further back was Aricanga, and still beyond, between these two peaks, were visible (south-east) the high mountains of the Principe Province, a range mainly inhabited by Negritos and Ibalao, and extending along the coast of the Pacific Ocean—a country which is better known because there Aguinaldo was eventually captured by the

Americans. East of Carig and of Tumauini *Negritos* are also to be found upon the *Sierra Madre*, which extends north of *Principe* up to the most northerly end of *Luzon*. On the summit of the mountain were two *pilao*, or fascines of reeds. The immense *Cagayan* valley was plainly visible stretching from South to North.

We still kept on ascending, and now were going up the main range, leaving behind the beautiful terraces of *Banaue*, and coming in sight of others in the *Sapao* district—the industrial region of the *Igorrotes* where all the wood carvings, images, brass ornaments, implements, vessels, spears, axes, &c., are manufactured entirely with tools of a hard green stone which is generally used. Curiously enough, although the *Sapao* people manufacture practically the whole of the weapons carried by all the wilder *Igorrotes* of the *Quiangan* and *Banaue* districts, they are themselves less warlike than any of the rest—being practically at peace with all the tribes, with whom they carry on considerable trade. They are great agriculturists, too, and their terraces almost surpass in beauty and grandeur those of *Banaue*.

The *Sapao* people pave their houses with a green rock—a sort of porphyry which takes a high polish—and their villages are well drained with numerous ditches of running water.

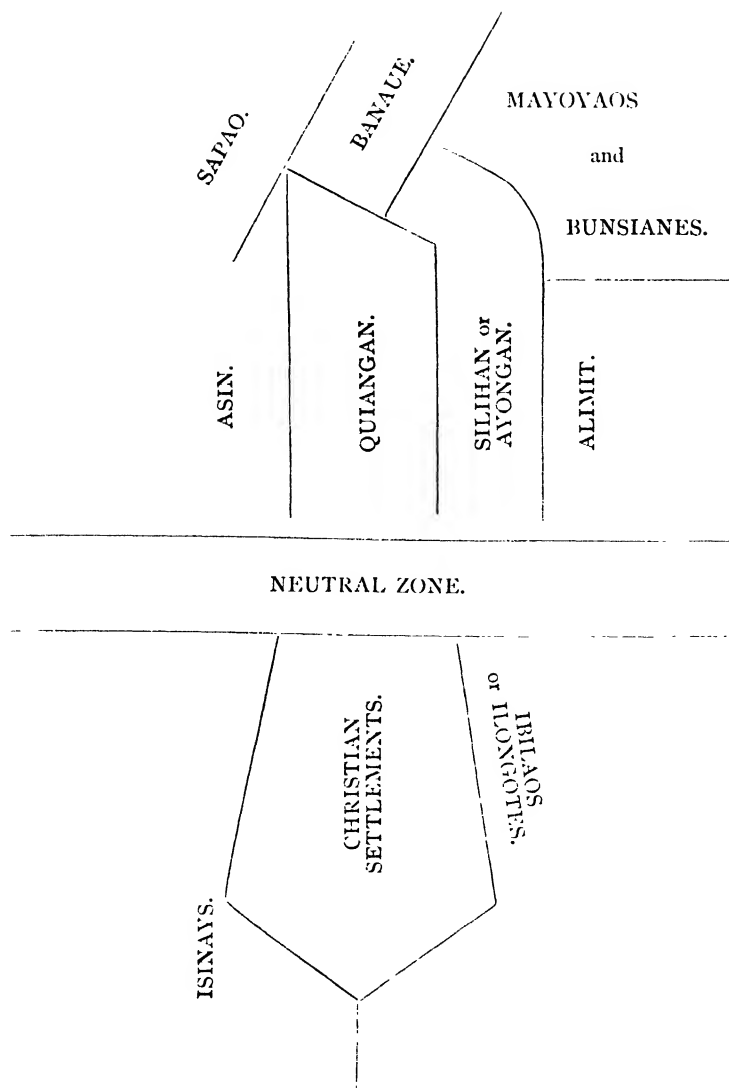
We climbed over the ridge forming the division between the *Alimit* and *Ibanao* valleys, and on the very summit the trail forked in two, one trail

leading to Sapao (and to Cervantes in Lepanto), the other, which I followed, to Bontoc.

The Igorrote carriers declined to come any further as they declared that their neighbours were bad and would kill them, but eventually they were persuaded to continue. The trail was fairly good, although annoyingly slippery, and proceeded through thick reeds and immense ferns of great beauty. Thorns innumerable were rather a drawback to this otherwise enchanting forest. From our high position we had to descend to the headwaters of the Ibanao river—a very swift stream. From this point we began the ascent through a forest to the high Pulish Pass, where the Spaniards had established a small *cuartel* to watch these tribes. This pass on the summit of the watershed stood on the frontier between Nueva Vizcaya and Bontoc. Its altitude by hypsometrical apparatus I found to be 6,329 feet.

The diagram here appended will give an idea at a glance of how the various tribes of Nueva Vizcaya are located.

About 70 per cent. of the Christian population of Nueva Vizcaya consists of Ilocanos who migrated there, the remaining 30 per cent. being mainly Gaddanes and Isinays. In a Christian population of 16,000 souls three distinct local languages are spoken. The Igorrotes number some 46,000 to 47,000 or, rather, 36,000 Igorrotes proper and 10,000 to 11,000 Ibilaos and Isinays, who cannot strictly be classified with the Igorrotes, their customs and manners being quite different. The Ibilaos use bows and



arrows, and although they, too, indulge in head-hunting they do it, as we have seen, mostly to conquer a wife rather than for the sake of collecting war trophies. The Isinays are quiet, timid, and are being imposed upon and gradually killed off by the stronger tribes.

From the Pulish pass I descended on the north side into Bontoc province among beautiful pines—an absolute change of scenery and vegetation from what we had on the other side of the range. There was hardly any undergrowth at all, except very short grass and a few miniature ferns. We came in for the usual afternoon torrential storm, my Igorrotes, with their *kalupis* (shoulder baskets and rain-coats of vegetable bristles combined), being in a terrible state of mind, as they said the Bontoc Igorrotes were their deadly enemies and would surely kill all of us.

We descended for some two hours, when at last, down below, we began to discern signs of cultivation coming up to quite high above the river level. Lower down were large paddy-fields upon one high terrace, which, however, was not to be compared in beauty with the Banaue works.

My attention was drawn to piercing shrieks and the excited beating of drums in the village far down below, the yells increasing as we continued to advance down the mountain side. As I looked with glasses there were folks running about to and fro in the village, and their bright spear-heads shone in the light. They

had taken to their shields and they were hurrying up on the upper side of the trail where they hid among the grass. In the village, meanwhile, shrieks and yells continued, the women with bundles of their property taking to flight in the opposite direction from that in which the men were likely to encounter us.

My carriers, who had so far bravely walked—run, rather, they walked so fast—in front, now carefully took up a position in the rear. When we were getting closer to the village two or three dozen men ran up and down the trail in a great state of excitement, brandishing their spears and shields—evidently challenging us to come on, while some 200 folks were ambushed just above in the grass, waiting for us to be led into the trap and be pounced upon.

Seeing that no attention was paid to their tactics, they tried another way—in order to induce us to rush the place and form a target for the spears of those hidden above the trail. The challenging warriors pretended fright and bolted so that we might rush after them. Well, we did not, and we walked along until within speaking distance, when we warned the enemy to “keep off the grass” and pretty quick, or we would make short work of the whole lot of them. To the chief, who stood ahead of all and defiantly brandished his spear, we suggested that he had better not make a fool of himself. We were in no immediate hurry to fight them.

Their chief—somewhat taken aback—harangued his hidden men, who, in groups, meekly



HEAD-HUNTERS FOUND HIDING IN THE GRASS IN ORDER TO  
ATTACK AUTHOR.





popped up their heads above the grass—lots of them—only a few yards from where we were. They nearly all eventually stood up with their spears and shields ready for action, but their war-like attitude was replaced by grins from ear to ear. They said they thought we were their enemies from Banaue who had come for heads. They were sorry that they had made a mistake. But how could they help it? They had never seen white men come unexpectedly that way. They all joined in the procession and led us to their village, while my bold Banaue fellows—of guilty conscience—were trembling all over with fright and kept well behind in the meekest of fashions.

Now, these Bayo fellows—a particularly nasty village—were a picturesque sight, as they walked along with hardly any more clothing than little skull-caps, shaped just like those of Tommy Atkins before he became Germanised—only these Igorrote caps are prettily made of basket-work and beads or of half a cocoanut, and are worn jauntily at the back of the head instead of on the side.

Even more strongly marked than in the case of Banaue folks were the Papuan characteristics of this tribe—the features very coarse and brutal, but much smaller in every way except for the extreme breadth of the nose. These people were dwarfs, the majority being well under four feet in height. Filthy beyond words, they wore the hair long and uncared for, instead of nicely trimmed as is the habit of the other

Igorrotes. They had long flat metal earrings, and upon the right ear was carried, when not in use, a small pipe ; a pipe scoop and pick were also worn by way of earring. All the clothing they wore consisted of a sash with a pendant in front.

Although these people are classified as Igorrotes they are really Ilongotes, pure and simple, and the undiluted Ilongote language is the only one they can speak. Their houses are quite different from those of the Igorrotes proper, and rest upon the ground on terraces of hard stone with rustic stone steps. Seldom were the huts taller than 6 or 7 feet, with grass roofs, and with pigs' styes underneath. The pig sty communicated by a short channel with an adjoining pit of filth walled up all round with stones—and each house possesses, either in front or behind, one of these dirt-pits, round, or oval, or square in shape. The extraordinary part of this was that, notwithstanding the dozens of these pits in the village—in fact, in walking about one had to be most careful so as not to slip into them—no smell whatever arose from them. Why this was I never could explain, but it was a fact.

Only one house at Bayo—the one under which I slept—was raised on pillars 5 feet high, but the living quarters above were so small and the roof so heavy and big, that I really had not detected that there were living quarters at all concealed under the roof above my head, until the next morning, when I heard some child squeal inside the sleeping box.

During the evening the natives were very

polite and brought presents of eggs, while others came for medicine, many suffering from fever. A fight had taken place a few days before between this tribe and some neighbours, and one fellow came hopping about to inquire whether I could mend his leg as one of the enemy had run a bamboo spear right through the muscle of his thigh from one side to the other. It was quite a nasty wound, but as it had been left unattended and untampered with, it was healing nicely.

These dwarfs were well-formed, but seemed much less intelligent than other tribes upon those mountains. They had evidently learned all they knew from their contact with the Igorrotes. Their skull measurements were small, as can be seen by the table in the previous chapter, and the cheek-bones not so prominent as compared with the bigonial breadth. Their eyes were small and wide apart; the upper lip and nose very short, and the hands quite small but not particularly well-formed. They were tattooed in a primitive way on the chest, large concentric semicircles in sets of 2 or 3 lines—generally 3—extending from the breast to the biceps. Now, curves are seldom, if ever, noticeable in purely Igorrote tattooing. Tattooed bracelets of angles were common and this design was also displayed upon the forehead, while there were crosses upon each cheek. A double-barbed arrow with two semicircular lines at the butt was generally tattooed upon the forehead and nose, while the outline of the jaw was followed by a line with a succession of hooks.

There was a howling wind blowing when I was at this place, and the altitude being considerable it was very cold during the night. With three local carriers, and without weapons of any kind, I continued my journey through this country—considered the most dangerous in Northern Luzon—following the lower trail in the valley between grassy mountains of steep slopes, which occasionally became high ravines. I then crossed the stream over a high and somewhat shaky bridge—there were a couple more of these structures lower down the stream, as well as marvellous wooden aqueducts of great height to convey irrigation water from one field 80 feet above the river to another slightly lower on the opposite side of the stream. I passed one or two small villages before arriving at the large settlement of Talubin, with low dirty huts, not unlike, but dirtier than, those of Bayo, and with additional rows of pyramidal storehouses.

The trail, well beaten, was here quite good, and from Talubin leaves the river and proceeds over a high pass, leaving behind the settlement of Kanyo. There were high mountains all along, quite grassy, and either free from trees or with some few splendid pines upon them. The trail was on slippery red clay soil, and mostly followed the ridge of the range, until at last I perceived in a most beautiful valley the town of Bontoc. By following a number of short cuts the descent into the valley was quickly accomplished, and after crossing a stream I went along between ridges of terraces and beautifully



HEAD-HUNTERS AT REST.



BAVO DWARVES OF NORTH LUZON.



cultivated and irrigated fields, most symmetrically tidy. Upon the trail I had met hundreds of armed Igorrotes, with spears and *aliwa* or *pinang* (head-axe) and war shields.

The Bontoc people were again taller and more of the Igorrote type. They cut their hair straight across into a fringe, but left it long and loose behind. Some had elaborate shell ornaments, and a large piece of mother-of-pearl fastened to the loin string, to hide the umbilicus. Nearly all men wore the basket-work skull-caps, decorated with beads, shells, brass, and silver ornamentations.

After skirting on my left the large settlement of Sunoki just in front of Bontoc, across the river, there now came the difficult job of crossing the wide stream, much swollen by the heavy rains. The Igorrotes who were with me would not hear of my removing my clothes and wading, and one fellow declared he would carry me dry to the other side ; but, unfortunately, when we got into mid-stream, the water was well up to his nose, and in his frantic efforts to get where the water was shallower he was carried away by the strong current and I had to finish the crossing swimming.

In Bontoc, one of the largest Igorrote settlements, there was a great ado, as the Governor of the Province had arrived and had summoned all the leading chiefs to appear before him. The Igorrotes of the province had answered the invitation in great force. I never shall forget the surprise of the Governor and two or three



other American gentlemen with him when I arrived in their midst, alone, unattended and unarmed.

“Do you know,” exclaimed the Governor, “that you have just crossed the most dangerous head-hunting districts in Luzon? It is a miracle you got through alive. I heartily congratulate you on arriving with your head upon your shoulders.”

“Well, sir, I never arrive anywhere without it!”

## CHAPTER XXVII

The natives of Bontoc—The Court of Justice—The Igorrote as a Soldier—On a subterranean river—From Bontoc to Lepanto.

GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE and all were extremely civil and hospitable, and laid themselves out to make me comfortable, and in the afternoon we much enjoyed seeing the weird Igorrote dancing, some of the dancers carrying gongs on which they tap at intervals, while their leader makes contortions, wheeling his head-axe about in a very graceful but most dangerous fashion, and striking fighting attitudes. The musicians hop about lightly, describing loops and circles, all stooping low and then gradually straightening themselves up with a jerk, keeping time meanwhile with the tune. Two spearmen begin, then more join in, and all lightly hop about in a circle from one foot to the other, imitating their war drill.

The native city of Bontoc was very extensive, the houses mostly of Igorrote architecture, enormous roofs hiding the family sleeping boxes,

the whole on four supports. From a distance Igorrote houses have the appearance of huge mushrooms. The lower portion, however, instead of being open, as with the Quiangan and Banaue Igorrotes, was enclosed by a wooden wall 4 feet high and the roof spread out so low, as almost to screen the top of the wall. This lower floor is frequently divided into two sections, one a sort of sitting-room, the other the kitchen. Large spherical earthen pots, a wooden double mortar for rice, a few baskets, a spoon or two, and a family drinking-bowl, are about all the utensils one sees about their houses, the jewellery and weapons being hidden in the well-smoked sleeping-box above. The poorer huts, however, have only the ground floor, and stand not more than 5 feet high. Each house here, too, possesses a single or double stone-walled pigs' pit, 4 to 6 feet deep, and full of refuse, communicating with the house; but here, too, although there were hundreds of these pits in the village filled with putrid matter, not the slightest odour could be detected. Drinking troughs scooped out of a large stone are to be seen in these pits.

Bontoc was divided into several sections, each under a sort of chief, and each district had its "court of justice," a sort of oval or circular terrace with a stone wall made of large slabs of porphyry 2 to 3 feet high, or of some hard black stone—polished smooth by frequent use and by the oily skins of the sitters. Upright poles supporting a carabao skull were placed around



HEAD-HUNTERS, WITH THEIR AXES, HOTTING A COUNCH OF WAR



the wall, and here the oldest and most revered men congregated to discuss public affairs or settle private disputes.

On the hill-side above the town was the "Sacred grove," where the medicine men went to offer sacrifices to the spirits of the mountains. These Igorrotes of Bontoc are nothing if not practical. Each house possesses, ready for any emergency, a coffin roughly carved from a large trunk of a tree and with a heavy lid upon it. These coffins are either kept outside the dwelling or near the store-house, and when anybody dies, this particular tribe bury the body directly under the house. They are very provident while alive, and in their store-houses they accumulate sufficient provisions to last them over one year—or at any rate over one crop—in case of famine. I found them of a joyful and friendly disposition, always ready for a lark.

There is, I think, a splendid opening to employ these people for military purposes ; they would, I believe, make most excellent scouts, especially for service in mountainous regions. I was glad to see that an Igorrote Constabulary force was being established and doing excellent work. They took great pride in their uniforms—which while on the march they generally carried in a neat bundle slung to the neck so as not to spoil them. They kept their rifles in splendid condition, and could do quite good shooting with them. From their earliest youth the Igorrotes are taught to fight, and the play of the children consists mostly of warlike games such as the stone

fight. Regular bamboo shields are provided for these games, and battles of some fierceness are indulged in, in which babies even four or five years old join. A few broken skulls and bruised limbs are generally the result.

But children of all these tribes bear pain remarkably well. They seldom cry even when considerably injured. I remember seeing a boy of the Calagan tribe (Mindanao), about ten years old, being brought into Davao with a *bolo* wound inflicted by another boy. The best portion of his left temple and cheek were sliced off, and were hanging down his neck. Some thirty stitches were put in to repair the damage done, while this little chap, without chloroform or cocaine, sat on a stone step twirling his thumbs around or examining the surgical case from which the various instruments were produced. The operation lasted some half-hour, and this plucky little fellow never budged, or cried, or said a word while it was going on. He looked quite unconcerned, and when he was told it was all finished he made a bow and ran off to play with other children.

In the company of Governor Dinwiddie I left Bontoc for Cervantes, the capital of the Lepanto province. We went along the line of the stream, but high above it, among most beautiful mountain scenery, as fine as anything I have seen in Switzerland or the Rocky Mountains. There were two trails: the upper, which we followed, and the lower, close to the river bed on the opposite side of the stream. The

mountain sides were clear of trees up to a great height, and beautiful white lilies, wild roses, and other flowers increased the poetry of this charming landscape.

Another thing upon which Governor Dinwiddie of the Bontoc-Lepanto provinces may be highly complimented, was the excellent condition in which the trails were kept, the bridges being in good repair. Governor Dinwiddie seems to have grasped the idea thoroughly that, in order to develop a new country, it is necessary, before everything else, to establish good ways of communication, and to open fresh ones; to this work, therefore, he devotes much of his attention. I only wish more Governors in the Philippines would see things the same way.

We went up and down till we reached an altitude of some 6,200 feet from the Bontoc valley, when we came to a spot where the river makes a huge *détour*, and here the trail crossed over a high pass on to another valley north-west to south-east. Here again we saw immense irrigation works, the entire valley being beautifully terraced up. High up on the mountain side were Igorrote settlements. On reaching the highest point of the ridge I was confronted with a most fantastic bit of scenery, huge pyramids of lava and molten rock or pillars of volcanic formation standing upright, scattered upon the basin which was found on the mountain top. Some had large hollows, others were fluted. One could observe three distinct and extinct craters of great proportions and several minor ones, the central part of



which was now filled up by curious mud mounds, as was also the case in one large crater about 300 yards in diameter. On the west and north-east sides of this crater were huge grey rocks vertical or hollowed out in the strangest of forms, but all suggesting terrific heat and commotions of the earth.

Some hundreds of feet down below we went to explore an underground river, which disappeared into the mountain. The only way to get at this place was to walk in the swift stream itself, and we got into a large natural archway of great height leading into a big cave where stalactites, shawls or screens were in course of formation, and where the crystalline deposits shone like diamonds in the dim light which penetrated so far. Once inside the grotto which formed a sort of cupola we scrambled over enormous boulders, in the shape of crescents or pyramids, and so terribly sharp and slippery that we preferred again to walk in the water. This place appeared to have been a cauldron of the volcano above, and the surface-rock of the dome and walls was of grey and brown tints of most delicate tones. A shaft or funnel was visible overhead but now was blocked up at some point above. The gurgling river turned to the south-south-west inside the mountain and disappeared through a low aperture, where we could get no further. We returned to the trail above.

Some grand explosion must have taken place here at some period or other, similar rocks to the ones on the basin where the craters are, being

found scattered over the landscape at great distances where they did not naturally belong.

The settlement of Sagada lies in the volcanic basin. Further off at Balungan we met along the trail effigies of human figures, coarsely made of reeds and leaves and representing men with two spears in a fighting attitude, others standing on guard, but the most common was a symbolic reed tied into a peculiar knot, or else crossed with another reed. Occasionally these puppets are also made of tree-bark with black line ornamentations upon them, and also regular fences, with ghastly masks carved in wood, are to be seen about in the Igorrote country—these being supposed to scare away evil spirits as well as sickness and trouble. These images are placed along trails or roads, streams or passages, the evil spirits never entering—they say—a village except by some of these passages, cut either by man or nature. A cross with mandibles of hogs is occasionally seen in the landscape for similar purposes.

At every turn we came upon more astounding views and passed a magnificent valley on an inclined plane from north-east-east to south-west-west—all in terraces, just before coming to Balugan.

Astride of our next pass we came to Bagnen village, a district of some 4,000 souls, where we again entered a region of abundant clothing and dubious manners.

No sooner had we crossed the pass than another magnificent panorama spread out before us—this time a great, big, undulating valley in

terraces surrounded by forest-capped mountains. Along a capital trail, among beautiful pines, then between patches of cultivation with lots of Igorrotes working upon the road to keep it in order—which they did with a sort of flattened instrument that answered the double purpose of a pick and spade.

Here we were among practically civilised tribes of Igorrotes—who were quite different in many ways from the others, and I was astounded by the extraordinary resemblance of these particular people to the hairy Ainu of North Japan. The women wore the hair long, but trimmed round with a crown of red and yellow beads, and the men used a small kerchief, generally red, occasionally blue, tied into a turban, or more commonly with the two ends left hanging behind. Their eyes were straight, the skin fair when properly washed, the bridge of the nose comparatively high. The men grew luxuriant beards—of which they were very proud—but some have adopted the fashion of pulling out the hairs with their finger-nails. Men and women keep their pipes with the accessories tied to a chain, stuck in the turban, or in the crown of beads—and always on the left side of the head.

Their woven fabrics greatly resembled in design those of the Ainu, picturesque white cloths with two double sets of blue stripes, with two white lines on each and two similar stripes on the edges. Like the Ainu, they were extremely fond of blue, and just like the Ainu women—and unlike most other tribes of the



IGORROTH WOMEN.  
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)



BONTOC IGORROTHS.  
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)



Archipelago, who carry their young upon the hips—these natives carried children slung on the back.

Tattooed patterns of lozenges, squares, and series of angles, of a similar character but often more elaborate than those of Ainu women, were noticeable on the ladies' arms of this region. Unlike the Ainu, these folks squatted down upon their heels instead of sitting cross-legged.

They were, of course, not quite so hairy on the body, which was undoubtedly due to the different climate in which they lived, and the formation of the skull was decidedly more intelligent than with the aborigines of north Japan, who were probably but a degenerate tribe of the same stock. It is well known that the Ainu at one time inhabited all the Japanese Islands, and possibly even Formosa, and it is not unlikely that, this being merely a continuation of that same string of islands, these hairy folks, when a powerful race, may have extended as far as North Luzon. Personally, being well acquainted with both races, I have no doubt whatever in my mind that they are closely related, so many are the points they have in common.

The trail was everywhere picturesque, portions cut through soft greenish rock, which presently became a deep warm green, here and there through white lime and sticky clay, and as one went on and wound round one mountain and then another, the scenery constantly changed and became more and more fascinating. A small dome of light yellow earth with large patches of

a violet colour would point to the presence of some mineral down below—possibly copper—and upon the slippery red clay soil beautiful ferns of various species seemed to thrive.

By a steep zigzag we eventually got down to the Bontoc river, which we had to wade, and by another zigzag on the other side we ascended to Sabangan, at which place we struck what is called “the lower trail”—quite wide and most excellent, along the left bank of the stream. Near the tiny and quaint village of Shupao, where two white flags were flying to scare evil spirits away, a most beautiful waterfall descended in graceful cascades from near the summit of the mountain. Another smaller cascade was almost facing it on the opposite side of the river.

After a little time one more quaint village stood against a prominent hill, and from this spot a gradual ascent began and we left the river, which described a long detour. An hour or so later a most astounding sight was before us, a long, flat-topped mountain, from the very summit of which—some 7,000 feet high—descended picturesque waterfalls, the overflow of a lake which is to be found upon that high place. Lots of globular clouds played low down in the valley, and presently they formed so rapidly as to obscure the entire scene.

A violent shower of rain was the next event, as we were gaily proceeding along the fine road, with wild roses on either side, and ferns and wild flowers of all kinds. Down to the river by a most slippery incline, then up by a

bit of road, so muddy that it was all we could do to get on and pull our ponies, and we halted for the night at Banco, a village in a district of some 2,800 souls.

At Banco I had occasion to examine a great many so-called Igorrotes, and I became further convinced of their relationship to the Ainu. Their features here, too, were almost identical. They have a picturesque way of burying their dead, either in natural caves or in artificial grottoes about 7 feet high. The ends of the huge coffin are bolted with wooden rivets. Ivy and other creepers hang gracefully upon the walls and the aperture of the grotto. Barring the odour, these are quite ideal burial spots.

On leaving Banco early the next morning, when the air was clear, we again obtained a superb view of Mount Datta, to our south, with its waterfalls and with Ibanao village and other more distant settlements on its slopes. On its north-east side, at the foot, rises in the valley a solitary rocky hill with a cutting edge, and forms a sort of spur to its giant flat-topped neighbour, fairly wooded on the east side, but with grassy slopes in long sweeping lines on the north-north-west side. To the west of us stood the great Malaya range. From a high point on the Cayan trail we suddenly came upon a charming spot overlooking a vast basin.

Balaua village, with its pointed gabled roofs, was down below, and high up was perched Caddiyan, half hidden in a cluster of dark trees.



Further on, to the south of Caddiyan, was the elongated settlement of Cayan, the former capital of the province. The higher trail, which was about 1,000 feet above us to the north-west, eventually meets the lower trail at Caddiyan. Plenty of banana palms and bamboos covered the hill-side, and nearer the villages were coffee plantations.

And so we went on, mile after mile, now encountering itinerant natives leading a fat pig, then groups of women of mature age and modesty who always turned their backs to us as we passed and gazed at whatever scenery stood in front of them. Up above, or down below, men with nothing more on than their bronzed skins, splashed all over with mud, were busy knee-deep in water and slush damming up their elevated paddy fields.

Between Cayan and Cervantes the trail was splendid among green grassy hills overlooking fine valleys on either side. On approaching the capital, Cervantes, by the steep winding road, one obtains a fine bird's-eye view of the place, one corrugated iron roof standing out prominent among the humbler roofs of native houses. The town is situated on a flat plateau some 100 feet above the level of the River Abra, which crosses this valley from north-east to south-west. We had come from the north. The river was too deep to ford, so we crossed over on a raft, the ponies swimming behind.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

The Mancayan and Suyak copper and gold mines—Superstitions of the natives.

CERVANTES is quite a model little place which, under the sensible guidance of Governor Dinwiddie, seems to have a good future before it. Much attention is devoted to road-making and to encouraging the natives in agricultural pursuits, by improved methods. The Governor himself is now starting a coffee plantation on quite an extensive scale, and it is to be hoped that his example may be followed by others. For excellent coffee, all these central provinces of Northern Luzon cannot be beaten.

The Lepanto province is known as one of the great mining districts—both gold and copper being found in the Mancayan and Suyak districts ; and to get a better idea of what was going on I paid a visit to that mining region.

With Captain Nathorst of the Constabulary, who kindly furnished me with horses, I went up—on quite a fair trail—between the rugged Malaya Range and the rounded grassy hills to

the east of the Abra River, the valley of which we followed until we entered a most beautiful valley of great fertility, several hundred acres in extent, easily irrigable, and now going to absolute waste in the hands of a white man. We crossed it, travelling southwards, and came to a spur of hills which split the end portion of the valley in two, we following the wedge-shaped southern section for a mile or so.

A second low rocky spur, on the top of which is perched a picturesque Igorrote village, in its turn divides this wedge-shaped valley in two. Here were a few paddy fields with curious crow-scaring contrivances, either pulled by hand from a distant shed where a patient native sits all day, or else worked mechanically by water. The latter consists of a log of wood balanced under a waterfall, the force of which causes it to be swung backwards and forwards, a string attached to the log pulling a bamboo rattle.

After passing a fine gorge we obtained, as we ascended, the west view of Mount Datta, not nearly so imposing and picturesque from this side, but easier to climb. On the first hill-tops were a few coffee plantations belonging to Chinamen, then further a larger, but half-abandoned one, owned by a Spaniard. The coffee-trees were planted too close together, and not cared for as they should be, coffee-trees requiring a good deal of care and attention as well as sufficient space.

At this point we entered the copper region. It was in 1863 that the Cantabro-Filipina



LELAND JOHNSON



Society began to exploit the mines of Mancayan, and whatever complaints may be brought against them, they most certainly developed that part of the country quite appreciably. That copper exists is beyond doubt, but whether it will ever pay to work those mines on a large scale is a different matter, and from a superficial visit it would be difficult to express an opinion. The same observation applies to the many gold mines in the neighbourhood of Mancayan and Suyak. Gold certainly exists there too, but although the shafts and tunnels were many, they were mostly fenced off and at rest.

With copper- and gold-mining the Christianisation of the local Igorrotes began in 1874, when the success of the Mancayan mines had reached its apex, and priests were stationed to look after the souls of the baptised Igorrotes. That these particular Igorrotes became quite civilised there is indisputable proof. They employ much of their time and energy in manufacturing counterfeit money from local copper, and what is more, they can pass it—at a discount, true enough, but it passes—as good coinage. When I travelled up these mountains the fires for their smelting-pots were visible all over the mountain-sides.

As we rose higher a stone grave—a pyramid—on the highest point of Suyak marked the resting-place of a chief, and further on, a grotto, 10 feet by 6 feet, contained two massive wooden coffins with effigies of carabao and pigs' skulls carved upon the lid. The coffins, carved out of

solid blocks of wood, were 3 feet in diameter, and rested on stone supports, while ferns and moss had grown prettily around.

A great many superstitions are to be found among these people in connection with their burials. For instance, an old woman—dead, and duly wrapped up in a blanket—was being carried in a sitting posture by some relative, while moaning sons and friends followed behind. The procession went on, each person tapping on two sticks: “tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, tap-tap.” A hog crossed in front of the funeral party, which then and there turned back to sacrifice cattle and hogs. A second attempt to convey the inanimate lady to her place of rest was disturbed by the flight of a crow. More sacrifices of hogs. A third time, as they were just about to start, no sooner was the dead thing lifted upon their shoulders than by a strange coincidence a landslide occurred close by in the mining district. The corpse was immediately brought back and more expensive sacrifices offered. At last, on the fourth attempt, the burial took place.

The coffins are always placed either on the tops of mountains, in hollows in the mountain side, or in artificial grottoes, two or three or more relations or friends—when all dead—occupying the same burial-place. Coffins are frequently carved in the shape of *iguanos*, large lizards, but more common are those I have described above.

Everything with these tribes is decided by means of a *canya*, or feast; or, at any rate, almost

everything leads to these wasteful luxuries, when a family with its friends will sit down and eat their entire fortune in one meal. Their marriages are arranged when very young at one of these feasts, and in killing hogs or carabaos an even number is always sacrificed—odd numbers, they say, being unlucky.

In killing a hog—which they do by tying the four legs and laying it down always on the right side—a man stands by each hog to be sacrificed and slowly forces a pointed stick towards the heart of the poor animal, while frantic beating of drums goes on all round. Dogs are most cherished of all in the way of food. Lean dogs are preferred to fat ones, and they are beaten to death until they are swollen from the blows. While dissecting, certain parts of the gut are removed for examination and to foresee the future.

When a person is ill they generally have a *canya*, for they maintain—and quite right too—that on being cheered the patient often recovers.

Disastrous as these lavish feasts are to those who possess much, they are in a way excellent institutions for those who possess nothing, for poor and rich take part in these frequent and filling meals. Very little gratitude, if any at all, is ever shown by these Igorrotes, and they are unscrupulous thieves—a quality, I think, to a great extent acquired.

The Igorrotes of Suyak lived almost entirely by mining up to 1896. Their fathers and forefathers all worked these mines ; in fact, all these mines



are called after names of individual Igorrotes. For instance, the great landslide is the "Palidan," the other slide to the left "Padangan," &c.—where or near which gold is principally found; and these having been known to the natives, their claims should, I think, in all fairness not be altogether ignored. The natives generally turned the gold extracted into ornaments, and some still possess heirlooms of that precious metal two or three hundred years old. I saw some heavy circular gold earrings and beautifully designed charms of pure gold, as well as small gold "lucky carabaos" with coil, wave, and "fish-bone" ornamentations upon their sides and backs.

The tattooing to be observed in this tribe occurred mostly on the arms of women, and consisted of sets of circles, or quadrangles one inside the other, with angles to fill vacant spaces, inside a larger quadrangle—on the hands, for instance. Zigzag lines decorated the sides of the arm, and the elbow was encircled by an elaborate design of lozenges as well as the angle pattern. Zigzag rings and a six-pointed star with a chevron adorn the fingers.

The mineral zone extends practically from north to south, but in a volcanic country of this kind interruptions and deviations are bound to occur owing to commotions. The great landslide of Palidan extends from east to west in this mineral zone, and it is near that spot that most of the American gold claims are located. I met some of the miners—most good-hearted and hospitable—nearly all having with them

Igorrote ladies of dubious beauty. At Mancayan a village of some 100 souls exists.

Igorrotes are employed in the mines, a woman called Mammaya being quite an expert in the district. When mining on their own account the Igorrotes do most of their work by slushing, until they come to the actual rock, when all work is suspended. If they foresee that in a few hours gold will be struck they proceed to their homes and have three days' feasting. Then they return to work. While mining the Igorrotes abstain from eating beef, but chickens and pigs are consumed. Again, while actually working gold, husbands and wives remain separated, nor will they work at all in mines after having been to a *canya* and drunk *tapuy* (white milky wine fermented from rice).

Captain Nathorst was telling me that one day, on going down to his shaft, he met all his employees leaving work. On asking for an explanation they pointed to a rainbow and said it was a warning that if work were continued somebody would be killed. Whistling and throwing stones into a tunnel are also supposed to bring bad luck.

Men do but little mining except the actual digging in the rock and timbering of tunnels. The women and children carry out all the rock, which is sorted in the sunlight and examined by a process of licking all over to detect the existence of mineral. The assistance of a little child whose keen eyesight greatly helps the search is generally employed. Then all the rock

selected goes through the usual process of crushing and washing.

Until the American occupation it was possible to buy pure gold cheap from these natives, but now they have discovered that by making it into a poor alloy with silver and copper and twisting it into rudimentary ornaments, they can obtain inflated prices, so that they devote all their efforts to that line.

In smelting, the Igorrotes improvise crucibles of white clay which bake at the same time that the gold inside melts. Under the crucible they place a large earthenware vessel for safety. They make a hole in the ground with charcoal in it, which, when lighted, covers crucible and all, the fire being fanned at first, then a blow-pipe being used to obtain greater combustion and a higher temperature.

From Suyak at sunset, a storm having just cleared the air, a most stupendous view was obtained of mountain range after range to the west, lighted up by a brilliant yellow glow behind, with lots of globular clouds tinted in vermilion playing above. Within those mountains lay the Amburayan country—a sub-province of Lepanto. The dark-green trees of the Malaya range in the foreground gradually changed to a blackish-violet colour as the last rays of the sun illuminated the scene, and from the valley below now rose masses of yellowish mist which left nothing in sight except the red-lighted summits of the range. To the north stretched the grand valley of the Abra with



THE GOLD AND COPPER MINES OF SUYAK.



Cervantes town in the distance, the corrugated iron roof of its church just visible.

A trail continues from Suyak into the Benguet province, *via* Loo, and another trail also exists *via* Lipatan and Asin to Sapao in the Cordillera. By a different trail I returned to Cervantes on my way to the coast. Medicinal springs are found in Cervantes, Comillas, and Angaqui.

## CHAPTER XXIX

Over the Kalid Pass—The journey to the West Coast—  
The Tinguianes—The Province of Union—Ilocano  
Superstitions.

THE valley of Cervantes consists of three separate spurs forming a plateau above a lower plain in paddy fields. Mount Balig, south-east of Cervantes, is a prominent point in the Malaya range. On leaving Cervantes I proceeded in a north-west direction by what is called the Angaqui road *via* the Kalid Pass. Along the wide and excellent road were quinine-trees, the bark of which is dried in the sun and chewed by the natives, in cases of fever, or else the leaves are boiled and made into a decoction.

From our high point we obtained another stupendous view of the great valley of the Abra. The Kalid Pass led over a very precipitous rocky mountain by its side, and the large Angaqui village stood on a prominence above the valley below, which was partly cultivated in rice-fields and partly overgrown with grass. Ginger-plants, with their large leaves, lined the road. The

steep ascent begins after leaving Angaqui—going due west. The road bifurcates at Angaqui, going on one side to Tila on the coast, some  $26\frac{1}{2}$  kilometres, on the other to Tobalina—about 32 kilometres to the coast. The highest portion of the trail over the pass was steep and stony, the pass itself being cut into the mountain. Beyond it were gullies on either side with much scrub vegetation and some patches of grass or forest. Ahead to the north lay an immense stretch of humpy, but well-rounded, undulating highlands with two well-defined natural tablelands, one some 800 feet, the other about 1,400 feet, above the lowest point of the valley. North-west was a double-humped peak of considerable height.

After going the entire day we reached Santo Emilio—where the *cuartel* was occupied by a Constabulary detachment, and the church had been turned into a stable for cattle. Tiagan was the real name of the district before the American occupation.

From Santo Emilio we started before sunrise, the trail still very good, descending most of the time among high reeds, tufts of bamboo and a lot of untidy vegetation. The trail chiefly followed the crest of the lower ridge with a fertile valley extending from south to north on our left, cultivated in paddy fields, and with the villages of Baan and Paltog. On descending into the valley the trail went mostly along the stony riverbed, constantly crossing and recrossing the stream. Such villages as Lubig, perched on a hill, and



Lidledao, were pretty but of no particular interest.

At Nasinit we came to regular clouds of locusts which had absolutely destroyed the fields of Indian corn. Deep trenches had been cut everywhere to capture these brutes, in a similar mode to that followed by the Malanaos, as described, but the trenches were full already and could hold no more.

At Vita, mango-trees, fan palms in abundance, bananas, *magai* and fields of Indian corn were to be seen, but on leaving the river and getting higher on a tableland there were more paddy fields on either side of the trail.

We had now entered the province of Ilocos Sur, and at Sta. Maria a most picturesque church is to be found, reached by an imposing flight of steps. An enormous convent stands by the side of the church upon a terrace some 80 feet above the *plaza*. There were a number of brick buildings, school-houses, and offices, which must have been very handsome, but are now tumbling down—the streets being in absolute possession of sheep, goats and hogs. A great expanse of level land—formerly a bay or lagoon—was now well cultivated into paddy fields, and across it is a beautiful road 15 feet wide, well metalled and with a sandy surface. *Barrios* and houses were scattered all around the plain, forming almost a circle three miles in diameter.

From Sta. Maria I went south-west-west. Stooping women with quaint hats, and skirts tucked in above the knee, were busy planting

rice in their paddies, one straw at a time being inserted in the slush with wonderful quickness and regularity. Carabaos were dragging primitive ploughs to and fro.

We were now on the splendid Spanish road which follows the entire west coast of North Luzon, and at St. Esteban I again struck the sea. At St. Esteban there was some excitement at the time of my visit, the Constabulary being busy trying to unearth treasure buried by some American filibusters. When I left they were still digging for it. The façade of the church had tumbled down in an earthquake. A quaint and picturesque blockhouse guarded a prominent point of the bay.

From this point southward along the coast a great many old Spanish towns are to be found, all more or less resembling one another, and all more or less in a demolished condition. At Santiago I was amazed to find some itinerant Armenian jewellers, who told me they travelled the entire length of the coast selling cheap ornaments to the natives.

Some short distance inland at this port are to be found interesting tribes of Tinguianes, of strongly Malayan type, with slanting eyes, flat faces, prominent foreheads, and whatever there is of the nose rather turned-up and, as compared with other tribes and considering its size, with quite a developed bridge. The lips are kept tightly closed. The Tinguianes are most industrious, peaceful, and orderly people, amenable to reason and easily led, but they wish to be left

alone and do not quite see the advantage of getting over-civilised. They have an utter distrust of medicine—which shows good sense on their part. They are great cultivators of their land in fields of rice and Indian corn. Their houses on low piles are like those of their neighbours, the walls of bamboo tied together vertically, and their store-houses of the Ilocano type.

I came across the first Tinguianes at Rubio, near which two or three smaller settlements, generally on hill-tops, are to be found. Each house possesses a family well, where women, who are very modest, go bathing at sunset. One peculiarity of these people was that the men were smaller than the women. The latter were most graceful, and some quite nice-looking, with their hair tied into an artistic knot low down behind and intertwined with a string of beads which further encircled the crown of the head—a most attractive way of hair-dressing. Their clothing somewhat resembled that of the more civilised Igorrotes, a sort of gown, made of locally-woven material striped in parallel lines, being wound round the waist. Their looms, which were most primitive, were generally kept under the houses.

The women—very bright and jolly—are possibly the most heavily-laden with ornaments in the entire Archipelago. They have bead bracelets covering the arm from the wrist up to three inches above the elbow, leaving just enough space to bend the arm, and worn so tight—from

childhood these bracelets are never removed—that the hands and arm where not covered are much swollen. Green, yellow, and dark blue bracelets are much the fashion, but for neck and head-wear yellow beads are preferred.

Tattooing is frequently seen on the left hand of Tinguianes women, but never on the right. The patterns consist chiefly of parallel lines with series of dots and of intersecting parallel lines forming checks.

I was much surprised at the faintness of the pulse in Tinguianes women and men, although the average beat was 100 pulsations a minute in women, 66 in men. Women carry their children on the hips. The men have adopted Filipino clothes to a great extent.

## TINGUIANES.

	Men.	Women.
	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'438	1'540
Span . . . . .	1'465	1'495

## ARM.

Hand . . . . .	0'172	0'180
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'095	0'008
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'110

## HEAD.

Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'219	0'222
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'196	0'170
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'128	0'120
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'065	0'060
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'124	0'116
Maximum breadth of lower jaw . . . . .	0'108	0'105
Nasal height . . . . .	0'056	0'058
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'038
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'035	0'035
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'037	0'030
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'023	0'024
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'045	0'040
Length of ear . . . . .	0'056	0'050

Candon, with its numerous masonry buildings which line the main road and *plaza*, was perhaps the best preserved of the less mutilated coast towns that I saw on continuing my journey. Civilisation is rampant here—oh! how uncomfortable—drinking-shops everywhere, Spanish, American, Chinese, Filipino—all selling nothing but drinks; beer, that is to say, a bottled yellow fluid of glycerine and salicylic acid—terrible stuff! whisky, they call it, alcohol of the rankest kind; some sort of vitriol labelled gin, and other equally corrosive solutions labelled rum, cognac, benedictine, &c. This place is famous for its *vino* distilleries, some of them having an improved American plant—a perfected way of killing off the brave soldiers who conquered the country. *Vino* affects American soldiers in a disastrous way—so much so that they are now forbidden to drink it, many having died from its effects.

The heat was intense when I was at this place, and when I proceeded on my journey I had a great misfortune. In riding along, my saddlebags—much worn—broke and I unfortunately lost my favourite camera, one which had been with me on many journeys. It was like losing an old friend. Unfortunately, with it I also lost eighteen plates of the Tinguianes tribe.

From Candon to Sta. Lucia was flat land highly cultivated in rice fields and Indian corn—along the sea, cocoanut groves. There were houses almost all the way along, and little *barrios* just off the road. Swarms of locusts made travel-

ling quite uncomfortable, as they leave behind a most pungent odour, besides the force with which they occasionally dash into one's face.

Beyond Sta. Cruz, sugar-cane is to be seen besides Indian corn, and at Tagudin I was much gratified by finding that both Presidente and other officials were extremely intelligent and civil—two qualities not very general among such officials of the more civilised places. They all spoke English fairly well, and displayed much love for the Americans and their ways. They seemed honestly anxious really to learn more. The result of this was that the American school which had been established had been promptly suppressed !

Owing to the death of all horses in the district I had some difficulty in obtaining transportation, but eventually obtained a springless bull-cart on which I set off on a shocking road. To cross the large and swift river Amburayan we had to take the cart to pieces and convey it across in sections on a canoe, and three more large rivers did I have to cross that day on more or less shaky rafts.

I was now in the province of Union. At Bangar, I met with indolent, impudent native officials, who made a great contrast to those of Tagudin, so that I proceeded that night to Namagpakan—now on quite a good road again. There were hundreds of distressed natives upon the road cutting trenches to destroy locusts. In a terrible heat, and travelling another whole day by a rickety bull-cart, with three more rivers to

cross on rafts—between uninteresting scenery on both sides—I eventually arrived at S. Fernando, the capital of Union Province.

The Governor of this province, Señor Joaquin Ortega—a Spanish-Filipino—was a man of sensible ideas and much enterprise. As well became the name of this province, peace and tranquillity reigned supreme all over it, although agriculture had suffered enormous losses, owing to rinderpest, which had killed off all animals. One of the principal crops cultivated in the province is tobacco, large quantities of good quality being produced yearly. In 1902 the province produced some 80,000 hundredweight.

At the instance of the Governor the inhabitants have rendered one another much mutual help in order to obviate the want of food by supplying land or labour to those who had none, and sharing the crops. Some of the richer owners had ceded land without any remuneration, and others gave land already planted to the needy.

The Provincial Government seemed well regulated on a thoroughly business basis, the municipal police being reorganised, roads rebuilt and kept in good repair, while some of the large bridges, such as the Ortega bridge over the River Baroro, 6,433 feet long, are now in good condition. Vaccination is carried on wholesale, and the welfare of the people looked after properly, the natives being ready to pay taxes without complaint in return for the many benefits received.

The inhabitants of Union are known for their industry and gratitude, and are nice, healthy people, moral, docile, and timid, and only driven to crime in extreme cases when revenge seems the only appropriate punishment for the offender.

They have two curious superstitions. The "Al-aliá" is the apparition of the ghost of a deceased relative—apparitions which take place within nine days of the death, and particularly three nights after the burial has taken place. The second superstition, the "Pugot," is also an apparition of evil spirits that assume a human form of gigantic proportions, or else the shape of a dog, a pig, or other animal, and appear in secluded spots or uninhabited houses.

Although the crops principally cultivated in the province consist of tobacco, rice, and sugarcane, the land along the coast is capable of producing cocoanuts and *maguey*—or *magui*—the fibre of which is excellent. A good deal of attention has been given of late to the cultivation of this fibre in Union, and maybe the industry will develop into a large one. Upon the mountainous part of the province, hill-rice, maize, cacao, and excellent coffee are grown.

When I visited the province a very bad example had been given to the natives by three American officials who had to be arrested on charges of embezzlement. This was greatly to be regretted, but with the American way of doing things that then existed, it was not unexpected. These treasurers and other officials in very responsible positions are not always



drawn from the better type of American in the Philippines, and while large sums of money pass through the hands of these officials, their pay seems quite inadequate to make them withstand temptation. Add to this a dull life in a distant province, a certain aptitude for liquor, gambling, etc.—and trouble is bound to arise sooner or later. The want of a better class of men, better paid, in such responsible positions is, I think, very much felt in the Philippines.

## CHAPTER XXX

From St. Fernando to Dagupan along the coast—Back to Manila.

THE anchorage of St. Fernando is probably one of the best in North Luzon, the two bays being protected both from the north-east and south-west. A peninsula and sandbank stretch out, forming a protection from the south-west, and the northern bay is deemed the best anchorage, with 84 to 50 fathoms of water in the centre and above 25 quite close to the coast-line. The southern bay, being somewhat rocky and exposed to the south-west monsoon, is not considered quite so safe.

The Americans have established a military post on a prominent point of the peninsula, the finest site for a camp that I saw in the Philippines, as it possesses every requisite to make it an ideal spot for the welfare of soldiers. It is just far enough from the city—a lot of degrading drinking saloons—it is high up upon picturesque cliffs where the air is pure, the waves of the China Sea washing down below at the foot of the rocks. Camp Wallace—that is the name

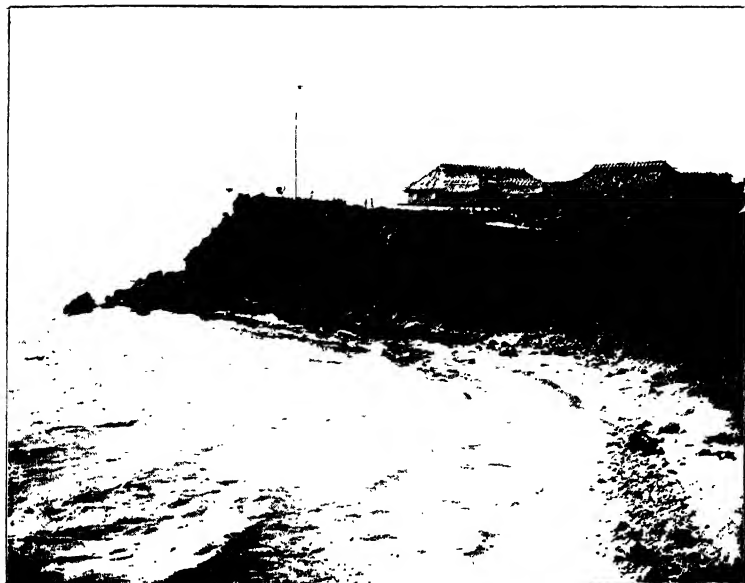
of it—seemed sensibly planned, and under the direction of the indefatigable Colonel Thomas the work of construction was speedily progressing.

The large Carlatan lagoon, with an exit into which the Oaig creek flows, just north of St. Fernando town, has been spanned by a bridge 241 feet long.

On August 20th, thanks to the kindness of the commanding officers at St. Fernando and Dagupan, who sent relay teams upon the road, I was able to accomplish the journey from St. Fernando to Dagupan, 45 miles overland, in one day. The journey offered no great difficulty except the crossing of rivers such as the sandy Naguilian stream, in the midst of which we stuck for some considerable time, the horses with water up to their necks. Another stream, the bed of which was some 200 yards broad, was south of Aringay.

Here, again, we entered a zone where carabao skulls and the pelvis bone too are stuck upon gates for luck. The traffic upon the road was extremely small, a few men strolling along in their strawberry-coloured *camisas*—the latest fashion in *camisas*—and each woman one saw carrying a child astride of her hips. Large acacias lined the road near the many farmhouses, about which bananas and *buyo* palms were also plentiful. The houses were raised only from two to three feet above the ground and were built of bamboo and timber, with *cogon* roofs. The usual contingent of collared hogs and goats and squealing sucking-pigs ran about the road.

Agoo town, which we reached next, was more



THE AMERICAN MILITARY POST, SAN FERNANDO DE UNION.



TOBACCO FOR EXPORT.



picturesque than most, its church in ruins, and the road actually passing inside its central nave. The new church, made entirely of corrugated iron, was not beautiful.

Half hidden in groves of cocoanuts to the west were little hamlets, and to the east were mountains—while there were innumerable paddy fields all along. The large circular or fancy-shaped hats of the passers-by, very finely plaited and expensively ornamented, formed a diversion in the monotony of the scenery.

At St. Tomas, half-way, I changed waggon and team. Lord! what a desolate, abandoned, battered place! There were remains of a stone church and of a palatial convent, then the foundations of other buildings, but all were wrecked.

The tide being out, I drove for greater comfort upon the beach, passing several interesting little fishing villages on the way. These fishermen construct themselves nice little bamboo rafts with a comfortable sort of an arm-chair upon them, on which they spend entire days and nights fishing.

Eventually we had to return to the road, very hard and uneven, but otherwise pretty fair, and we went over two long and rambling bridges of bamboo matting, so rotten and springy that it was indeed a feat of the driver to get his team and heavy waggon over.

At St. Sebian we had to get across a deep stream 250 yards wide. A raft was waiting to take us over. I went first with three horses, but

the load was too heavy in the middle, and when we got in mid-stream it gave way in the centre and I found myself in water up to the waist. The horses got very restless, but the men tugged away at the festooned *bejuco* rope stretched upon poles across the stream, and eventually we got to the other side. A second journey brought up the waggon, driver, and fourth horse. In Spanish days a massive bridge of cocoanut-wood existed here.

Several quaint fishing boats, very narrow and deep, with exaggerated outriggers, lay at rest upon the beach, with their needle-like bows and stern roofed over. The *bejuco* rigging stretched to the bars of the outrigger. Although the length of these boats was from 30 to 35 feet, their breadth was only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, their depth 6 feet, the outriggers projecting on each side for a length of from 15 to 20 feet.

From St. Sebian to Dagupan the road was excellent, the bridges good—a string of houses with well-cultivated fields lining the road almost all along. Dozens of bull-carts were proceeding towards the terminus station of the railway, and the scene was quite lively with men, women, and children carrying big loads upon their heads. On approaching Dagupan town one crosses the river upon a solid bridge. A picturesque building with two towers among a lot of trees is reflected in the placid waters of the stream. How pretty! What is it? Only a *vino* factory! Looks are often deceptive. On reaching this monument to civilising influence we have practi-

cally arrived at Dagupan, and soon after we speed along through the main street of the town—a row of Chinese shops, all lighted up exactly alike, all selling exactly the same articles, and with their owners squatting on the doorway to enjoy the cool of the evening.

There are a couple of American hotels at Dagupan, but unfortunate is the person who puts up in them. One consisted of a drinking saloon with several beds screened by curtains. Not wishing to disturb the Commanding Officer at so late an hour I went there. When I asked for a light the proprietor informed me that they “ain’t got no lights”—quite a sensible reply, had one lacked the senses of touch and smell as one entered the room and touched the bed.

In the saloon were a number of semi-stupefied, unshaven white men of the lowest type, upon whose sweating brows shone the brilliant light of a petroleum lamp. Behind them was a background of counterfeit spirits and liquors in bottles.

I inquired if I could have something to eat.

“We ain’t got nothing to eat. Care to drink?”

“No, thank you.”

I was led to another saloon, where I was told I could “feed like a king.” The Chinese boy, in fact, produced a bill of fare with no less than fifteen different items upon it—“Tenderloin steak, fried chicken, stewed chicken, grilled fresh fish” . . . My heart bounded with joy, but not for long, for when tenderloin steak was ordered the Chinese boy stood by with a stolid counten-



ance and said "no got," and "no got" it was from number one down to the end of the list.

In despair I cried : "But what have you, then ?"

"Nothing have got. Maybe cup o' coffee can get," replied the Chinaman.

The "cup o' coffee" being produced, it was tea, I think, but I am not sure.

Fortunately Major Wheeler, the commanding officer, most kindly gave me an excellent dinner at the mess and got me away from the wretched hotel, for which I was indeed most grateful.

The next morning at six o'clock I left by rail on my return to Manila, having completed a circuit of Northern Luzon of no less than 572 miles.

## CHAPTER XXXI

In Southern Luzon—Hemp—The St. Bernardino Strait—  
The “Pompeii” of Luzon—Lepers—Across Luzon from  
east to west.

THERE NOW remains to visit the Provinces of Southern Luzon—quite civilised and therefore not so interesting to us. Batangas Town in the bay of the same name was formerly an important place, and still has some fine buildings and a beautiful graveyard upon the summit of a hill, where the dead are stowed away in pigeon-holes in the wall. The Americans have established a military post here. Somehow or other, this seemed a great place for “American undesirables” to drift to from Manila, and there were many in the streets looking for jobs and drinks. The intense muggy heat may to a certain extent be responsible for the abnormal amount of drunkenness one saw about.





















On coming down the coast one passed Verde Island in the centre of the channel between Mindoro and Luzon. It had a high terrace some 150 feet above sea level, with precipitous whitish

cliffs beneath on the east side, but with two long spurs gradually descending into the sea both north and south.

We then passed the Tres Reyes, three rocky islets 80 to 200 feet high, the middle one with a curious crack in the centre—possibly caused by an earthquake. A continuation of the same crack can also be traced in the western island of this group. Then came the big island of Marinduque, highly cultivated near the water-level and up to a good height on the mountain side. It has high mountains upon it, such as the Tapan Peak and Mt. St. Antonio. The high mountains at the two points of Saban and Marlanga (south) descend in majestic and sweeping lines into the sea, after forming high tablelands. Elephant Island, just off the Saban Pt., looks exactly like an enlarged elephant's head and back sticking out of the water.

In a marshy, swampy lowland lies Donsol (Luzon), a place chiefly notable for its cultivation of hemp. But what an untidy place! A great many wretched dwellings raised some 2 feet above the ground, and rising from 5 to 7 feet inside, a bamboo church . . . and that was all.

I next landed further down at Pilar, where the transport which had conveyed me had to anchor some 5 miles off the town. I here obtained a most enchanting view of Mayon Volcano (north), smoke rising in big puffs from the crater of this most graceful mountain. It formed a delightful background to the brick fort and the ruined

Atas (Mindanao)	Bilans	Guiangas	Igorrotes	Ilocanos	Ilongote	Mandayas
Dark brown with ramifications. Outer parasitic growth.	Black and rich brown oily, clean, healthy. Black hairs coarser and larger in diameter than brown and yellow hairs.	Black and brown with great parasitic growth.	Black, fine, long and wavy.	Brownish, healthy and clean.	Brown and black hairs, mixed.	Various grades of brown with yellowish tinge, fine texture, brittle. Parasitic growth.
						
Manguianes	Manobos	Mansakas	Samals (Gulf of Davao)	Samals (Tawi-Tawi Archipelago)	Sulus	Samal-Chinese (Mestizo)
Black & brown mixed. Clean and healthy.	Oily, coarse, wiry, black & various tones of brown with parasitic growth.	Black, oily with brownish hairs, clean with oily slight parasitic growth.	Black, some yellowish hairs. Considerable parasitic growth.	Ore, and brown, occasionally bi-forked. Slight parasitic growth.	Jet black, oily, occasional brown hairs. Slight parasitic growth.	Brownish black.
						
Yacanes	Tinguanes	Tirurays	Tagacaolos	Tagaod	Tagbanouas	
Black and brown with occasional yellow hairs. Oily, clean occasionally bi-forked.	Black, with some yellow hairs, frequently bi & tri-forked, clean.	Black, some yellow ore hairs, occasionally bi-forked. Some parasitic growth.	Coarse, black with brown hairs, oily, occasional yellow hairs.	Black and dark brown. Slight parasitic growth.	Black, coarse, covered with parasitic growth.	
						

SECTION OF HAIR OF IMPORTANT TRIBES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.



church. An example of the power of the Spanish priests over the people was visible here. One of the greatest difficulties the Americans are contending with, all over the Archipelago, is to obtain labour even at ridiculously high remuneration. Here was a *padre* who, for no remuneration whatever, had dozens of men working hard for some months at demolishing and levelling a high hill, so as to form a platform on which to erect a church. On a height close by was a picturesque, tumbled-down convent with trenches for defensive purposes.

Hemp in great quantities was spread to dry upon supports all along the streets, but its quality was poor. The fibre, of a dirty brown colour, was coarse, badly separated, and lacked length, the longest I saw being about 6 to 7 feet.

Four hours' run took us into the Sorsogon bay, which we entered by a narrow channel half blocked in the centre by the Island of Bugatao. We still had a lovely view of Mayon Volcano, now to the north-west, and to the south we could see the Bulusan Volcano in two high peaks (5,100 feet). It presented a beautiful picture—a cone of deep blue with a white line of clouds crossing it, and the base down below lost in mist. On the north side of the eastern portion of the bay were graceful and thickly-wooded mountains rising in a big sweep from west to east to heights of 2,470 feet, 3,160 feet, and 2,297 feet.

Sorsogon was formerly a place of great importance and possesses a very fine convent, church,

and tower of brick, with a walled promenade in the centre of the *plaza*. Cholera was bad when I visited the place, and curious processions to appease the anger of God took place nightly. Preceded by a huge cross and some square boxes with images of Christ and saints, women and children with candles and paper lanterns paraded the streets, moaning and praying. The second portion of the procession carried a stucco Virgin elaborately ornamented with paper. The mercy of the Almighty was implored in doleful singing to the accompaniment of guitars. In the church these afflicted people kneeling in fervent prayer, the many coloured lights and the soft and quite good music, made up a most pathetic and touching scene.

The country around Sorsogon is capable of great agricultural development, particularly in the matter of hemp. Port Sorsogon is a fairly good harbour but has no great depth.

A mud shoal extends as much as two miles on the south side of the bay east of Sablayan Island (where the bay opens up), and in the eastern pocket, shoals are even more extensive ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles), one shoal of fine sand being found in the south part of this pocket and one of mud in the north. There is a soft mud bottom all over the central portion of the bay, a lot of black mud being stirred up wherever you anchor. Nineteen to twenty-nine feet of water are the average soundings all over the bay. The deepest part lies between Sablayan and Alimpapayo Pt., where 33 to 56 feet are registered. The harbour,

I believe, is fast filling, mostly from the east, and now forms some five submerged terraces enclosing the north-east entrance of the channel. To the north, terraces of mud are also forming, but to a much less extent. This is due to a great number of rivulets on the south and east coast draining through a soft and slushy country from the Bulusan Volcano and minor mountains. Sorsogon town itself is placed in the north-east end of the bay, and within half a mile of it no more than six feet of water are to be found.

The channel into the bay is quite picturesque, the islets to the north being very rocky and rugged. There are two passages, the northern one deep enough for large steamers, the southern one only passable for small launches.

The country between Pt. Magellanes and Pt. Bulan is undulating, and spreads gradually into a beautiful and fertile valley extending to the foot of the Bulusan Volcano. The town of Bulan has no attraction whatever, but it is a great market for hemp—large warehouses standing prominent in the scenery.

I could not help being amused at the sanitary regulations in these cholera-afflicted ports. At nearly each place much fuss was made before we could land or depart, and everybody had to be examined. Here at Bulan, where cholera had reaped some 40 victims in the last eight days, we were allowed to land and leave with a clean bill of health. True, the "clean" bill of health which had been given to us in Manila was quaint enough. "The health of the capital," it said,



“ was excellent, the only prevalent diseases being malarial fever, enteric, dysentery, cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox, typhoid, and 202 cases of leprosy ” ! This entitled us to a clean bill of health and no quarantine anywhere.

On going further south we had Tikao Island on the west, its northern part consisting of a flat-topped hill-range, the central and southern portions with low depressions. Beyond was Masbate, a large island of crescent shape, inhabited by Bicol and Visayans, and mostly notable for its excellent grazing. Cattle, horses, and hogs are abundant on the island, and they form important objects of trade with Manila.

By moonlight we went through the Strait of St. Bernardino between South Luzon and Samar,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles across. This is on the great steamer track direct from the United States to Manila. There is a strong current of from four to eight knots in a south-west direction at flood tide, and in a north-east direction at ebb. A branch of this current travels due west at flood on the Luzon coasts and due east at ebb, and forms such strong eddies and whirlpools as make accurate steering difficult even for large boats. Steamers of even 1,000 tons have been known to swing right round in these whirlpools, especially during the north-east monsoon, when the current is extremely swift at the new and full moon. Due west and south of Calantes Rock in the centre of the channel and south of Juac Island the eddies are particularly treacherous. The Naranjos

islands in the south of the channel are low and unattractive.

On Capul Island a lighthouse has been erected, the white flash of which is visible for a radius of 18 miles.

Legaspi, on the east coast, was my next stopping-place—a most unattractive spot consisting of miserable huts, whose monotony was somewhat relieved by red-tiled roofs, quite a pleasant change to the everlasting corrugated iron.

Mayon, the magnificent, is now to the north-east of us rising in most symmetrical lines to 8,275 feet. It is the most beautiful mountain I have ever seen, the world-renowned Fujiama of Japan sinking into perfect insignificance by comparison. The crater of Mayon ends up in two sharp points with a brown lava deposit between. Up to about half the height of the mountain are green grassy slopes and forest, but above that deep grooves radiate from the summit down its cone of rich brown. For graceful lines I do not know of any mountain which could equal Mayon, and, rising as it does close to the sea, it looks most imposing.

I drove to Daraga, some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in the interior, passing *en route* the masonry bridge of St. Raphael—a spot from whence a delicious view of Mayon reflected in the placid stream can be obtained. Then along *nipa* swamps I arrived at Albay, the capital of the province, whose chief attractions and notable buildings are to be found around the *plaza*, much adorned with flower-pots and a pyramid monument.

Daraga, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles further, is now in ruins, but it must have been of considerable beauty, the remains of large and elaborate buildings being yet to be seen. Most interesting of all, on a high hill several hundred feet above the town, is the church reached by stone steps and by an inclined paved path. A magnificent view of the surrounding scenery is obtained from the large open terrace in front of the ancient church. The stone façade is most elaborately ornate. High columns with sprays of flowers and leaves, statues of saints, mouldings in abundance, have been accumulated upon it, regardless of trouble and expense. A stone crucifix of great size stands in the centre of the terrace.

A mile and a half, or nearly two miles beyond Daraga is to be found the "Pompeii" of Luzon. Some few hundred yards off the road, among boulders of lava, are to be seen the steeple and upper part of an old church, buried during a volcanic eruption of Mayon. Both church and steeple are now prettily covered with creepers. There was once a city here, which was entirely destroyed by a large flow of lava from the volcano.

Between Daraga and Albay—on a flat stretch of land, oppressively hot and low—a reservation had been selected on which to build an American military post for four companies. Personally, this seemed to me rather an unhealthy and unsuitable spot, but a good spring of water was declared to exist close by.

The Spanish road connecting all these interior



MAYON VOLCANO.



towns is well metalled and has good masonry bridges. It continues to Nueva Caceres.

We had entered the Albay bay by the south channel, but we came out through the north or Rapu-rapu Strait, very picturesque but very narrow and full of reefs. Rapu-rapu Island, with high peaks from 1,020 to 2,500 feet high, was much cultivated—principally hemp. Coal is said to exist on Batang Island, at Batan, north of the Rapu-rapu Strait. The water in the channel was so clear that we could distinctly see the bottom even at a considerable depth.

We next went through the Straits of Magueta, with the Island of Catanduanes to the east of us. What appeared to be the broader channel was not the best; the western one between rocky broken-up islands is the deeper of the two and generally preferred by captains of vessels. The formation of these islands in the Strait is most peculiar, the original vertical volcanic strata having been shattered and crumbled by some later terrestrial commotion. They formed a picturesque sight, these weird rocks, which, when the sky was clearing from a heavy shower, became encircled in a most perfect rainbow.

Early in the morning we went alongside a wharf at Mercedes—at the mouth of the Daet river, leading to Daet town. A bastion for ordnance to defend the river entrance, some hemp warehouses along the river-front, a few miserable huts, a modest church, and you had seen everything at Mercedes. From here we went into the St. Miguel Bay, which had some rocky

picturesque islands at its entrance. To the west were high volcanic sugar-loaf mountains, and east-south-east in the distance the ever-beautiful Mayon.

We had to wait some four hours for the tide so as to be able to cross the bar and enter the River Bicol. We drew  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water, and there were only 4 feet on the bar at low tide. Eventually, with a wonderful Filipino pilot, we wound our way among a regular maze of fish *carals*, our twin screws occasionally scraping the bottom and stirring up a lot of mud. On the west side of the mouth of the river were poor-looking villages, from which an interesting procession on a large overcrowded raft and several canoes, decked with festoons and carrying sacred images, was proceeding across the river. The wash of our steamer caused great alarm among the male and female occupants.

On the east and west side extensive stretches of flat grassy land were to be seen with numbers of cocoanuts along the river-line. The river was very wide at first, but on getting further towards Nueva Caceres it got very narrow in places, the width varying from 30 to 100 yards. The navigation of this river required considerable skill, as some of the turns were so sharp and sudden that the stern of the transport actually tore up a lot of vegetation from the banks.

Nueva Caceres was, and is, an important city—possibly better preserved than most towns in South Luzon. It possesses an immense seminary and monastery next to the graceful church, a

bishop's palace and a convent for nuns. A mile or so outside the town, by way of an avenue of bananas and hemp, is the graveyard, with tiers of receptacles in the wall wherein to store the dead.

There is a leper asylum four miles out of the city in charge of a native doctor, Julio Tuason—a man of a most kindly nature. The Palestina Hospital, as it is called, is a large building with two side wings, one for men, one for women. At the time of my visit there were some 29 inmates, the majority afflicted with leprosy of the anæsthetic, the others with that of the tubercular, type. In the first instance the skin of the patients had become of a sullen deadly yellow colour, and the nasal bone had been completely eaten up. The toes and fingers were rotting away at the joints, but in many cases had healed. When they had not dropped off altogether, concentric circular brown sores were frequently noticeable under the fingers and on the finger tips, with discoloration of the entire finger so affected, and swelling as well as distortion at the joint. The skin was spotty all over the body, and the spots developed into sores on the back and chest as well as on the elbows and wrist, especially where bones are nearest to the skin. When the loss of fingers had occurred, the thumb always had dropped off last. One curious fact with these lepers was the extraordinary growth of hair on the scalp, perfectly healthy, strong, and thick.

There were some interesting cases of tubercular leprosy, which is, to my mind, the more repulsive



of the two, the entire body and head having become lumpy and misshapen, the tongue discoloured to almost white and undergoing a process of shrinking or desiccation. The eyes had widely distended pupils even in a brilliant light. Ulcers and large sores were most common in these types, principally on the outer side of the legs above the ankle.

Women seemed affected by tubercular leprosy in a more violent form than men, and broke out into buboes, very numerous upon the face and plentiful enough on the body. The hands and feet in all cases of tubercular leprosy were much swollen. Another extraordinary point about these lepers of both types was the excellent preservation of their teeth. No tartar seemed to form upon them, and although the ivory had assumed a slightly yellow tint the teeth were in splendid condition. The eyeballs were yellowish in colour and the vision of the eye somewhat diminished from the normal, the iris being much discoloured in the upper and lower portion. In cases of tubercular leprosy I generally found that the intellect had been considerably dulled, but in other cases not so much as one would expect.

Another military post was to be established at Nueva Caceres, a place of difficult access, unhealthy, low, and damp—possibly one of the hottest in the Philippines as far as the climate goes—but I believe that the scheme is to be abandoned after all—a very good thing.

The quickest outlet from Nueva Caceres is really not by the way we had come, but by river

and trail across to Pasacao (on the west coast), a distance of only 14 miles, whereas from the mouth of the Bicol river it is 25 miles to Nueva Caceres. Here we were in the country of Vicols or Bicols, people who possess long arched noses, much expanded at the nostrils, dark brown, almost blackish, skin, prominent cheek-bones far projecting forward, and eyes sunk in. The lips are the most prominent point of the facial angle.

They appeared to be a mixture of Tagalos and Visayans with the Negrito aborigines. They had a little hair on the upper lip and chin and a comparatively small and undeveloped under-jaw. Nice pleasant faces they seemed to have, some were quite good-looking for their type, with bright, intelligent, soft eyes—quite straight and not slanting—of a deep brown, with a peculiar lustre in them, as with the Indonesian tribes of Mindanao. They are, nevertheless, of an impure Malay origin, with some strong Negrito influence in them, probably through intermarriage with the Aetas aborigines. The eyelids were full, the white of the eyes of an abnormally dark tone, and their teeth most powerful and healthy, large, and pointed. Finely shaped, firm lips were tightly closed, quite unlike the pure Tagalo who possess ever open mouths, drooping under-lips, and curled-up upper-lips. Again, while the bigonial breadth of the Tagalos is great near the ears, tapering evenly down to the chin, the Bicol jaw is massive with a much broader angle of chin, giving a squarer appearance to the full

face. The Bicolos possess remarkably supple hands and very long toes, almost as pliable as fingers.

On leaving Nueva Caceres I went further north along the Luzon east coast into the Lamon bay, and then into Antimonan. In the main channel a flat and dangerous rock is to be found. The American transport *Sumner* struck on it and had to be beached. We followed the south channel, which is quite deep.

At Antimonan I left the ship, intending to cross to Manila overland. Antimonan was a large place, dead and depressing—the principal street leading to the graveyard—most appropriately for so dull a place.

*Copra* was the principal product of the country, extensive groves existing everywhere on the coast. I chartered a native canoe to proceed to Mauban, 15 or 16 miles further up the coast, from where a trail existed across the island. With a crew of one Bicol and two Tagalos I set off in a very choppy sea, and saw on that occasion one thing I had never seen before—one of my Tagalos rowing mechanically while fast asleep.

A hill range extended all along the coast, and dozens of fishermen's boats were scattered tossing on the sea. On nearing Mauban, after some hours' hard work, a valley opened to the west, beyond great numbers of cocoanuts. In the Mauban bay were a great many native schooners loading and unloading, Mauban being, after Legaspi, one of the oldest and most important

[illegible]

TABLE OF FACIAL ANGLE (PROFILE) OF THE LESSER KNOWN TRIBES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.



ports on the east coast of Luzon. It is a most unevenly constructed town of 13,350 people, with streets running anyhow—but quite tidy and clean—with a streamlet spanned over by elaborate masonry bridges at every street it crosses ; a long and tumbling-down sea-wall and a protecting tower, a large convent with a fortified hill behind, and a corrugated iron church, built beside the picturesque ruins of the ancient house of worship, whose tower is now smothered in creepers.

A very interesting personality at Mauban was the Presidente, Hugo Mendieta, a man of affable nature, a Latin scholar, a distinguished poet, musician, and father of a large and affectionate family, and with all that quite a sensible, practical man, who looked after his municipality properly. *Abaca*, *copra*, and rice were the principal products—and the trade was a good deal in the hands of many Chinese and some Spanish merchants. The *abaca* was of the second quality, very long but badly separated and unclean in colour. Labour is paid on the “half-product” system, except *copra*, when only the third part of the profit is paid. There are eight different kinds of *abaca*, and fifteen different kinds of bananas, the two plants resembling one another so closely that it takes some little practice before one can identify which is which.

The country which I wanted to traverse was much infested, they told me, by *ladrones*, and it was only possible to go through on one day a week, when all those who wished to proceed

to the Laguna, travelled in a body with an escort of police for protection.

Well, I could not wait, and Mendieta procured me two ponies, one for my baggage and one for me to ride, and I started across by myself, with a boy to bring the ponies back. At the Rio del Barrio de Santol, very wide and swift, I had to swim the ponies and take them in tow of a canoe. Having crossed the stream, I went on, now among *nipa* swamps, then between rows of acacias, upon a trail either rocky or so muddy that riding was impossible as one sank knee-deep. For mile after mile one did not meet a soul. When it came on to rain in sheets the steep trail became a regular mountain torrent. Occasionally I came to some half-dead *barrio* like Bilugao or Sampaloc, and on getting higher travelled through undulating country, with a good deal of hemp and cocoanuts, actually growing on hill-tops and looking most healthy and strong. Struggling in the mud and slush, the ponies were so tired that I had to lead them, in fact, drag them along, and by night I had only reached Luciana, the rain still coming down in torrents—but on I went, past Cervite, another big town, each house displaying a lighted lantern outside. There was a concert going on in a house, American music being practised, but the discords were such—on a piano innocent of tuning—that I preferred to brave the storm and go on. I was soaked to the marrow of my bones.

Once outside the town—I having had nothing to eat since 9 A.M., and this was 10 P.M., and

having travelled continuously since 10 in the morning—I thought I would unpack one load, and the Bicol boy and I had a satisfying feed of sliced beef, plum-pudding, chocolate, and biscuits, while for drink, all we had to do was to leave a cup standing for a minute or so and it was filled with rain water.

Half an hour later we were again on the move, this time the ponies, which we held by the tail, leading us, for it was so dark we could not see our way. The walking was unpleasant in the deep mud, and riding absolutely impossible. At 2 A.M. I eventually arrived at Pagsangan, where the scared Presidente, mistaking me evidently for a “ladrone,” escaped from his house and took refuge in the police barracks. This man was anyhow a worthless and conceited fool, a man who could not speak the truth if he tried, and who possibly had a very uneasy conscience. No doubt many of the *ladrones* said to infest the district really exist, but they are not always to be found at large in the forests—you can take my word for it.

All these *pueblos* and towns near the Laguna are troublesome, the people dishonourable, shifty, and treacherous.

I continued my journey to Santa Cruz that night, and caught in the morning the Spanish launch *Madali* across the Laguna de Bay and down the Pasig river to Manila. Two high peaks, one almost conical, the other long and flattened at the summit with precipitous sides, lie behind Santa Cruz, and form part of a chain extending



in a south-west direction and meeting another range that gradually ascends to a great height.

The Laguna is very beautiful, with towns and villages along its coast, at some of which we stopped. Fruit-sellers, women chiefly, jumped on board from boats, selling mangoes, bananas, etc., while on board we were crammed together with no distinction of class or sex or anything—carabaos, horses, pigs, fowls, women, and babies of all ages, from a little skinny brat ten days old onward.

There were elaborate fish *carals* at the outlet of the lake into the Pasig river, here about 80 yards wide. The country was swampy and flat, but was now so dried up that a lot of fish traps were to be seen high and dry on the banks. Although the rain had been torrential on the mountains I had crossed, here it had hardly rained at all.

We ran aground several times in the shallow stream, and as we went down-stream there were huts with fishing nets to dry, boats floating or else bottom upwards upon the banks or upon racks specially erected for them. *Abaca*, bamboos, and bananas grew all along, and here and there was a grassy space.

As we near Manila, corrugated iron buildings follow one another, and the disgusting sight of drunkenness stares you in the face in front of the many drinking saloons which line the banks. Piles of American timber for building come next, canoes laden with large black earthen jars, steam launches. Typical are the big flat-bottomed

lighters, gaudily decorated at the sides, with outer platforms slightly above the water-line, on which the men who punt walk up and down.

Travelling from Sta. Cruz, *via* Bataan, Laguna, Rizal, Zambales and Cavite, I reached Manila at noon, having crossed Central Luzon from east to west—a distance of over 90 miles—in 26 hours, 40 miles of the distance on foot.

## CHAPTER XXXII

Crime in the Philippines—Uncalled-for accusations against  
Americans—Education—Misfortunes past and to come  
—The distance travelled.

A GOOD deal is said about the infamy of the natives, but, barring political crimes, there is really very little crime at all in the Philippine Islands. There are fourteen judicial districts outside of Manila, with a trial judge in each district, and three trial judges in Manila itself ; also four reserve judges. Of these judges, fourteen are Americans, and seven natives, and the law is administered with great equity under American rule. Although the district judges preside over immense districts, I never heard of one who complained of being overworked.

I am greatly indebted to the Hon. A. W. Fergusson, the Executive Secretary, and to Mr. Fisher, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, for going to much trouble in drawing up criminal statistics for me from the year 1901 to 1903. The annexed table, furnished me by Mr. Fisher, gives an accurate and classified idea of the amount of proved crime in

the various provinces. It may be noticed that the more civilised the province the greater the amount of crime, Manila leading by a long way ; then Batangas, Pangasinan, Bulacan, coming next—Marinduque Island holding the best record for good conduct with only one theft.

Now, on the other side, one hears a lot against the Americans in the Philippines, and terrible accusations are brought both against the military and the civil government, but all this should be taken with a good deal of salt. Wars, it must be remembered, are always terrible, and no one who has never been in one can ever conceive the horrors of them ; but, much as I abhor unnecessary cruelty, I think that it is greatly to be regretted that the names of many brave American officers have been dragged wholesale in the mud by the usual puerile, hysterical, self-advertising folks in the States—we have lots of them like that in England too—who are ever ready to pounce on any countryman who does anything they themselves have not the pluck to do.

In the education of the natives, as I have already hinted, the Americans are somewhat overstepping the mark, or, in other words, they are beginning from the wrong end. Trade, industrial, and agricultural schools will be a benefit to the country. On a curriculum of literature, history, higher mathematics and American songs, I fear, those boys who do not receive Government employment will eventually be led to starvation or crime. Undoubtedly, the very practical

new Chief of the Educational Department, Dr. David Barrows, knows this perfectly well, and under him, I firmly believe, matters in the educational line will take a different turn altogether and very much for the better.

Factories of all kinds are badly needed in the islands, and, if properly conducted, should thrive—but most important of all are the agricultural resources of those magnificent islands, where everything can be raised plentifully and with no difficulty. Perhaps the protective tariff against all goods, including the American, carried to the ridiculous extent it is—I have known of American officers being charged duty on their swords—is hardly calculated to open up these islands, and until the wages of native labour have been brought down to their normal level the Americans will experience some difficulty in obtaining native labour at all. If less reckless methods of pay were used I believe the much threatened importation of Chinese labour might be delayed.

It is a pity that some of the money thrown away in importing hundreds upon hundreds of American teachers—or, rather, Americans as teachers—is not spent instead in opening new roads and trails and repairing old ones, and in establishing some sort of regular postal and telegraph services, as well as in encouraging communication from one island to the other.

It is to be hoped that the new insular currency will remove the evil of a legal double currency by which, no matter which way you changed





your money, you always lost from five to thirty or more per cent. according to the conscience of whoever changed it for you. As for getting any small change back for any transaction—except in big towns—it was in my days out of the question, as the small change had all left the islands.

But all this the Americans will gradually smooth down. In many conversations with the highest officials, I found that they seemed to understand as well as anybody the necessity of importing a better class of officials, and giving better pay for the more responsible positions.

One of the most successful American institutions was the formation of regiments of native Scouts. These fellows have turned out splendidly and do remarkable work. The Constabulary force, too, under General Allen and able officers, was most efficient, but will be greatly improved when rations are supplied to the soldiers by the Insular Government. In my time the poor fellows—each of whom had a large family dependent upon him—had to feed themselves, with the result that they often did not—and it must be remembered that if men are to endure hardships and long marches the principal point is not to let them start on ill-filled stomachs.

These islands have of late endured misfortune after misfortune—war, insurrections, *ladrones*, cholera, plague, rinderpest, locusts; but one more pest, the worst of all, may yet come—missionaries. Until the natives give up chopping people about, these ultra-Christian spirits will probably confine their converting efforts to the



towns only—where the natives can indeed not be made worse than they are ; but it is truly to be hoped that this last evil will be spared to these islands—at least until the islands have absolutely quieted down and settled to reconstitute the country on a solid basis.

If the few Spanish priests who still remain were eventually removed I do not suppose that they would be missed much. Some I met who were most respectable—for priests—but some I saw whose looks I did not like, and with priests you have to go by looks—you see, they are such fine actors. A good deal of the suspicion against Americans, believe me, originates in the convents, the rest in the Americans themselves, who can indeed not always be accused of being examples of chastity and sobriety to the natives.

The journey across Luzon, without counting minor trips, practically ended my tour in the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, which occupied 250 days' continual travelling, on foot, horseback, by canoe, rafts and steamers. The distance covered in the Archipelagoes was altogether over 16,000 miles.

To those who abuse the climate and the people of the Philippines, it may be well to state that during that entire journey, barring accidents and a snake-bite, I never contracted even a cold. With one or two exceptions, I met with the most unbounded civility from Americans and natives alike, and never deemed it necessary to carry weapons upon me, although the most remote and dangerous regions were visited and

the close acquaintance made of the wildest tribes.

By way of China, Japan and America I returned to England.

In conclusion, I may say that in some eighteen years' travelling I have never enjoyed and been interested more than I was in the journey over these most enchanting islands—really and truly, to anyone with an unbiassed mind, “the gems of the East.”







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